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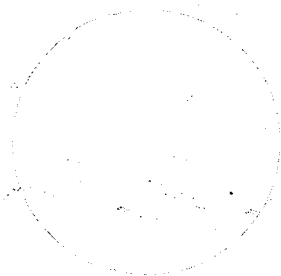
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英语专业

英美文学选读

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In English And American

Literatures

(附:英美文学选读自学考试大纲)

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(附英美文学选读自学考试大纲)

主编: 张伯香

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组编前言

当您开始阅读本书时,人类已经迈入了 21 世纪。

这是一个变幻难测的世纪,这是一个催人奋进的时代,科学技术飞速发展,知识更替日新月异。希望、困惑、机遇、挑战,随时随地都有可能出现在每一个社会成员的生活之中。抓住机遇,寻求发展,迎接挑战,适应变化的制胜法宝就是学习——依靠自己学习,终生学习。

作为我国高等教育组成部分的自学考试,其职责就是在高等教育这个水平上倡导自学、鼓励自学、帮助自学、推动自学,为每一个自学者铺就成才之路,组织编写供读者学习的教材就是履行这个职责的重要环节。毫无疑问,这种教材应当适合自学,应当有利于学习者掌握、了解新知识、新信息,有利于学习者增强创新意识、培养实践能力、形成自学能力,也有利于学习者学以致用、解决实际工作中所遇到的问题。具有如此特点的书,我们虽然沿用了“教材”这个概念,但它与那种仅供教师讲、学生听,教师不讲、学生不懂,以“教”为中心的教科书相比,已经在内容安排、形式体例、行文风格等方面都大不相同了。希望读者对此有所了解,以便从一开始就树立起依靠自己学习的坚定信念,不断探索适合自己的学习方法,充分利用已有的知识基础和实际工作经验,最大限度地发挥自己的潜能达到学习的目标。

欢迎读者提出意见和建议。

祝每一位读者自学成功。

全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会

1999 年

美国:

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PART ONE: ENGLISH LITERATURE

An Introduction to Old and Medieval English Literature

Since historical times, England, where the early inhabitants were Celts, has been conquered three times. It was conquered by the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Normans. England was not much affected by the Roman Conquest, but she felt the full weight of the other two conquests. The Anglo-Saxons brought to England the Germanic language and culture, while the Normans brought a fresh wave of Mediterranean civilization, which includes Greek culture, Roman law, and the Christian religion. It is the cultural influences of these two conquests that provided the source for the rise and growth of English literature.

The period of Old English literature extends from about 450 to 1066, the year of the Norman conquest of England. The Germanic tribes from the Northern Europe brought with them not only the Anglo-Saxon language, the basis of Modern English, but also a specific poetic tradition, which is both bold and strong, mournful and elegiac in spirit. Generally speaking, the Old English poetry that has survived can be divided into two groups: the religious group and the secular one. The poetry of the religious group is mainly on biblical themes. *Genesis A*, *Genesis B* and *Exodus* are poems based on the Old Testament; whereas *The Dream of the Rood* comes from the New Testament. In this poem, Christ is portrayed as the young warrior striding to embrace death and victory, while the rood (cross) itself takes on the burden of his suffering. In addition to these religious compositions, Old English poets produced the national epic poem, *Beowulf*, and a number of more or less lyrical poems of shorter length, which do not contain specific Christian doctrines

but evoke the Anglo-Saxon sense of the harshness of circumstance and the sadness of the human lot. *The Wanderer*, *Deor*, *The Seafarer*, and *The Wife's Complaint* are among the most beautiful in this secular group. The harsh climate of North Sea strongly affected the tone or mood of the poets. The life is sorrowful, and the speakers are fatalistic, though at the same time courageous and determined.

Beowulf, a typical example of Old English poetry, is regarded today as the national epic of the Anglo-Saxons. However, the hero and the setting of *Beowulf* have nothing to do with England, for the story took place in Scandinavia. The poem was originally in an oral form, sung by the bards (minstrels) at the end of the 6th century. The present script was written down in the 10th century. Beginning and ending with the funeral of a great king, and composed against a background of impending disaster, *Beowulf* describes the exploits of a Scandinavian hero, Beowulf, in fighting against the monster Grendel, his revengeful mother, and a fire-breathing dragon. In these sequences Beowulf is shown not only as a glorious hero but also as a protector of the people. Thematically the poem presents a vivid picture of how the primitive people wage heroic struggles against the hostile forces of the natural world under a wise and mighty leader. The poem is an example of the mingling of nature myths and heroic legends. For instance, the battle between Beowulf and the Dragon symbolically represents that phase of Winter and Summer myth in which the Summer God, here embodied by Beowulf, fights his last battle against the Winter Dragon in order to rescue the treasures of earth, that is, the golden corn and ruddy fruits. Having given them back to men, Beowulf himself dies of the Winter's breath.

The Norman Conquest brought England more than a change of

rulers. Politically, a feudalist system was established in England; religiously, the Rome-backed Catholic Church had a much stronger control over the country; and great changes also took place in languages. After the conquest, three languages co-existed in England. French became the official language used by the king and the Norman lords; Latin became the principal tongue of church affairs and in universities; and Old English was spoken only by the common English people. Thus, Britain was opened up to the whole European continent.

With the Norman Conquest starts the medieval period in English literature, which covers about four centuries. In the early part of the period, i. e. from 1066 up to the mid-14th century, there was not much to say about literature in English. It was almost a barren period in literary creation. But in the second half of the 14th century, English literature started to flourish with the appearance of writers like Geoffrey Chaucer, William Langland, John Gower, and others. In comparison with Old English literature, Middle English literature deals with a wider range of subjects, is uttered by more voices and in a greater diversity of styles, tones and genres. Popular folk literature also occupies an important place in this period. Its presentation of life is not only accurate but also lively and colorful, though the originality of thought is often absent in the literary works of this period. Besides, Middle English literature strongly reflects the principles of the medieval Christian doctrine, which were primarily concerned with the issue of personal salvation.

Romance which uses narrative verse or prose to sing knightly adventures or other heroic deeds is a popular literary form in the medieval period. It has developed the characteristic medieval motifs of the quest, the test, the meeting with the evil giant and the encounter with the beautiful beloved. The hero is usually the knight,

who sets out on a journey to accomplish some missions — to protect the church, to attack infidelity, to rescue a maiden, to meet a challenge, or to obey a knightly command. There is often a liberal use of the improbable, sometimes even supernatural, things in romance such as mysteries and fantasies. Romantic love is an important part of the plot in romance. Characterization is standardized, so that heroes, heroines and wicked stewards can be easily moved from one romance to another. While the structure is loose and episodic, the language is simple and straightforward. The importance of the romance itself can be seen as a means of showing medieval aristocratic men and women in relation to their idealized view of the world. If the epic reflects a heroic age, the romance reflects a chivalric one.

Among the three great Middle English poets, the author of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* is the one who produced the best romance of the period; while William Langland is a more realistic writer who dealt with the religious and social issues of his day in *Piers Plowman*. However, it is Chaucer alone who, for the first time in English literature, presented to us a comprehensive realistic picture of the English society of his time and created a whole gallery of vivid characters from all walks of life in his masterpiece *The Canterbury Tales*.

Geoffrey Chaucer is the greatest writer of this period. Although he was born a commoner, he did not live as a commoner; and although he was accepted by the aristocracy, he must always have been conscious of the fact that he did not really belong to that society of which birth alone could make one a true member. Chaucer characteristically regarded life in terms of aristocratic ideals, but he never lost the ability of regarding life as a purely practical matter. The art of being at once involved in and detached from a given situation is peculiarly Chaucer's.

The influence of Renaissance was already felt in the field of English literature when Chaucer was learning from the great Italian writers like Petrarch and Boccaccio in the last part of the 14th century. Chaucer affirmed man's right to pursue earthly happiness and opposed asceticism; he praised man's energy, intellect, quick wit and love of life; he exposed and satirized the social vices, including religious abuses. It thus can be said that though essentially still a medieval writer, Chaucer bore marks of humanism and anticipated a new era to come.

From his birth to his death, Chaucer dealt continually with all sorts of people, the highest and the lowest, and his observant mind made the most of this ever-present opportunity. His wide range of reading gave him plots and ideas, but his experience gave him models of characters. In his works, Chaucer explores the theme of the individual's relation to the society in which he lives; he portrays clashes of characters' temperaments and their conflicts over material interests; he also shows the comic and ironic effects obtainable from the class distinctions felt by the newly emerged bourgeoisie as in the case of the Wife of Bath who is depicted as the new bourgeois wife asserting her independence. In short, Chaucer develops his characterization to a higher artistic level by presenting characters with both typical qualities and individual dispositions.

Chaucer introduced from France the rhymed stanzas of various types to English poetry to replace the Old English alliterative verse. In *The Romaunt of the Rose*, he first introduced into English the octosyllabic couplet. In *The Legend of Good Women*, he used for the first time in English the rhymed couplet of iambic pentameter which is to be called later the heroic couplet. And in *The Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer employed the heroic couplet with true ease and charm for the first time in the history of English literature. In addi-

tion to his contribution to English prosody, Chaucer also developed the art of literature itself beyond anything to be found in any other medieval literature. In *Troilus and Criseyde*, he gave the world what is virtually the first modern novel. In *The Canterbury Tales*, he developed his art of poetry still further towards drama and the art of the novel. Though Chaucer was entirely rooted in the soil of the Middle Ages, his art is so fully realized as to carry him beyond his time and make him one of the greatest poets in English. John Dryden, who modernized several of the Canterbury tales, called Chaucer the father of English poetry.

Chaucer dominated the works of his 15th-century English followers and the so-called Scottish Chaucerians. For the Renaissance, he was the English Homer. Edmund Spenser paid tribute to him as his master; many of Shakespeare's plays show thorough assimilation of Chaucer's comic spirit. Today, Chaucer's reputation has been securely established as one of the best English poets for his wisdom, humor, and humanity.

Chapter 1 The Renaissance Period

(^{part} The Renaissance marks a transition from the medieval to the modern world.) Generally, it refers to the period between the 14th and mid-17th centuries. It first started in Italy, with the flowering of painting, sculpture and literature. From Italy the movement went to embrace the rest of Europe. The Renaissance, which means re-birth or revival, is actually a movement stimulated by a series of historical events, such as the rediscovery of ancient Roman and Greek culture, the new discoveries in geography and astrology, the religious reformation and the economic expansion. The Renaissance, therefore, in essence, is a historical period in which the European humanist thinkers and scholars made attempts to get rid of those old feudalistic ideas in medieval Europe, to introduce new ideas that expressed the interests of the rising bourgeoisie, and to recover the purity of the early church from the corruption of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Renaissance was slow in reaching England not only because of England's separation from the Continent but also because of its domestic unrest. The century and a half following the death of Chaucer is the most volcanic period of English history. The war-like nobles seized the power of England and turned it into self-destruction. The Wars of Roses are examples to show how the energy of England was violently destroying itself. The frightful reign of Richard III marked the end of civil wars, making possible a new growth of English national feelings under the popular Tudors. But it was not until the reign of Henry VIII (from 1509 to 1547) that the Renaissance really began to show its effect in England. With Henry VIII's encouragement, the Oxford reformers, scholars and humanists introduced classical literature to England. Education, based up-

on the classics and the Bible, was revitalized, and literature, already much read during the 15th century, became even more popular. Thus began the English Renaissance, which was perhaps England's Golden Age, especially in literature. Among the literary giants were Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Sidney, Marlowe, Bacon and Donne. The English Renaissance had no sharp break with the past. Attitudes and feelings which had been characteristic of the 14th and 15th centuries persisted well down into the era of Humanism and Reformation.

Humanism is the essence of the Renaissance. It sprang from the endeavor to restore a medieval reverence for the antique authors and is frequently taken as the beginning of the Renaissance on its conscious, intellectual side, for the Greek and Roman civilization was based on such a conception that man is the measure of all things. Through the new learning, humanists not only saw the arts of splendor and enlightenment, but the human values represented in the works. In the medieval society, people as individuals were largely subordinated to the feudal rule without any freedom and independence; and in medieval theology, people's relationships to the world about them were largely reduced to a problem of adapting to or avoiding the circumstances of earthly life in an effort to prepare their souls for a future life. But Renaissance humanists found in the classics a justification to exalt human nature and came to see that human beings were glorious creatures capable of individual development in the direction of perfection, and that the world they inhabited was theirs not to despise but to question, explore, and enjoy. Thus, by emphasizing the dignity of human beings and the importance of the present life, they voiced their beliefs that man did not only have the right to enjoy the beauty of this life, but had the ability to perfect himself and to perform wonders. Humanism began to take hold in

England when the Dutch scholar Desiderius Erasmus (1466-1536) came to teach the classical learning, first at Oxford and then at Cambridge. Thomas More, Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare are the best representatives of the English humanists.

~~The long reign of Henry VIII was marked not only by a steady increase in the national power at home and abroad but also by the entrance of the religious reformation from the Continent.~~ It was Martin Luther (1483-1546), a German Protestant, who initiated the Reformation. Luther believed that every true Christian was his own priest and was entitled to interpret the Bible for himself. Encouraged by Luther's preaching, reformers from northern Europe vitalized the Protestant movement, which was seen as a means to recover the purity of the early church from the corruption and superstition of the Middle Ages. The colorful and dramatic ritual of the Catholic Church was simplified. Indulgences, pilgrimages, and other practices were condemned. In the early stage of the continental Reformation, Henry VIII was regarded as a faithful son of the Catholic Church and named "Defender of the Faith" by the Pope. Only his need for a legitimate male heir, and hence a new wife, led him to cut ties with Rome. But the common English people had long been dissatisfied with the corruption of the church and inspired by the reformers' ideas from the Continent. So they welcomed and supported Henry's decision of breaking away from Rome. When Henry VIII declared himself through the approval of the Parliament as the Supreme Head of the Church of England in 1534, the Reformation in England was in its full swing. One of the major results was the fact that the Bible in English was placed in every church and services were held in English instead of Latin so that people could understand. In the brief reign of Edward VI, Henry's son, the reform of the church's doctrine and teaching was carried out. But after Mary

ascended the throne, there was a violent swing to Catholicism. However, by the middle of Elizabeth's reign, Protestantism had been firmly established, with a certain extent of compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism. The religious reformation was actually a reflection of the class struggle waged by the new rising bourgeoisie against the feudal class and its ideology.

Strong national feeling in the time of the Tudors gave a great incentive to the cultural development in England. English schools and universities were established in place of the old monasteries. With classical culture and the Italian humanistic ideas coming into England, the English Renaissance began flourishing. And one of the men who made a great contribution in this respect was William Caxton, for he was the first person who introduced printing into England. In his lifetime, Caxton printed about one hundred books in English, including Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* (1483) and *Malory's Morte Darthur* (1485). Thus, for the first time in history it was possible for a book or an idea to reach the whole nation in a speedy way. With the introduction of printing, an age of translation came into being. And lots and lots of continental literary works both ancient and modern were translated and printed in English. For instance, Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* was translated by North, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Golding, Homer's *The Iliad* by Chapman, and Montaigne's *Essays* by Florio. As a result, the introduction of printing led to a commercial market for literature and provided numerous books for the English people to read, thus making everything ready for the appearance of the great Elizabethan writers.

The first period of the English Renaissance was one of imitation and assimilation. Academies after the Italian type were founded. And Petrarch was regarded as the fountainhead of literature by the

English writers. For it was Petrarch and his successors who established the language of love and sharply distinguished the love poetry of the Renaissance from its counterparts in the ancient world. Wyatt and Surrey began engraving the forms and graces of Italian poetry upon the native stock. While the former introduced the Petrarchan sonnet into England, the latter brought in blank verse, i. e. the unrhymed iambic pentameter line. Sidney followed with the sestina and terza rima and with various experiments in classic meters. And Marlowe gave new vigor to the blank verse with his "mighty lines." From Wyatt and Surrey onwards the goals of humanistic poetry are: skillful handling of conventions, force of language, and, above all, the development of a rhetorical plan in which meter, rhyme, scheme, imagery and argument should all be combined to frame the emotional theme and throw it into high relief. Poetry was to be a concentrated exercise of the mind, of craftsmanship, and of learning. Spenser's *The Shepheardes Calender* showed how the pastoral convention could be adopted to a variety of subjects, moral or heroic, and how the rules of decorum, or fitness of style to subject, could be applied through variations in the diction and metrical scheme. In "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," Marlowe spoke with a voice so innocent that it would be very difficult for us to connect it with the voice in his tragedies. In the early stage of the Renaissance, poetry and poetic drama were the most outstanding literary forms and they were carried on especially by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But the poetry written by John Donne, George Herbert and others like them (who were later labeled as the metaphysical poets by Dryden and Johnson) represented a sharp break from the poetry by their predecessors and most of their contemporaries.

The Elizabethan drama, in its totality, is the real mainstream of the English Renaissance. It could be dated back to the Middle

1107
1304

Ages. Interludes and morality plays thriving in the medieval period continued to be popular down to Shakespeare's time. But the development of the drama into a sophisticated art form required another influence — the Greek and Roman classics. Lively, vivid native English material was put into the regular form of the Latin comedies of Plautus and Terence. Tragedies were in the style of Seneca. The fusion of classical form with English content brought about the possibility of a mature and artistic drama. The most famous dramatists in the Renaissance England are Christopher Marlowe, William Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, who wrote plays with such universal qualities of greatness. By imitating the romances of Italy and Spain, embracing the mysteries of German legend, and combining the fictions of poetic fancy with the facts of daily life, they made a vivid depiction of the sharp conflicts between feudalism and the rising bourgeoisie in a transitional period. And with humors of the moment, abstractions of philosophical speculation, and intense vitality, this extraordinary drama, with Shakespeare as the master, left a monument of the Renaissance unrivaled for pure creative power by any other product of that epoch.

Francis Bacon (1561-1626), the first important English essayist, is best known for his essays which greatly influenced the development of this literary form. He was also the founder of modern science in England. His writings paved the way for the use of scientific method. Thus, he is undoubtedly one of the representatives of the English Renaissance.

I . Edmund Spenser

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) was born in London. He received a good education first at Merchant Taylors' School and then at

Pembroke College, Cambridge. He left Cambridge in 1576 and went to the north of England, where he fell in love and recorded his laments over the loss of Rosalind in *The Shepheardes Calender*. Later he met Sir Philip Sidney and started a friendship with him, which sprang from a common enthusiasm for literature. In 1580, through Leicester's influence, Spenser was made secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland. In 1586 he was given an immense estate with the castle of Kilcolm, surrounded by great natural beauty. In 1594 he married Elizabeth, and wrote his *Epithalamion*, one of the most beautiful wedding hymns for their marriage. In 1598 a fierce Irish rebellion forced Spenser to abandon Kilcolman Castle. Spenser never recovered from the shock of this frightful experience. He returned to England heartbroken, and in the following year he died in an inn at Westminster. According to Ben Jonson he died "for want of bread." He was buried beside his master Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. //

Spenser's masterpiece is *The Faerie Queene*, a great poem of its age. According to Spenser's own explanation, his principal intention is to present through a "historical poem" the example of a perfect gentleman: "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." He speaks of 12 virtues of the private gentleman, and plans 12 books, each one with a different hero distinguished for one of the private virtues. The hero of heroes, who possesses all of these virtues, is Arthur, and he is to play a role in each of the 12 major adventures, which has its own individual hero. The recurring appearances of Arthur serve as a unifying element for the poem as a whole. Another character contributing to the unity of the work is Gloriana, the Fairy Queen. It is from her court and at her bidding that each of the heroes sets out on his particular adventure. Prince Arthur's great mission is his search for the Fairy Queen, with whom

he has fallen in love through a love vision. *The Faerie Queene* is full of adventures and marvels, dragons, witches, enchanted trees, giants, jousting knights, and castles. It is also an allegory. The Redcrosse Knight in Book I stands for St. George, the patron saint of England; he also represents Holiness, one of the 12 private virtues, as Sir Guyon in Book II represents Temperance. The heroes do not possess the virtues they represent at the beginning of the stories; they acquire them in the course of their adventures.

Book I of *The Faerie Queene* is in a way an epitome of the whole poem. The purpose of Redcrosse's quest is to free original mankind — the parents of Una — from the power of the Devil. His fight is thus against sin. Una and her knight are first seen together in the opening canto when Redcrosse easily routs the dragon of Error in the Wandering Wood. However, the fallen world of man is full of delusion, and the overconfident knight soon falls into the snares of Archimago. Redcrosse and Una are soon parted in Archimago's dark world of deceit as the knight falls for the illusory charms of Duessa, an evil woman. The quest against outer evil becomes an experience of inner sin. While Redcrosse falls further into error, Una is now facing a difficult situation in which evil forces pose a great threat to her.

Misled by his purely worldly chivalry, Redcrosse is taken by Duessa to the House of Pride where he witnesses the pageant of the seven deadly sins. Redcrosse contrives to escape, but he falls prey to Orgoglio, the spiritual pride which attacks him as soon as the flesh triumphs over the spirit. Only the arrival of Arthur saves the knight. Redcrosse then despairs at his error. This marks the beginning of his struggle back to truth, and he is comforted by Una who takes him to the House of Holiness where the process of his moral rebirth is concluded. After all this, Redcrosse is now ready to fight

with the dragon which has been ravishing the Eden of Una's parents. After three days of fierce fighting, Redcrosse kills the dragon and rescues Una's parents. The story ends with a happy wedding between Redcrosse Knight and Una. However, the theme is not "Arms and the man," but something more romantic — "Fierce warres and faithfull loves." The scenery is not classical but romantic. There are plains and forests and caves and castles and magical trees and springs; one meets dwarfs and giants and lions and pilgrims and magicians. The good people are subjects of the Faerie Queene and are called Faeries, who undergo the trials and tribulations men undergo in the ordinary world; but these events are told in a romantic, fantastic way in order to arouse wonder. The bad creatures, people and monsters, are various vices, evils, and temptations, often revealed to the reader by their names or by the short verse summaries at the beginning of each canto but not revealed to the hero until he has conquered them. Houses, casules and animals also stand for abstract virtues or vices.

The five main qualities of Spenser's poetry are 1) a perfect melody; 2) a rare sense of beauty; 3) a splendid imagination; 4) a lofty moral purity and seriousness; and 5) a dedicated idealism. In addition to the above, Spenser uses strange forms of speech and obsolete words in order to increase the rustic effect. It is Spenser's idealism, his love of beauty, and his exquisite melody that make him known as "the poets' poet."

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from *The Faerie Queene* (I)

(The following excerpt is taken from Canto I, Book I, in which Redcrosse Knight sets out on his adventures. Here the

Knight, symbolizing the Anglican Church, is the protector of the Virgin Una who stands for truth or the true religion.)

1

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd(2) in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody field;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:(3)
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:(4)
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts(5) and fierce encounters fitt.

2

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him adored:(6)
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:(7)
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;(8)
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad(9).

3

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie Lond,
to winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne(10)

To prove his puissance(11) in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne(12).

4

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter,(13) but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,(14)
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd:(15) so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey(16) slow:
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad(17).

5

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe,(18)
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land,(19) and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld(20).

6

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needrnents(21) at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove(22) an hideous storme of raine

Did poure into his Lemans lap(23) so fast,
 That every wight to shrowd it did constrain, (24)
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain(25).

7

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not far away they spide(26),
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
 Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starre:
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
 Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre. (27)

Notes:

- (1) The poem is written in the stanza invented by the poet himself, the Spense-
 rian stanza, i. e. , a stanza of nine lines, with the first eight lines in iambic
 pentameter and the last line in iambic hexameter, rhyming ababbcbcc.
- (2) ycladd: clad.
- (3) Yet armes till that time did he never wield: i. e. , the knight had never
 fought in the battle field, so the weapon was new to him.
- (4) His angry steede did chide his foming bitt, /As much disdayning to the curbe
 to yield: His horse, foaming with anger, ground the mouth-piece of the bri-
 dle as if too proud to yield to its master's control.
- (5) giust: same as joust (the encounter of two knights on horseback at a tourna-
 ment).
- (6) And dead as living ever him adored: And always adored him (Jesus Christ)
 dead as if alive.
- (7) Upon his shield the like was also scored, /For soveraine hope, which in his
 helpe he had: Upon his shield there was also the mark of a Cross, as a sign
 of supreme hope which he received with the help of the Lord.

- (8) But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad: But in countenance and bearing
he seemed too solemnly grave. The word "cheere" here means countenance.
- (9) ydrad: dreaded.
- (10) his hart did earne: his heart did yearn.
- (11) puissance: power, prowess.
- (12) stearne: stern.
- (13) Yet she much whiter: here signifying the surpassing purity and spotlessness
of Virgin Una.
- (14) Under a vele, that wimpled was full low: Her veil was plaited in folds,
falling to cover her face.
- (15) As one that inly mournd: as one who felt sorrowful at heart.
- (16) palfrey: a saddle-horse, esp. for a lady, here referring to Una's ass.
- (17) lad: old form for "led."
- (18) as that same lambe: referring to the Lamb of God, i.e., Jesus Christ.
- (19) Forwasted all their land: here referring to the dragon devastating the coun-
try.
- (20) compeld: old form for "compelled."
- (21) needments: things needed.
- (22) Jove: Jupiter, king of gods in Roman mythology.
- (23) his Lemans lap: his sweetheart's lap; Lemans — old form for sweetheart,
here referring to earth.
- (24) That every wight to shrowd it did constrain: that every person was forced
to take shelter.
- (25) fain: glad.
- (26) spide: spied.
- (27) Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre: It seems to them to
be a fair shelter and so they enter it.

II . Christopher Marlowe

Born in 1564, Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) was the son of a Canterbury shoemaker. Scholarships took him first to the

King's School, and then Cambridge. During his stay at Cambridge, his career as a man of letters got started. His play, *Tamburlaine*, written before he left Cambridge, turned out to be a sweeping success on the stage. When he came to London in 1584, his soul was surging with the ideals of the Renaissance, which later found expression in *Dr. Faustus*. Marlowe had also the unbridled passion and the conceit of a young man who had just entered the realms of knowledge. He became an actor and led a tempestuous life in the following six years since his first great success. On May 30, 1593, Marlowe was killed in a quarrel over a tavern bill in Deptford.

As the most gifted of the "University Wits," Marlowe composed six plays within his short lifetime. Among them the most important are: *Tamburlaine*, Parts I & II (1587-1588), *Dr. Faustus* (1589?), *The Jew of Malta* (1590?) and *Edward II* (1592-1593). Marlowe's non-dramatic poetry includes *Hero and Leander*, "the Passionate Shepherd to His Love," and a verse translation of Ovid's *Amores*.

Tamburlaine is a play about an ambitious and pitiless Tartar conqueror in the fourteenth century who rose from a shepherd to an overpowering king. By flouting the given order and trampling on despairing princes, *Tamburlaine* displayed a high-aspiring mind that was self-created and carried by love and dreams beyond the limits of moral existence. His victories were a triumph of immense natural energy and of ruthlessness over equally cruel but weak and decadent civilizations. By depicting a great hero with high ambition and sheer brutal force in conquering one enemy after another, Marlowe voiced the supreme desire of the man of the Renaissance for infinite power and authority. In fact, *Tamburlaine* is a product of Marlowe's characteristically Renaissance imagination, fascinated by the earthly magnificence available to men of imaginative power who have the

energy of their convictions.

Dr. Faustus is a play based on the German legend of a magician aspiring for knowledge and finally meeting his tragic end as a result of selling his soul to the Devil. The play's dominant moral is human rather than religious. It celebrates the human passion for knowledge, power and happiness; it also reveals man's frustration in realizing the high aspirations in a hostile moral order. And the confinement to time is the cruelest fact of man's condition.

Marlowe's greatest achievement lies in that he perfected the blank verse and made it the principal medium of English drama. Previous writers like Sackville and Norton had adopted the blank verse, which, under their pens, was rather inflexible and could produce merely exotic effects. It is Marlowe who brought vitality and grandeur into the blank verse with his "mighty lines," which carry strong emotions. To achieve this, Marlowe employed hyperbole as his major figure of speech, which, instead of referring to the exaggeration of the language, indicates the poetic energy and intensity conveyed through the verse.

Marlowe's second achievement is his creation of the Renaissance hero for English drama. Such a hero is always individualistic and full of ambition, facing bravely the challenge from both gods and men. He embodies Marlowe's humanistic ideal of human dignity and capacity. Different from the tragic hero in medieval plays, who seeks the way to heaven through salvation and God's will, he is against conventional morality and contrives to obtain heaven on earth through his own efforts. With the endless aspiration for power, knowledge, and glory, the hero interprets the true Renaissance spirit. Both Tamburlaine and Faustus are typical in possessing such a spirit. They seek power and knowledge respectively. Tamburlaine, being a cruel conqueror, finds consummate happiness in subduing

other kingdoms. No enemy, except Death, can defeat him. His death ends in glory although he finally admits his limitations of achievements, and even his limitations as a human being. In portraying Faustus, a more introspective and philosophical figure, Marlowe praises his soaring aspiration for knowledge while warning against the sin of pride since Faustus's downfall was caused by his despair in God and trust in Devil.

Though Marlowe is masterful in handling blank verse and creating dramatic effects, he is not so strong in dramatic construction, and compared with Shakespeare, his women characters are rather pale. But his brilliant achievement as a whole raised him to an eminence as the pioneer of English drama.

Selected Readings:

1. An Excerpt from *Dr. Faustus*

(Dr. Faustus is the greatest of Marlowe's plays, in which the old German legend is freely reshaped. Faustus is a great scholar who has a strong desire to acquire all kinds of knowledge. He is bored of his present study on the academic curriculum and turns to black magic. By conjuration he calls up Mephistophilis, the Devil's servant. Faustus makes a bond to sell his soul to the Devil in return for twenty-four years of life in which he may have the services of Mephistophilis to give him everything he desires. With the help of the Devil, Faustus brings his magical art into full play and sees the Pope, Alexander the Great and even the beautiful Helen of Greece. Meanwhile Faustus has experienced much internal conflict, symbolized in the appearances of both Good Angel and Bad Angel. In the final scene, there remains only the terrifying soliloquy in which the anguish of the hero's mind is poignantly ex-

pressed. The following selection is taken from Act I, which is about the signing of the bond.)

ACT I

SCENE 3

[*Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.*]

FAUST. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look(1),
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou has prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name

[*He draws the circle on the ground.*]

Forward and backward anagrammatized,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute
And try the uttermost magic can perform. [Thunder.]

* * * * *

[*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS in the shape of a dragon.*]

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [Exit MEPH.]
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?

How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
Now, Faustus, thou art conjurer laureate
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin redis, Mephistophilis, fratris imagine! (2)

[*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS like a Friar.*]

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live

To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it be make the moon drop from her sphere
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer

And may not follow thee without his leave:

No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUST. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPH. No, I came now hither of my own accord.

FAUST. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?

Speak!

MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* (3),

For when we hear one rack (4) the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,

We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;

Nor will we come unless he use such means

Whereby he is in danger to be damned;

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity

And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUST. So I have done, and hold this principle,

There is no chief but only Belzebub

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not me
For I confound hell in Elysium(5);
My ghost be with the old philosophers(6)!
But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls —
Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPH. O, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are forever damned with Lucifer.

FAUST. Where are you damned?

MEPH. In hell.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

FAUST. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate(7)

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
 Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
 By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
 Say he surrenders up to him his soul
 So he will spare him four and twenty years,
 Letting him live in all voluptuousness,
 Having thee ever to attend on me:
 To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
 To tell me whatsoever I demand,
 To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
 And always be obedient to my will.
 Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
 And meet me in my study at midnight
 And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPH. I will, Faustus. [Exit.]

FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars
 I'd give them all for Mephistophilis!
 By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
 And make a bridge thorough the moving air
 To pass the ocean with a band of men;
 I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore
 And make that country continent to Spain,
 And both contributory to my crown;
 The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
 Nor any potentate of Germany.
 Now that I have obtained what I desire
 I'll live in speculation(8) of this art
 Till Mephistophilis return again. [Exit.]

Notes:

- (1) Orion's drizzling look: Orion was traditionally a rainy constellation, appearing at the beginning of winter.
- (2) Quin redis, Mephistophilis, fratris imagine: "Return, Mephistophilis, in the likeness of a friar."
- (3) per accidens: incidentally.
- (4) rack: torment.
- (5) confound... Elysium: do not distinguish between hell and Elysium (the pagan after-world).
- (6) old philosophers: who lived before the Redemption and neither knew of nor could go to Heaven.
- (7) passionate: sorrowful.
- (8) speculation: contemplation.

2. The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

(This short poem is considered to be one of the most beautiful lyrics in English literature . It derives from the pastoral tradition , in which the shepherd enjoys an ideal country life , cherishing a pastoral and pure affection for his love . Strong emotion is conveyed through the beauty of nature where lovers are not disturbed by worldly concern .)

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove(1)
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals(2).

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle(3)
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds' swains(4) shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Notes:

- (1) prove: experience, test.
- (2) madrigal: a short love lyric that can be set to music.
- (3) kirtle: a long dress worn by women.
- (4) swain: a male suitor.

III . William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is one of the most remarkable playwrights and poets the world has ever known. With his 38

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plays, 154 sonnets and 2 long poems, he has established his giant position in world literature. He has also been given the highest praises by various scholars and critics the world over. In the past four hundred years or so, books and essays on Shakespeare and his works have kept coming out in large quantities.

William Shakespeare was born probably on April 23, 1564, into a merchant's family in Stratford-on-Avon. His father, John Shakespeare, who was variously described as glover, wool-dealer, farmer, and butcher, was a man of some importance in the town, repeatedly serving as a member of the town council. Shakespeare spent his childhood in that beautiful market town and attended the Stratford Grammar School. His real teachers were nature and its people that surrounded him. In 1582, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a woman several years his senior. She gave birth to three children: Susanna and the twins, Judith and Hamnet. It was probably because he had to support his growing family that Shakespeare left Stratford for London in 1586 or 1587.

Shakespeare went to a London which afforded a wonderful environment for the development of drama. Shakespeare worked both as actor and playwright. He acted with and wrote for the Lord Chamberlain's Men, which was later renamed the King's Men. Shakespeare established himself so well as a playwright that Robert Greene, one of the "University Wits," resentfully declared him to be "an upstart crow."

From about 1591 to about 1611, Shakespeare was in the prime of his dramatic career and his plays came out one after another. Shakespeare did not confine his genius merely to the theater. In 1593 and 1594, he published two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, both of which were dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. He also wrote sonnets, which were published

in 1609. By 1597, Shakespeare was so prosperous that he bought the largest house in Stratford, known as New Place. About 1610 Shakespeare left London and retired to Stratford, though he continued to write for some time. He died on April 23, 1616.

As the precise dates of many of Shakespeare's plays are still in doubt, critics hold different views to the division of his dramatic career. But generally his dramatic career is divided into four periods.

The first period of Shakespeare's dramatic career was one of apprenticeship. He wrote five history plays: *Henry VI*, Parts I, II, and III, *Richard III*, and *Titus Andronicus*; and four comedies: *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

In the second period, Shakespeare's style and approach became highly individualized. By constructing a complex pattern between different characters and between appearance and reality, Shakespeare made subtle comments on a variety of human foibles. In this period he wrote five histories: *Richard II*, *King John*, *Henry IV*, Parts I and II, and *Henry V*; six comedies: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; and two tragedies: *Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar*.

Shakespeare's third period includes his greatest tragedies and his so-called dark comedies. The tragedies of this period are *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Coriolanus*. The two comedies are *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*.

The last period of Shakespeare's work includes his principal romantic tragicomedies: *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*; and his two final plays: *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Shakespeare's authentic non-dramatic poetry consists of two long narrative poems: *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, and his sequence of 154 sonnets. Shakespeare's sonnets are the only direct expression of the poet's own feelings. Among them, numbers 1-126 are addressed to a young man, beloved of the poet, of superior beauty and rank but of somewhat questionable morals and constancy. The sonnets numbered 127-152 form a less coherent group. They involve a mistress of the poet, a mysterious "Dark Lady," who is sensual, promiscuous, and irresistible. The final two sonnets do not apparently belong to either the friend or the Dark Lady sequence, they are translations or adaptations of some version of a Greek epigram, and they evidently refer to the hot springs at Bath. With three exceptions (99, 126 and 154) Shakespeare writes his sonnets in the popular English form, first fully developed by Surrey, of three quatrains and a couplet. The rhetorical organization also follows this structure, though Shakespeare varies it occasionally. The couplet usually ties the sonnet to one of the general themes of the series, leaving the quatrains free to develop the poetic intensity which makes the separate sonnets memorable.

Shakespeare's history plays are mainly written under the principle that national unity under a mighty and just sovereign is a necessity. The three history plays on the reign of Henry VI are the beginning of Shakespeare's epic treatment of English history. The first and second parts of *Henry IV* are undoubtedly the most widely read among his history plays. It reveals a troubled reign in the 15th century. Shakespeare presents the patriotic spirit when mourning over the loss of English territories in France. He also dramatizes the class struggle between the oppressors and the oppressed during Jack Cade's rising of 1450. Furthermore, he condemns the War of the Roses waged by the feudal barons in which innocent people were

killed. Here Shakespeare has liberated himself from any imitations of the contemporary example. Besides, there is a wonderful balance of characters between Hotspur and Prince Hal, and between Prince Hal and his father Henry IV.

In his romantic comedies, Shakespeare takes an optimistic attitude toward love and youth, and the romantic elements are brought into full play. The most important play among the comedies is *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Shakespeare has created tension, ambiguity, a self-conscious and self-delighting artifice that is at once intellectually exciting and emotionally engaging. The sophistication derives in part from the play between high, outgoing romance and dark forces of negativity and hate. The traditional theme of the play is to praise the friendship between Antonio and Bassanio, to idealize Portia as a heroine of great beauty, wit and loyalty, and to expose the insatiable greed and brutality of the Jew. But after centuries' abusing of the Jews, especially the holocaust committed by the Nazi Germany during the Second World War, it is very difficult to see Shylock as a conventional evil figure. And many people today tend to regard the play as a satire of the Christians' hypocrisy and their false standards of friendship and love, their cunning ways of pursuing worldliness and their unreasoning prejudice against Jews. Compared with the idealism of other plays, *The Merchant of Venice* takes a step forward in its realistic presentation of human nature and human conflict. Though there is a ridiculous touch on the part of the characters restrained by their limitations, Shakespeare's youthful Renaissance spirit of jollity can be fully seen in contrast to the medieval emphasis on future life in the next world.

The successful romantic tragedy is *Romeo and Juliet*, which eulogizes the faithfulness of love and the spirit of pursuing happiness. The play, though a tragedy, is permeated with optimistic

spirit.

Shakespeare's greatest tragedies are: Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth. They have some characteristics in common.

Each portrays some noble hero, who faces the injustice of human life and is caught in a difficult situation and whose fate is closely connected with the fate of the whole nation. Each hero has his weakness of nature: Hamlet, the melancholic scholar-prince, faces the dilemma between action and mind; Othello's inner weakness is made use of by the outside evil force; the old king Lear who is unwilling to totally give up his power makes himself suffer from treachery and infidelity; and Macbeth's lust for power stirs up his ambition and leads him to incessant crimes. With the concentration on the tragic hero, Shakespeare dramatizes the whole world around the hero. Along with the portrayal of the weakness or bias of the hero, we see the sharp conflicts between the individual and the evil force in the society, which shows that Shakespeare is a great realist in the true sense.

Hamlet, the first of the great tragedies, is generally regarded as Shakespeare's most popular play on the stage, for it has the qualities of a "blood-and-thunder" thriller and a philosophical exploration of life and death. The play was probably written around 1601, based on a widespread legend in northern Europe. Shakespeare takes the bare outlines of Revenge Tragedy (such as had been used by Kyd among others), but what he adds is infinitely more interesting than what he adopts. And the timeless appeal of this mighty drama lies in its combination of intrigue, emotional conflict and searching philosophic melancholy. The play opens with Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, appearing in a mood of world-weariness occasioned by his father's recent death and by his mother's hasty remarriage with Claudius, his father's brother. While encountering his father's

ghost, Hamlet is informed that Claudius has murdered his father and then taken over both his father's throne and widow. Thus, Hamlet is urged by the ghost to seek revenge for his father's "foul and most unnatural murder." But Hamlet has none of the single-minded blood lust of the earlier revengers. It is not because he is incapable of action, but because the cast of his mind is so speculative, so questioning, and so contemplative that action, when it finally comes, seems almost like defeat, diminishing rather than adding to the stature of the hero. Trapped in a nightmare world of spying, testing and plotting, and apparently bearing the intolerable burden of the duty to revenge his father's death, Hamlet is obliged to inhabit a shadow world, to live suspended between fact and fiction, language and action. His life is one of constant role-playing, examining the nature of action only to deny its possibility, for he is too sophisticated to degrade his nature to the conventional role of a stage revenger. For such a figure, soliloquy is a natural medium, a necessary release of his anguish; and some of his questioning monologues possess surpassing power and insight, which have survived centuries of being torn from their context. But our interest is not only in Hamlet the tragic hero, for this play is also Shakespeare's most detailed exposé of a corrupted court — "an unweeded garden" in which there is nothing but "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." By revealing the power-seeking, the jostling for place, the hidden motives, the courteous superficialities that veil lust and guilt, Shakespeare condemns the hypocrisy and treachery and general corruption at the royal court.

In the plays of Shakespeare's last period, there is a prevalent Christian teaching of atonement. Shakespeare seems to have entered an imagined pastoral world. Thus, he could achieve what he failed to in the real world, i. e. to right the wrongs and to realize his ide-

als. The Tempest, an elaborate and fantastic story, is known as the best of his final romances. The characters are rather allegorical and the subject full of suggestion. The humanly impossible events can be seen occurring everywhere in the play. The wild storm becomes magic, answering Prospero's every signal. The playwright resorts to the supernatural atmosphere and to the dreams to solve the conflict. To Shakespeare, the whole life is no more than a dream. Thus, The Tempest is a typical example of his pessimistic view towards human life and society in his late years.

Shakespeare, as a humanist of the time, was shocked by the feudal tyranny and disunity and internal struggle for power at the court which led to civil wars. In his plays, he does not hesitate to describe the cruelty and anti-natural character of the civil wars, but he did not go all the way against the feudal rule. In his dramatic creation, especially in his histories or tragedies, he affirms the importance of the feudal system in order to uphold social order. "The King's government must be carried on" — but carried on for the good of the nation, not for the pleasure of the King.

Shakespeare is against religious persecution and racial discrimination, against social inequality and the corrupting influence of gold and money. In King Lear, Shakespeare has not only made a profound analysis of the social crisis in which the evils can be seen everywhere, but also criticized the bourgeois egoism. He has shown to us the two-fold effects, exerted by the feudalist corruption and the bourgeois egoism, which have gradually corroded the ordered society. On the other hand, there is also a limit to his sympathy for the downtrodden. He fears anarchy, hates rebellion and despises democracy. Thus, he finds no way to solve the social problems. In the end, the only thing he can do as a humanist is to escape from the reality to seek comfort in his dream.

Shakespeare has accepted the Renaissance views on literature. He holds that literature should be a combination of beauty, kindness and truth, and should reflect nature and reality. Based on this consideration, he has claimed through the mouth of Hamlet that the "end" of dramatic creation is to give faithful reflection of the social realities of the time. Shakespeare also states that literary works which have truly reflected nature and reality can reach immortality. From his sonnets, we can find quite a few examples in which Shakespeare sings the immortality of poetry.

Shakespeare's major characters are neither merely individual ones nor type ones; they are individuals representing certain types. Each character has his or her own personalities; meanwhile, they may share features with others. By applying a psycho-analytical approach, Shakespeare succeeds in exploring the characters' inner mind. The soliloquies in his plays fully reveal the inner conflict of his characters. Shakespeare also portrays his characters in pairs. Contrasts are frequently used to bring vividness to his characters.

Shakespeare's plays are well-known for their adroit plot construction. Shakespeare seldom invents his own plots; instead, he borrows them from some old plays or storybooks, or from ancient Greek and Roman sources. In order to make the play more lively and compact, he would shorten the time and intensify the story. There are usually several threads running through the play, thus providing the story with suspense and apprehension.

Irony is a good means of dramatic presentation. It makes the characters who are ignorant of the truth do certain ridiculous things. There is so much fun that the audience are immediately amused. Disguise is also an important device to create dramatic irony, usually with woman disguised as man.

Lastly, to understand Shakespeare, it is necessary to study the

subtlest of his instruments — the language. Shakespeare can write skillfully in different poetic forms, like the sonnet, the blank verse, and the rhymed couplet. His blank verse is especially beautiful and mighty. He has an amazing wealth of vocabulary and idiom. He is known to have used 16,000 different words. His coinage of new words and distortion of the meaning of the old ones also create striking effects on the reader. Shakespeare is above all writers in the past and in the present time. His influence on later writers is immeasurable. Almost all English writers after him have been influenced by him either in artistic point of view, in literary form or in language.

Selected Readings:

1. Sonnet 18

(Sonnet 18 is one of the most beautiful sonnets written by Shakespeare, in which he has a profound meditation on the destructive power of time and the eternal beauty brought forth by poetry to the one he loves. A nice summer's day is usually transient, but the beauty in poetry can last for ever. Thus Shakespeare has a faith in the permanence of poetry.)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day(1)?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date(2):

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometimes declines,

By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed(3);

But thy eternal summer shall not fade;

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st(4);
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines(5) to time thou grow'st:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Notes:

- (1) a summer's day: Here it may refer to a period or the season of summer.
- (2) date: the period of a lease.
- (3) untrimmed: stripped of gay apparel.
- (4) ow'st: ownest.
- (5) lines: such as the lines of this poem and other sonnets.

2. An Excerpt from *The Merchant of Venice*

(The play has a double plot: (1) an impoverished young Venetian, Bassanio, asks his friend, Antonio, for a loan so that he might gain in marriage the hand of Portia, a rich and beautiful heiress of Belmont. When Bassanio and Portia meet, they fall in love at first sight, but before she can surrender herself, Bassanio has to pass the test of the caskets, ordained by her dead father. The test is to choose from among a gold, a silver and a lead casket the right one that contains her portrait. Portia's joy is as great as that of Bassanio when he has chosen correctly. But their rejoicing is interrupted by the arrival of a letter from Antonio; (2) Antonio's money is all invested in mercantile expeditions. In order to help Bassanio he has to borrow from Shylock, the Jewish usurer. Shylock has made a strange bond that requires Antonio to surrender a pound of his flesh if he fails to repay him within a certain period of time. Antonio's letter now releases that his ships have all been lost, and he is penniless, and will have to pay the pound of flesh.)

The plots join in the trial scene of Act IV. The bond issue has come before a court of law at which Portia appears disguised as a young lawyer instructed to judge the case. She first appeals to Shylock to have mercy, but when he insists on the letter of the law she lets him have it: he may take his pound of flesh, but there is no mention of blood in the bond; if he sheds a single drop of a Christian's blood, his lands and goods will be confiscated by the State according to the law of Venice. Thus, Antonio is saved, and Shylock has to undergo certain severe penalties, including compulsory conversion to Christianity. Act V concludes the play with jubilant celebrations of the happy union of several pairs of lovers. The following is taken from the famous court scene which forms the climax of the play.)

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. Venice. The court of justice.

[Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and Others.]

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer(1)

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify(2)

His rigorous course(3); but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and am arm'd

To suffer with a quietness of spirit

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

[*Enter SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;

And where thou now exacts the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose⁽⁴⁾ the forfeiture,

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal,

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

That have of late so huddled on his back —

Enow⁽⁵⁾ to press a royal merchant down,

And pluck commiseration⁽⁶⁾ of his state

From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,

From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath⁽⁷⁾ have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humour — is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig(8);
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rend'red
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force(9)
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence(10) is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten(11) with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder? —
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw(12) them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject(13) and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them; shall I say to you
'Let them be free, marry them to your heirs —
Why sweat they under burdens? — let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands?' (14) You will answer
'The slaves are ours'. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.

- If you deny me, fie upon your law!
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?
- Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.
- Saler.* My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.
- Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
- Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
- Ant.* I am a tainted wether(15) of the flock,
 Meetest(16) for death; the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.
 [*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*]
- Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
- Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
 [*Presents a letter.*]
- Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
- Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
- Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
- Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

- Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras(17)
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet(18);
 And, whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous(19).
- Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud;
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless(20) ruin. I stand here for law.
- Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court.
 Where is he?
- Ner.* He attendeth here hard by(21)
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
- Duke.* With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
 Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
- Clerk.* [*Reads*] 'Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt
 of you letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your
 messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young
 doctor of Rome — his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him
 with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio
 the merchant; we turn'd o'er many books together; he is
 furnished with my opinion which, bettered with his own

learning—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend—comes with him at my importunity to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation(22), for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.'

[Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.]

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand; come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference(23)
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

- Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons(24) justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this —
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
- Shy.* My deeds upon my head! (25) I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
- Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?
- Bass.* Yes; here I tender(26) it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
 If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. (27) And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel(28) come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful.
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour(29).
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation(30) to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true! O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast —
So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart', those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge(31),
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd, but what of that(32)?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand Bassanio; fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use(33)
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death; (34)
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love (35).
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by (36) to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife who I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could.
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house (37).

Shy. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter —
Would any of the stock of Barrabas (38)
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! —
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh'.
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate(39)
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!
Mark, Jew. O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew. A learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice. Soft! No haste.
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound — be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale(40) do turn
But in the estimation of a hair —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel(41), I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy peril(42); Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive(43)
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd(44).
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter(45) gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter —

Two things provided more: that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant(46)

The pardon that I late(47) pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift(48).

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning shalt thou have two god-fathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font(49).

[*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon;

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet(50) I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Notes:

(1) answer: have dealings with.

- (2) qualify: limit.
- (3) rigorous course: severe proceedings.
- (4) loose: abandon.
- (5) enow: enough.
- (6) commiseration: sympathy.
- (7) Sabbath: a day of religious rest for Jewish people.
- (8) a gaping pig: a pig with a wide open mouth.
- (9) of force: of necessity.
- (10) offence: condition of being hurt in one's feelings, displeasure.
- (11) fretten: disturbed.
- (12) draw: accept.
- (13) abject: wretched, miserable.
- (14) let...viands: let them have a taste of delicious food.
- (15) tainted wether: sick sheep.
- (16) meetest: most appropriate, most ready.
- (17) Pythagoras: the ancient Greek philosopher who held the theory of transmigration of souls.
- (18) fleet: pass by quickly.
- (19) ravenous: greedy.
- (20) cureless: unable to be cured.
- (21) hard by: nearby.
- (22) reverend estimation: consideration with respect.
- (23) difference: focus of the dispute.
- (24) seasons: moderates.
- (25) My...head: I shall take the responsibility for whatever I'll do.
- (26) tender: give, here means "pay off."
- (27) That...truth: The active ill will overpower justice.
- (28) Daniel: wise young judge of integrity, mentioned in the "Apocrypha."
- (29) tenour: terms.
- (30) hath full relation to: is totally proper and suitable to.
- (31) on your charge: You are responsible for the expenses.
- (32) what of that: It is not important.
- (33) use: habit.

- (34) speak... death: tell her how brave I am when I face death.
(35) a love: a bosom friend.
(36) by: here, present.
(37) would... house: would arouse dispute in the family.
(38) Barrabas: the leader of Jewish bandits, around the time of Jesus Christ.
(39) confiscate: confiscated, taken away without compensation.
(40) scale: balance.
(41) infidel: person with no belief in what is considered to be the true religion, here referred to Christianity.
(42) at thy peril: at your own risk.
(43) contrive: make secret plans against.
(44) rehears'd: referred to.
(45) halter: a rope used to hang a criminal.
(46) recant: cancel, withdraw.
(47) late: lately.
(48) a deed of gift: a conveyance of property.
(49) the font: the container used in baptism.
(50) meet: appropriate.

3. An Excerpt from *Hamlet*

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *Elsinore. The Castle.*

[*Enter HAMLET.*]

Ham. To be, or not to be(1) — that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows(2) of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles(3),
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep —
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,(4) 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;
 To sleep, perchance(5) to dream. Ay, there's the rub;(6)
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil(7),
 Must give us pause(8). There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time(9),
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely(10),
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office,(11) and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,(12)
 When he himself might his quietus(13) make
 With a bare bodkin(14)? who would these fardels(15)
 bear,
 To grunt(16) and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death —
 The undiscover'd country,(17) from whose bourn(18)
 No traveler returns — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience(19) does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought(20),
 And enterprises of great pith(21) and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry(22)
 And lose the name of action.

Notes:

- (1) To be, or not to be: to live on in this world or to die; to suffer or to take action.

- (2) slings and arrows: attacks.
- (3) to... troubles: to take up arms against troubles that sweep upon us like a sea.
- (4) the... to: All kinds of shocks that naturally occur to human beings.
- (5) perchance: maybe.
- (6) there's the rub: a figure from the game of bowls. A rub was an obstacle which diverted the bowl from its course. Here it refers to the doubt or difficulty.
- (7) this mortal coil: this turmoil of mortality.
- (8) give us pause: make us hesitate.
- (9) the whips and scorns of time: the suffering in our epoch.
- (10) contumely: contempt.
- (11) The insolence of office: the contempt held by the people of high rank.
- (12) That... takes: the people of worth endure at the hands of the unworthy.
- (13) quietus: the final settlement of an account.
- (14) a bare bodkin: probably, a mere bodkin. Bodkin was a name for a small dagger.
- (15) fardels: burdens.
- (16) grunt: groan.
- (17) The undiscover'd country: the unknown place.
- (18) bourn: boundary.
- (19) conscience: consciousness.
- (20) the... thought: The reference is to the ruddy color associated with the sanguine temperament as contrasted with the tinge of melancholy.
- (21) pith: significance, importance.
- (22) their currents turn awry: turn away from their original purpose.

IV. Francis Bacon

Francis Bacon (1561-1626), a representative of the Renaissance in England, is a well-known philosopher, scientist and essayist. He lays the foundation for modern science with his insistence on

scientific way of thinking and fresh observation rather than authority as a basis for obtaining knowledge. His *Essays* is the first example of that genre in English literature, which has been recognized as an important landmark in the development of English prose. And some phrases have even entered the English literary tradition.

Being the younger son of Elizabeth's first Lord Keeper, Bacon had a fortunate heritage and background. He studied at Cambridge and Gray's Inn, entered Parliament, and gradually established his reputation. At the height of his career, under King James, he became Lord Keeper and then Lord Chancellor of England. But he was later accused of taking bribes in office. He admitted accepting presents but defended the justice of his act. After a token imprisonment, Bacon retired in disgrace to his estate of Gornhambury to spend the last five years of his life.

Bacon had a wide range of knowledge. At the age of 31, he wrote a letter to his uncle, claiming that he was determined to take all knowledge to be his province. His works can be divided into three groups. The most important works of his first group include *The Advancement of Learning* (1605), written in English; *Novum Organum* (1620), an enlarged Latin version of *The Advancement of Learning*. His philosophical works also belong to the first group. His literary works are in the second group, among which the most famous is *Essays*. In 1597 when it was first published, the *Essays* only included ten short articles; the enlarged edition of 1612 had thirty-eight essays; the final edition of 1625 had the complete series of fifty-eight essays. Other works of the group are *Apophthegmes New and Old* (1625), *The History of the Reign of Henry VII* (1622), and his unfinished *The New Atlantis*. *Maxims of Law* and *The Learned Reading upon the Statute of Uses* (1642) are the two famous works from the third group.

// The Advancement of Learning is a great tract on education. In Book I, Bacon highly praises knowledge, refuting the objections to learning and outlining the problems with which his plan is to deal. Also he answers the charge that learning is against religion. In order to illustrate this idea, he divides knowledge into two kinds. One is the knowledge obtained from the Divine Revelation, the other is the knowledge from the workings of human mind. Not daring to deny the orthodox Christian thought, Bacon holds that these two sorts of knowledge would not contradict each other. Such a compromise might not be acceptable today, but it had great significance in Bacon's time, for he separates theology from scientific observations and experiments, thus making a great step forward in science. The second book is a survey of learning, which explains its importance in scholarship. According to Bacon, man's understanding consists of three parts: history to man's memory, poetry to man's imagination and creation, and philosophy to man's reason.

Novum Organum is a successful treatise written in Latin on methodology. It is the most impressive display of Bacon's intellect. The argument is for the use of inductive method of reasoning in scientific study. But Bacon first expounds the four great false conceptions that beset men's mind and prevent them from seeking the truth. Then in his second book, Bacon suggests the inductive reasoning, i. e. proceeding from the particular to the general, in place of the Aristotelian method, the deductive reasoning, i. e. proceeding from the general to the particular. By putting forward this theory, Bacon, as a humanist intellect, shows the new empirical attitudes toward truth about nature and bravely challenges the medieval scholasticists.

Montaigne, the first great modern essayist, is the predecessor of Bacon. The term "essay" was borrowed from Montaigne's *Essais*

which appeared from 1580 to 1588. Bacon learned from him the economic and flexible way of writing. However, they are totally unlike in temperament, outlook and writing style. Montaigne's essays show a strong personal touch, putting stress on the tentative nature of his mind. The informal intimacy arouses readers of different types to probe into the true nature under human experience. Bacon, as a practical and prudential man, intends to write for the ambitious Elizabethan and Jacobean youth of his class and tell them how to be efficient and make their way in public life. Furthermore, he presents the mode of thought and interest of the ruling class in his day. Bacon cares more about axioms under the guidance of which man thinks and acts than human nature or morality. Of the fifty-eight essays in its final edition, more than half are about public life or public duty, for he would "esteem the performance of public duty his highest aim." Such austere creed is shown even when he wrote about friendship, marriage, single life and gardens. //

Bacon's essays are famous for their brevity, compactness and powerfulness. Yet there is an obvious stylistic change in the *Essays*. The sentences in the first edition are charged and crowded with symmetries. They are composed in a rather affected way. However, the final edition not only enlarges the range of theme, but also brings forth the looser and more persuasive style. The essays are well-arranged and enriched by Biblical allusions, metaphors and cadence.

Selected Reading:

Of Studies

(Of Studies is the most popular of Bacon's 58 essays. It analyzes what studies chiefly serve for, the different ways adopted by

different people to pursue studies , and how studies exert influence over human character . Forceful and persuasive , compact and precise , Of Studies reveals to us Bacon's mature attitude towards learning .)

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring(1); for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert(2) men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor(3) of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously(4); and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others, but that would(5) be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters (6), flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and

writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have more cunning, to seem to know that(7) he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty(8); the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*. (9) Nay, there is no stond(10) or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins(11), shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen(12), for they are *Cumini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters(13) and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt(14).

Notes:

- (1) privateness and retiring: private life and retirement.
- (2) expert: experienced (rather than learned).
- (3) humor: mannerism, implying absurd error.
- (4) curiously: with thoroughness and care.
- (5) would: should.
- (6) distilled waters: infusions of herbs, etc. used as home remedies.
- (7) that: that which.
- (8) witty: inventive.
- (9) *Abeunt studia in mores* (Latin): Studies become ways of life.
- (10) stond: block, drawback.
- (11) stone and reins: the bladder and kidneys.

- (12) the schoolmen: medieval theologians.
- (13) beat over matters: make thorough examinations of things.
- (14) receipt: cure, prescription.

V . John Donne

The term "metaphysical poetry" is commonly used to name the work of the 17th-century writers who wrote under the influence of John Donne (1572-1631). With a rebellious spirit, the metaphysical poets tried to break away from the conventional fashion of the Elizabethan love poetry. The diction is simple as compared with that of the Elizabethan or the Neoclassic periods, and echoes the words and cadences of common speech. The imagery is drawn from the actual life. The form is frequently that of an argument with the poet's beloved, with God, or with himself. Donne and his followers, due to the change of the taste, were rarely read during the 18th and early 19th centuries. However, the late 19th and early 20th centuries witnessed a renewed interest in Donne and other metaphysical poets. This new recognition has arisen from a realization of the seriousness of their art, an interest in their spirit of revolt, their realism, and other affinities with modern interests, as well as from the fact that they produced some fine poetry. T. S. Eliot, John Ransom, and Allen Tate are examples of modern poets who have been mostly affected by the metaphysical influence.

John Donne is the leading figure of the "metaphysical school." His poems give a more inherently theatrical impression by exhibiting a seemingly unfocused diversity of experiences and attitudes, and a free range of feelings and moods. The mode is dynamic rather than static, with ingenuity of speech, vividness of imagery and vitality of rhythms, which show a notable contrast to the other Elizabethan

lyric poems which are pure, serene, tuneful, and smooth-running. The most striking feature of Donne's poetry is precisely its tang of reality, in the sense that it seems to reflect life in a real rather than a poetical world. Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, Marvell and Cowley are also considered to be metaphysical poets.

Donne was born into a prosperous merchant family. His early education was attended to by a private tutor; then he studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, but left without taking a degree because of his Roman Catholic background. In 1591, Donne began his legal studies at the Inns of Court in London, where he spent much of his time studying law, languages, literature, and theology.

Upon completing his studies, Donne became private secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, the eminent Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. His great prospects of the worldly success were ruined by his secret marriage with lady Egerton's niece, Ann More in 1601. For over ten years from then on, Donne had been working hard, fighting against poverty. Donne's conversion to Anglicanism had no single date, rather it was a gradual process. In 1615, after a final attempt at secular preferment, John Donne entered the Anglican Church and took orders. Donne took his new vocation seriously and performed his holy duties exceptionally well, acquiring a great reputation as an impressive deliverer of insightful sermons. After his wife's death in 1617, Donne wrote little secular poetry; instead, he devoted all his time and efforts to his priestly duties, writing sermons and religious poems. Donne was appointed the Dean of St. Paul's in 1621 and kept that post until his death.

In his life, Donne wrote a large number of poems and prose works. Most of *The Elegies and Satires* and a good many of *The Songs and Sonnets* were written in the early period. He wrote his prose works mainly in the later period. His sermons, which are very

famous, reveal his spiritual devotion to God as a passionate preacher. //

The Songs and Sonnets, by which Donne is probably best known, contains most of his early lyrics. Love is the basic theme. Donne holds that the nature of love is the union of soul and body. The operations of the soul depend on the body. The perfection of human lovers will not be made with souls alone. This thought is quite contrary to the medieval love idea which merely put stress on spiritual love. What is more, idealism and cynicism about love coexist in Donne's love poetry. On the one hand, Donne, in love of his wife, finds the meaning and the infinite value of love; on the other hand, he is concerned with the change and death confronting human love. He sometimes expresses the futility and instability of love in his poems. In his gloomy poem "Farewell to Love," we can see his disillusionment. When eulogizing a woman, Donne tells us very little about her physical beauty; the charms of rosy cheeks, and lips like cherry can not be seen in his lines. Instead, Donne's interest lies in dramatizing and illustrating the state of being in love. This is also distinctive from the Petrarchan sonneteers who paid so much attention to physical charms.

Donne's chief power as a religious poet is shown in the *Holy Sonnets* and the last hymns. Only in *A Hymn to God the Father* do we find an assured faith; elsewhere there is always an element of conflict or doubt. The best of the *Holy Sonnets* express these struggles with unparalleled force.

In his poetry, Donne frequently applies conceits, i. e. extended metaphors involving dramatic contrasts. His conceits may be divided into two kinds: easy ones and difficult ones. Easy conceits, found in all Elizabethan poetry with images concerning mythology and natural objects, are not a novelty; but the difficult ones rely largely on the

choice of imagery. Donne's images are linked with new resources such as law, psychology and philosophy which endow his poetry with learning and wit, and which provide certain intellectual difficulties. By combining the easy conceits with the difficult ones, Donne achieves surprisingly good effects in his poetry.

Donne's poetry involves a certain kind of argument, sometimes in rigid syllogistic form. He seems to be speaking to an imagined hearer, raising the topic and trying to persuade, convince or upbraid him. With the brief, simple language, the argument is continuous throughout the poem. It begins with a certain idea but ends in quite a contrary one. It is not only playful but paradoxical; it is not only witty, but implies different kinds of feelings, which can only be interpreted through the rhythms and inflections of the verse.

Donne's great prose works are his sermons, which are both rich and imaginative, exhibiting the same kind of physical vigor and scholastic complexity as his poetry. As a matter of fact, his weekly sermons are an intellectual exercise supplying food for thought, a purging of conscience, and a study of rhetoric. Some of Donne's sermons are carefully contrived with a dramatic, irregular immediacy to express a concern with personal quest for religious experience rather than settled certainties. And it is the obsession with death that characterizes Donne's mature religious works.

Selected Readings:

1. The Sun Rising

Busy old fool, unruly sun,

Why dost thou thus,

Through windows and through curtains call on us?

Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late schoolboys and sour prentices,
Go tell court huntsmen that the King will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;(1)
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long;
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine(2)
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She is all states(3), and all princes I,
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compared to this,
All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy(4).
Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy center is,(5) these walls thy sphere.

Notes:

- (1) Go ... offices: King James was addicted to hunting. "harvest offices": autumn chores. The "country ants" may imply an allusion to the old fable of the ant and the grasshopper.
- (2) both ... mine: The India of "spice" is East India, that of "mine" (gold) the West India.
- (3) states: all the nations of the world.
- (4) alchemy: i.e. fraudulent.
- (5) This ... is: As the earth was the center of the sun's orbit (according to the old Ptolemaic astronomy), so the bed will be the new center of the sun's activities, and the walls of the bedroom will outline its motion.

2. Death, Be Not Proud(1)

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go, (2)
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better (3) than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then? (4)
One short sleep past, we wake eternally (5)
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

Notes:

- (1) This is a sonnet written in the strict Petrarchan pattern, with 14 lines of

iambic pentameter rhyming *abba abba cddc ee*.

- (2) And soonest our best men with thee do go: "Whom the gods love die young," a phrase used by Plautus who translated it from an ancient Greek proverb.
- (3) better: easier.
- (4) why swell'st thou then: Why should you be proud.
- (5) One short sleep past, we wake eternally: Shortly after we die (compared to "sleep"), we'll wake up and live eternally.

VI. John Milton

John Milton (1608-1674) was born in London. His father was both a scholar and a businessman. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Cambridge. After graduation in 1632, he spent six years at his father's country home on solitary study, greedily drilling the treasures over the fields of languages, literature, science, theology, and music. To complete his preparation for his literary career, he started his travel on the Continent in 1638.

Milton once had an ambition to write an epic which England would "not willingly let die;" but when the English Revolution broke out, all his dreams were gone with the wind; he was entirely occupied with the thoughts of fighting for human freedom. He cut short his journey and returned to England to take part in the struggle for human liberty, thus putting his pen to the service of the revolutionary cause, and later of the Commonwealth. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary to Cromwell's Council of State. Even when his eyesight was threatened with strains, he held steadily to his purpose of using his pen in the service of his country. Milton became totally blind in 1652. After the restoration of Charles II, he was imprisoned for a short time and then retired to private life.

With the Restoration all his labors and sacrifice for humanity were apparently wasted. Without anger or bitterness he went back to his early dream of an immortal poem and began with great pains to dictate his grand epic. *Paradise Lost* was finished in 1665, after seven years' labor in darkness. The next year Milton began his *Paradise Regained*. In 1671 appeared his last important work *Samson Agonistes*, the most powerful dramatic poem on the Greek model. Milton died peacefully in 1674.

14. 04
Milton's literary achievements can be divided into three groups: the early poetic works, the middle prose pamphlets and the last great poems. In his early works, Milton appears as the inheritor of all that was best in Elizabethan literature. *Lycidas* (1637) is a typical example, composed for a collection of elegies dedicated to Edward King, a fellow undergraduate of Milton's at Cambridge, who was drowned in the Irish Sea. The poem begins with grief and a feeling of immaturity; then the grief is deepened by the sense of irrecoverable loss in the silencing of a young poet. With this bitter sense of loss, Milton asks why the just and good should suffer. These emotions swell to a passionate call for the consolation of art. The poem moves from a sad apprehension of death, through regret, to passionate questioning, rage, sorrow and acceptance. The feelings begin in a low key but move on to the large questions of divine justice and human accountability. The climax of the poem is the blistering attack on the clergy, i.e. the "shepherds," who are corrupted by self-interest.

Milton devoted almost twenty years of his best life to the fight for political, religious and personal liberty as a writer. His powerful pamphlets written during this period make him the greatest prose writer of his age. And they can be compared with his achievement in poetry, at least not unfavorably. *Areopagitica* (1644) is probably

his most memorable prose work. It is a great plea for freedom of the press. Compared with the tough style of the other prose work, it is rather smooth and calm.

17/6 After the Restoration in 1660, when he was blind and suffering, and when he was poor and lonely, Milton wrote his three major poetical works: *Paradise Lost* (1667), *Paradise Regained* (1671), and *Samson Agonistes* (1671). Among the three, the first is the greatest, indeed the only generally acknowledged epic in English literature since *Beowulf*; and the last one is the most perfect example of the verse drama after the Greek style in English.

Paradise Lost is a long epic divided into 12 books. The original story is taken from Genesis 3:1-24 of the Bible. The theme is the "Fall of Man," i.e. man's disobedience and the loss of Paradise, with its prime cause — Satan. In Heaven, Satan led a rebellion against God. Defeated, he and his rebel angels were cast into Hell. However, Satan refused to accept his failure, vowing that "all was not lost" and that he would seek revenge for his downfall. The poem goes on to tell how Satan took revenge by tempting Adam and Eve, the first human beings created by God, to eat fruit from the tree of knowledge against God's instructions. For their disobedience, Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise. They were sorry for what they had done and prayed to God. In the last book they were given the hope for redemption. The poem ended with Adam and Eve walking away from Paradise, hand in hand, and the gates of Eden were closed behind them.

Working through the tradition of a Christian humanism, Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*, intending to expose the ways of Satan and to "justify the ways of God to men." At the center of the conflict between human love and spiritual duty lies Milton's fundamental concern with freedom and choice; the freedom to submit to God's

prohibition on eating the apple and the choice of disobedience made for love. Eve, seduced by Satan's rhetoric and her own confused ambition — as well as the mere prompting of hunger — falls into sin through innocent credulity. Adam falls by consciously choosing human love rather than obeying God. This is the error wherein his greatness lies. In the fall of man Adam discovered his full humanity. But man's fall is the sequel to another and more stupendous tragedy, the fall of the angels. By lifting his argument to that plane, Milton raises the problem of evil in a more intractable form. Milton held that God created all things out of Himself, including evil. There was evil in Heaven before Satan rebelled: Pride, Lust, Wrath, and Avarice were there. At the exaltation of the Son these forces erupted and were cast forth. But God suffered them to escape from Hell and infect the Earth. And then the tragedy was re-enacted, but with a difference — "Man shall find grace." But he must lay hold of it by an act of free will. The freedom of the will is the keystone of Milton's creed. His poem attempts to convince us that the unquestionable truth of Biblical revelation means that an all-knowing God was just in allowing Adam and Eve to be tempted and, of their free will, to choose sin and its inevitable punishment. And, thereby, it opens the way for the voluntary sacrifice of Christ which showed the mercy of God in bringing good out of evil.

Paradise Regained shows how mankind, in the person of Christ, withstands the tempter and is established once more in the divine favor. Christ's temptation in the wilderness is the theme, and Milton follows the account in the fourth chapter of Matthew's gospel. Though *Paradise Regained* has many passages of noble thought and splendid imagery equal to the best of *Paradise Lost*, the poem as a whole falls below the level of the first, and is less interesting to read.

In Samson Agonistes, Milton again borrows his story from the Bible. But this time he turns to a more vital and personal theme. The picture of Israel's mighty champion, blind, alone, afflicted by thoughtless enemies but preserving a noble ideal to the end, is a fitting close to the life work of the poet himself. The poet's aim was to present in English a pure tragedy, with all the passion and restraint which marked the old Greek dramas. The whole poem strongly suggests Milton's passionate longing that he too could bring destruction down upon the enemy at the cost of his own life. In this sense, Samson is Milton.

In his life, Milton shows himself a real revolutionary, a master poet and a great prose writer. He fought for freedom in all aspects as a Christian humanist, while his achievements in literature make him tower over all the other English writers of his time and exert a great influence over later ones.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from *Paradise Lost*

(Paradise Lost is Milton's masterpiece. The story is taken from the Old Testament: Satan and other angels rebel against God, but they are defeated and driven from Heaven into Hell. Even amidst the furnace of Hell, Satan is determined to fight back. He assumes the shape of a snake and comes to the Garden of Eden, a paradise where Adam and Eve live. God, after knowing Satan's plot, sends the Archangel Raphael to warn Adam and Eve of Satan. However, Satan still succeeds in seducing Eve to eat the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge, which has been totally forbidden by God. As a result, Adam and Eve are exiled by God from the paradise and thereafter live a life full of hardship. The fol-

lowing excerpt is taken from Book I.)

“If thou beëst he — but O how fallen! how changed
From him who in the happy realms of light
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind
And high disdain, from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study(1) of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace

With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire (2) — that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods
And this empyreal(3) substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer(4):

"O prince, O chief of many thronèd powers, (5)
That led th' embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low;
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state

Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (Whom I now
Of force(6) believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice(7) his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep(8)?
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Where to with speedy words th' arch-fiend replied:
"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
 There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
 And reassembling our afflicted powers(9),
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
 If not, what resolution from despair."

Notes:

- (1) study: pursuit.
- (2) Doubted his empire: was afraid for his sovereignty.
- (3) empyreal: heavenly, sublime.
- (4) compeer: companion, equal, peer.
- (5) O chief of many thronèd powers: According to medieval tradition, there were nine orders of angels: seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions, virtues, powers, principalities, archangels, angels; but Milton does not use these categories systematically.
- (6) of force: perforce, necessarily.

(7) suffice: satisfy.

(8) in the gloomy deep: in Chaos.

(9) afflicted powers: stricken armies.

Chapter 2 The Neoclassical Period

What we now call the neoclassical period is the one in English literature between the return of the Stuarts to the English throne in 1660 and the full assertion of Romanticism which came with the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* by Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798.

The English society of the neoclassical period was a turbulent one. Of the great political and social events there were the Restoration of King Charles II in 1660, the Great Plague of 1665 which took 70,000 lives in London alone, the Great London Fire which destroyed a large part of the city, leaving two-thirds of the population homeless, the Glorious Revolution in which King James II was replaced by his Protestant daughter Mary and her Dutch husband William, Duke of Orange, in 1689, and so on. There was constant strife between the monarch and the parliament, between the two big parties — the Tories and the Whigs — over the control of the parliament and government, between opposing religious sects such as the Roman Catholicism, the Anglican Church and the Dissenters, between the ruling class and the laboring poor, etc. In short, it was an age full of conflicts and divergence of values.

The eighteenth century saw the fast development of England as a nation. Abroad, a vast expansion of British colonies in North America, India, the West Indies, and a continuous increase of colonial wealth and trade provided England with a market for which the small-scale hand production methods of the home industry were hardly adequate. This created not only a steady demand for British goods but also standardized goods. And at home in the country, Acts of Enclosure were putting more land into fewer privileged rich landowners and forcing thousands of small farmers and tenants off

land to become wage earners in industrial towns. This coming together of free labor from the home and free capital gathered or plundered from the colonies was the essence of the Industrial Revolution. So, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, England had become the first powerful capitalist country in the world. It had become the work-shop of the world, her manufactured goods flooding foreign markets far and near.

Along with the fast economic development, the British bourgeois or middle class also grew rapidly. It was the major force of the Revolution and was mainly composed of city people: traders, merchants, manufacturers, and other adventurers such as slave traders and colonists. As the Industrial Revolution went on, more and more people joined the rank of this class. Marx once pointed out that the bourgeois class of the eighteenth-century England was a revolutionary class then and quite different from the feudal aristocratic class. They were people who had known poverty and hardship, and most of them had obtained their present social status through hard work. They believed in self-restraint, self-reliance and hard work. To work, to economize and to accumulate wealth constituted the whole meaning of their life. This aspect of social life is best found in the realistic novels of the century.

The eighteenth-century England is also known as the Age of Enlightenment or the Age of Reason. The Enlightenment Movement was a progressive intellectual movement which flourished in France and swept through the whole Western Europe at the time. The movement was a furtherance of the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its purpose was to enlighten the whole world with the light of modern philosophical and artistic ideas. The enlighteners celebrated reason or rationality, equality and science. They held that rationality or reason should be the only, the final

cause of any human thought and activities. They called for a reference to order, reason and rules. They believed that when reason served as the yardstick for the measurement of all human activities and relations, every superstition, injustice and oppression was to yield place to "eternal truth," "eternal justice" and "natural equality." The belief provided theory for the French Revolution of 1789 and the American War of Independence in 1776. At the same time, the enlighteners advocated universal education. They believed that human beings were limited, dualistic, imperfect, and yet capable of rationality and perfection through education. If the masses were well educated, they thought, there would be great chance for a democratic and equal human society. As a matter of fact, literature at the time, heavily didactic and moralizing, became a very popular means of public education. Famous among the great enlighteners in England were those great writers like John Dryden, Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele, the two pioneers of familiar essays, Jonathan Swift, Daniel Defoe, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Henry Fielding and Samuel Johnson.

In the field of literature, the Enlightenment Movement brought about a revival of interest in the old classical works. This tendency is known as neoclassicism. According to the neoclassicists, all forms of literature were to be modeled after the classical works of the ancient Greek and Roman writers (Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, etc.) and those of the contemporary French ones. They believed that the artistic ideals should be order, logic, restrained emotion and accuracy, and that literature should be judged in terms of its service to humanity. This belief led them to seek proportion, unity, harmony and grace in literary expressions, in an effort to delight, instruct and correct human beings, primarily as social animals. Thus a polite, urbane, witty, and intellectual art developed.

Neoclassicists had some fixed laws and rules for almost every genre of literature. Prose should be precise, direct, smooth and flexible. Poetry should be lyrical, epical, didactic, satiric or dramatic, and each class should be guided by its own principles. Drama should be written in the Heroic Couplets (iambic pentameter rhymed in two lines); the three unities of time, space and action should be strictly observed; regularity in construction should be adhered to, and type characters rather than individuals should be represented.

In the last few decades of the 18th century, however, the neo-classical emphasis upon reason, intellect, wit and form was rebelled against or challenged by the sentimentalists, and was, in due time, gradually replaced by Romanticism. But it had a lasting wholesome influence upon English literature. The poetic techniques and certain classical graces such as order, good form, unified structure, clarity and conciseness of language developed in this period have become a permanent heritage.

The neoclassical period witnessed the flourish of English poetry in the classical style from Restoration to about the second half of the century, climaxing with John Dryden, Alexander Pope and the last standard-bearer of the school, Samuel Johnson. Much attention was given to the wit, form and art of poetry. Mock epic, romance, satire and epigram were popular forms adopted by poets of the time. Besides the elegant poetic structure and diction, the neoclassical poetry was also noted for its seriousness and earnestness in tone and constant didacticism.

The mid-century was, however, predominated by a newly rising literary form — the modern English novel, which, contrary to the traditional romance of aristocrats, gives a realistic presentation of life of the common English people. This — the most significant phe-

nomenon in the history of the development of English literature in the eighteenth century — is a natural product of the Industrial Revolution and a symbol of the growing importance and strength of the English middle class. Among the pioneers were Daniel Defoe, Samuel Richardson, Henry Fielding, Laurence Sterne, Tobias George Smollett, and Oliver Goldsmith.

And from the middle part to the end of the century there was also an apparent shift of interest from the classic literary tradition to originality and imagination, from society to individual, and from the didactic to the confessional, inspirational and prophetic. Gothic novels — mostly stories of mystery and horror which take place in some haunted or dilapidated Middle Age castles — were turned out profusely by both male and female writers; works such as *The Castle of Otranto* (1765) by Horace Walpole, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) and *The Italian* (1797) by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, *The Champion of Virtue, a Gothic Story* (1777) by Clara Reeve, and *The Monk* (1796) by M. G. Lewis became very popular. Eulogizing or lamenting lyrics by nature poets like James Thomson, William Collins, and William Cowper, and by such sentimentalists as the “Graveyard School” were widely read. The romantic poems of the Scottish peasant poet, Robert Burns and William Blake also joined in, paving the way for the flourish of Romanticism early the next century.

In the theatrical world, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the leading figure among a host of playwrights. And of the witty and satiric prose, those written by Jonathan Swift are especially worth studying, his *A Modest Proposal* being generally regarded as the best model of satire, not only of the period but also in the whole English literary history.

I . John Bunyan

John Bunyan (1628-1688) was born into a poor tinker's family in Bedfordshire in 1628. He received very little formal education. When he was still a little boy, he took up his father's trade, and had the least promise of becoming a writer. But the boy had a profound imagination. His marriage in 1647 with a Christian woman led him to the Lord. He joined a Nonconformist church and began to preach, by the roadside or on the village green, telling people of his vision and interpretation of God's doctrine. However, he was thrown into prison in 1660 for preaching without receiving permission from the Established Church. He remained in prison for 12 years because of his refusing to take a vow to give up preaching. He was imprisoned again in 1675 on charge of the same offence. It was during this second term in prison that he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which was published in 1678 after his release. He died in 1688 from a bad fever.

Like most working men at the time, Bunyan had a deep hatred for the corrupted, hypocritical rich who accumulated their wealth "by hook and by crook." As a stout Puritan, he had made a conscientious study of the Bible and firmly believed in salvation through spiritual struggle.

~~Bunyan's style~~ was modeled after that of the English Bible. With his concrete and living language and carefully observed and vividly presented details, he made it possible for the reader of the least education to share the pleasure of reading his novel and to relive the experience of his characters.

~~Bunyan's other works~~ include *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666), *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* (1680), *The Holy War* (1682) and *The Pilgrim's Progress, Part II*

(1684).

Selected Reading:

“The Vanity Fair,” an Excerpt from Part 1 of *The Pilgrim’s Progress*

(The story starts with a dream in which the author sees Christian the Pilgrim, with a heavy burden on his back, reading the Bible. When he learns from the book that the city in which he and his family live shall be burnt down in a fire, Christian tries to convince his family and his neighbours of the oncoming disaster and asks them to go with him in search of salvation, but most of them simply ignore him. So he starts off with a friend, Pliable. Pliable turns back after they stumble into a pit, the Slough of Despond. Christian struggles on by himself. Then he is misled by Mr. Worldly Wiseman and is brought back onto the right road by Mr. Evangelist. There he joins Faithful, a neighbor who has set out later but has made better progress. The two go on together through many adventures, including the great struggle with Apollyon, who claims them to be his subjects and refuses to accept their allegiance to God. After many other adventures they come to the Vanity Fair where both are arrested as alien agitators. They are tried and Faithful is condemned to death. Christian, however, manages to escape and goes on his way, assisted by a new friend, Hopeful. Tired of the hard journey, they are tempted to take a pleasant path and are then captured by Giant Despair. Finally they get away and reach the Celestial City, where they enjoy eternal life in the fellowship of the blessed.)

The Pilgrim’s Progress is the most successful religious allegory in the English language. Its purpose is to urge people to abide by

Christian doctrines and seek salvation through constant struggles with their own weaknesses and all kinds of social evils. It is not only about something spiritual but also bears much relevance to the time. Its predominant metaphor — life as a journey — is simple and familiar. The objects that Christian meets are homely and commonplace, and the scenes presented are typical English ones, but throughout the allegory a spiritual significance is added to the commonplace details. Here the strange is combined with the familiar and the trivial joined to the divine, and, at the same time, everything is based on universal experiences. Besides, a rich imagination and a natural talent for storytelling also contribute to the success of the work which is at once entertaining and morally instructive.)

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth(1) the name of Vanity Fair because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity".

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago(2), there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City(3), as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion(4), with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore at this fair are all such merchandise

sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes(5), knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind. Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment(6), there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended(7); so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise(8) is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat(9).

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world". The Prince of princes (10) himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day, too (11), yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a man of hon-

our, Beelzebub had(12) him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure the Blessed One(13) to cheapen(14) and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through the fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub(15) about them; and that for several reasons: for

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in the fair. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams(16), and some they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan(17), but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by(18) all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic(19) was in heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth". At that there was an occasion taken

(20) to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite (21) them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed (22) some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there, in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the Heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle (23) to all the men of the fair.

Notes:

- (1) bearth: bears. "th": 古英语中表示动词第三人称单数。
- (2) agone (archaic): ago.
- (3) Celestial City: the heavenly city the pilgrims are going to.
- (4) Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion: *Beelzebub*, a "prince of demons" according to the Bible, is the fallen angel next to Satan in power and crime as described in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. *Apollyon*, a fiend against god, who is described early in the book. *Legion*, referring to all those followers of Satan.
- (5) ape: a person who copies the behavior of others.

- (6) of less moment: of less importance.
- (7) vended: offered for sale.
- (8) the ware of Rome and her merchandise: the usage and temporal power of the Roman Catholic Church.
- (9) thereat: at or for that.
- (10) the Prince of princes: Jesus Christ.
- (11) and that upon a fair day, too: "that" refers to the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness.
- (12) had: led.
- (13) the Blessed One: Jesus Christ.
- (14) to cheapen: to ask the price of.
- (15) hubbub: a mixture of loud noises.
- (16) bedlams: mad men or lunatics from Bethlehem Hospital, the insane asylum in London.
- (17) the language of Canaan: Canaan is the Promised Land, which was ultimately conquered by the children of Israel and settled by them; hence the pilgrims speak the language of the Bible and of true religion. Dissenters were notorious for their habitual use of biblical language.
- (18) set very light by: to treat as of little importance.
- (19) trade and traffic: business.
- (20) an occasion taken: a chance made use of.
- (21) smite: strike hard.
- (22) deputed: entrusted.
- (23) be made a spectacle: be made an object of public shame, disrespect and laugh.

II . Alexander Pope

Pope (1688-1744) was born into a well-to-do merchant family of Roman Catholic faith in London. Ill health accompanied him almost from the cradle to the grave. Because of his constant sickness and the family religion, he was not able to go to university or hold

any public office like many of his contemporaries.

Pope had wide associations with literary men of his time, though. He made friends with both the Whig writers such as Richard Steele, Joseph Addison, William Congreve and William Walsh and the Tories like Jonathan Swift, John Gay and Thomas Parnell. In 1714 Pope and his friends formed a club which was to cooperate in a scheme to satirize all sorts of false learning and pedantry in literature, philosophy, science and other branches of knowledge. They created a figure Martinus Scriblerus (Martin the Scribbler) and used him as a butt of satire. The real importance of the club, however, is that it fostered a satiric temper which was to find expression in such works as *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Dunciad*.

Pope found among the men of letters both friends and enemies. He was loved and respected by many honorable, eminent and gifted men of his time, but was envied, derided and attacked by some less talented for his writings, his religion and even his physical deformity. Pope, a very sensitive man, would strike back hard, and in the constant verbal battles he developed a style of biting satire.

As a representative of the Enlightenment, Pope was one of the first to introduce rationalism to England. He upheld the existing social system as an ideal one, but he was not entirely blind to the rapid moral, political and cultural deterioration. Commercialization and money-worship were invading all aspects of national life. He, therefore, assumed the role of champion of traditional civilization; of reason, classical learning, sound art, good taste and public virtue. For him the supreme value was order — cosmic order, political order, social order, aesthetic order, and this emphasis on order found expression in all of his works. //

Pope made his name as a great poet with the publication of An

Essay on Criticism in 1711. The next year, he published *The Rape of the Lock*, a finest mock epic. The story is based on an actual episode in which a lord did really cut a lock of hair from the head of a young lady, thus breaking up the friendship between the two families. Pope was told to write something to restore peace but he chose to use the mock epic form to retell the cutting of the lock, to ridicule the trivial incident, to emphasize the pettiness of the quarrel and to satirize the foolish, meaningless life of the lords and ladies in the aristocratic bourgeois society of the eighteenth century England.

The Dunciad, generally considered Pope's best satiric work, took him over ten years for final completion. The poem goes deep in meaning and works at many levels. Its satire is directed at Dullness in general, and in the course of it all the literary men of the age, poets mainly, who had made Pope's enemies, are held up to ridicule. But the poem is not confined to personal attack. Dullness as reflected in the corruptness of government, social morals, education and even religion, is expertly exposed and satirized. ||

Pope was the greatest poet of his time. He strongly advocated neoclassicism, emphasizing that literary works should be judged by classical rules of order, reason, logic, restrained emotion, good taste and decorum. He worked painstakingly on his poems, developed a satiric, concise, smooth, graceful and well-balanced style and finally brought to its last perfection the heroic couplet Dryden had successfully used in his plays.

Pope's chief works are: *An Essay on Criticism* (1711), *The Rape of the Lock* (first version 1712), *The Dunciad* (1728), *An Essay on Man* (1733-1734), "Eloisa to Abelard" (1717) and "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" (1735). He also translated Homer's *Iliad* (1720) and *Odyssey* (1726) and edited some of Shakespeare's plays (1713-1726).

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Part 2 of *An Essay on Criticism*

(An Essay on Criticism is a didactic poem written in heroic couplets. It consists of 744 lines and is divided into three parts. It sums up the art of poetry as upheld and practised by the ancients like Aristotle, Horace, Boileau, etc. and the eighteenth century European classicists. The poet first laments the dearth of true taste in poetic criticism of his day and calls on people to turn to the old Greek and Roman writers for guidance. After a detailed account of the various problems in literary criticism, he offers his own ideas and presents the classical rules. At the end of the poem, he also traces the history of literary criticism from Aristotle down to Boileau and Roscommon. The poem, as a comprehensive study of the theories of literary criticism, exerted great influence upon Pope's contemporary writers in advocating the classical rules and popularizing the neoclassicist tradition in England.)

The whole poem is written in a plain style, hardly containing any imagery or eloquence and therefore makes easy reading.

The excerpt chosen here is taken from Part 2. Here Pope advises the critics not to stress too much the artificial use of Conceit or the external beauty of language but to pay special attention to True Wit which is best set in a plain style.)

Some to conceit(1) alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out(2) at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace

The naked nature and the living grace(3),
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art(4).

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. (5)
As shades more sweetly recommend the light, (6)
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express, (7)
And value books, as women men, for dress.
Their praise is still(8) — the style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content(9).
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found(10).

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay.

But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable(11).

A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown(12) in regal purple(13) dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort(14),
As several garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretense,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense. (15)
 Such labored nothings (16), in so strange a style,
 Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile;
 Unlucky as Fungoso (17) in the play,
 These sparks (18) with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires in their doublets dressed (19).
 In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
 Alike fantastic if too new or old: (20)
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Notes:

- (1) conceit: fantastic ideas or affected thought.
- (2) struck out: devised, invented.
- (3) to trace / The naked Nature and the living grace: to portray (in their paintings or writings) nature in its plainness and the beautiful objects from real life.
- (4) want of art: lack of artistic skill or talent.
- (5) Something whose truth convinced at sight we find, / That gives us back the image of our mind: True wit, whose truth is constantly convinced when we see it bring back to our mind what we have only an imperfect image or notion of.
- (6) As shades more sweetly recommend the light: The light looks brighter if seen against the background of shade or darkness.
- (7) Others for language all their care express: Other people show all their interest in the language of the poem.
- (8) still: always.
- (9) take upon content: take for granted.

- (10) where they most abound, / Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
Where / When too many words are used, they seldom express much sense.
- (11) appears more decent as more suitable: the more suitable the expression is,
the more decent it appears.
- (12) clown: fool, a position one held at an old royal court, whose function was
to keep the king amused and who was usually dressed in silly-looking pat-
terned clothes.
- (13) regal purple: the color supposedly to be dressed in only by the royal mem-
bers.
- (14) sort: agree with, be suitable for.
- (15) Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense: (They are) ancients when
judged by their language but mere moderns when judged by the ideas they
express.
- (16) labored nothings: elaborate but meaningless expressions.
- (17) Fungoso: a character in Ben Jonson's *Everyman Out of His Humour*, a
man who is depicted as one "that follows the Fashion far off like a spy. He
buys clothes to imitate a spruce courtier, but fails, the fashion changing so
fast that his money is thrown away."
- (18) sparks: (a contemptuous term) men of fashion.
- (19) in their doublets dressed: dressed in the doublets of our grandfathers. *Dou-
blet* — a tightly-fit dress for men.
- (20) Alike fantastic if too new or old: They both are absurd whether the words
used are too new or too old for the ideas.

III . Daniel Defoe

Daniel Defoe (1660-1731) was born in London in a butcher's family. Like Pope, he never went to university, but he received a good education in one of the best Dissenting academies. His father had wished him to be a clergyman, but he found himself interested in business. Defoe started as a small merchant and all his life his business underwent many ups and downs, and yet he was never

beaten. His quick mind, abundant energy and never-failing enthusiasm always brought him back on his feet after a fall. When he died in 1731, he left his wife and daughters fairly well provided.

Defoe also had a zest for politics. He wrote quite a number of pamphlets on the current political issues. His "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters" (1702) brought him into jail and made him go through public exposure in the pillory, while his "The True-born Englishman" (1701) won him friendship from the king. He worked, at different times, as a government agent, both for the Whigs and the Tories, and was among the best informed political and economic pamphleteers of the time. In 1704, he founded *The Review*, a political, literary periodical and carried it to 1713. He wrote and edited every issue himself.

It is a real wonder that such a busy man as Defoe would have found time for literary creation. The fact is that, at the age of nearly 60, he started his first novel *Robinson Crusoe*, which was an immediate success. In the following years, he wrote four other novels: *Captain Singleton* (1720), *Moll Flanders* (1722), *Colonel Jack* (1722) and *Roxana* (1724), apart from the second and the third part of *Robinson Crusoe* and a pseudo-factual account of the Great Plague in ~~1664-1665~~, *A Journal of the Plague Year* (1722). //

Robinson Crusoe, an adventure story very much in the spirit of the time, is universally considered his masterpiece. His rest four novels deal with the personal history of some hero or heroine, usually a whore, a pirate, a pickpocket, a rogue or some other criminal. Their history is traced from their unfortunate childhood, through their many vicissitudes in life, to their final prosperity or repentance and death. The all-powerful influence of material circumstances or social environment upon the thoughts and actions of the hero or the heroine is highlighted. The struggle of the poor unfortunate for

mere existence, mixed with their desire for great wealth, comes into conflict with the social environment which prevents them from obtaining the goal under normal circumstances and thus forces them into criminal actions or bold adventures. As Flanders says: "Vice came in always at the Door of Necessity, not at the Door of Inclination." Roxana says in self-defence: "Honesty is out of the question when Starvation is the Case." The group of four novels clearly manifest Defoe's deep concern for the poor and the unfortunate in his society. They are the first literary works devoted to the study of problems of the lower-class people. ||

As a member of the middle class, Defoe spoke for and to the members of his class and his novels enjoyed great popularity among the less cultivated readers. In most of his works, he gave his praise to the hard-working, sturdy middle class and showed his sympathy for the downtrodden, unfortunate poor.

Defoe was a very good story-teller. He had a gift for organizing minute details in such a vivid way that his stories could be both credible and fascinating. His sentences are sometimes short, crisp and plain, and sometimes long and rambling, which leave on the reader an impression of casual narration. His language is smooth, easy, colloquial and mostly vernacular. There is nothing artificial in his language; it is common English at its best.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter IV of *Robinson Crusoe*

(Robinson Crusoe, supposedly based on the real adventure of an Alexander Selkirk who once stayed alone on the uninhabited island Juan Fernandez for five years, is, in fact, a work of sheer imagination. The novel consists actually of three parts though only

the first part is most well-known and widely read. In this part the hero of the story, Robinson Crusoe, narrates in the first person how he goes to sea, gets shipwrecked and marooned on a lonely island, struggles to live for twenty-four years there and finally gets relieved and returns to England. The story starts with Robinson Crusoe's running away from home. An inexperienced teenager and a young man full of bright fancies about the future, he naturally chooses going to sea, because in those days it meant a chance to live a chivalrous life, to see the wonders of the world and to make a fortune. After many setbacks and adventures on the sea, he settles down in Brazil as a planter. But the call of the sea is so strong that he soon embarks on another voyage, this time, to Africa. Unfortunately a frightful storm blows the boat off its course and shipwrecks it near an island.

Of all the ship's crew Robinson alone escapes to the shore after strenuous efforts. After salvaging from the wrecked ship some stores of necessities such as bread, rice, barley, corn, planks, lead and gunpowder, an axe and two saws, which he later manages to bring to the island with a self-made raft. After several futile attempts to leave the island, Robinson settles himself down to a hard and lonely life. He grows crops, domesticates animals and builds comfortable homes for himself. His life takes a turn for the better when he saves from the hands of savages a young Negro, whom he names Friday. Robinson teaches him English and educates him in such a way that Friday soon becomes a loyal servant and an indispensable help to him. Finally they are picked up by an English ship and return to England. Thus ends the first part of the story.

In Robinson Crusoe, Defoe traces the growth of Robinson from a naïve and artless youth into a shrewd and hardened man, tem-

pered by numerous trials in his eventful life. The realistic account of the successful struggle of Robinson single-handedly against the hostile nature forms the best part of the novel. Robinson is here a real hero: a typical eighteenth-century English middle-class man, with a great capacity for work, inexhaustible energy, courage, patience and persistence in overcoming obstacles, in struggling against the hostile natural environment. He is the very prototype of the empire builder, the pioneer colonist. In describing Robinson's life on the island, Defoe glorifies human labor and the Puritan fortitude, which save Robinson from despair and are a source of pride and happiness. He toils for the sake of subsistence, and the fruits of his labor are his own

The excerpt below is taken from Chapter IV, an account of the first days when Robinson is cast onto the shore of an island. Here he is trying to build himself a dwelling.)

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this and what kind of dwelling to make, whether I should make me a cave in the earth or a tent upon the earth: and, in short, I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground near the sea, and, I believed, would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it, so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation which I found would be proper for me: 1st, health and fresh water I just now mentioned;

2ndly, shelter from the heat of the sun; 3rdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts; 4thly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side (1), so that nothing could come down upon me from the top; on the side of this rock there was a hollow place worn a little way in like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low-grounds by the seaside. It was on the N. N. W. side (2) of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a w. and by s. sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter, from its beginning and ending.

In this half circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest (3) end being out of the ground about five foot and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the piece of cable which I had cut in the ship, and I laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle, between

these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the in-side, leaning against them, about two foot and a half high, like a spur to a post, and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labour, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top, which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in, and fortify'd, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done, tho', as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from (4).

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carry'd all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, viz. one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin (5) which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and everything that would spoil by the wet, and having thus enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out thro' my tent, I laid 'em up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, that

so it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labour and many days, before all these things were brought to perfection, and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it; I was not so much surprised with the lightning as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself: O my powder! My very heart sunk within me when I thought that at one blast all my powder might be destroyed, on which not my defence only, but the providing me food, as I thought, entirely depended; I was nothing near (6) so anxious about my own danger, tho' had the powder took fire, I had never known who had hurt me(7).

Such impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over, I laid aside all my works, my building and fortifying, and apply'd myself to make bags and boxes to separate the powder, and to keep it a little and a little in a parcel, in hope that whatever might come, it might not all take fire at once, and to keep it so apart that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight, and I think my powder, which in all was about 240 lb. weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels; as to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that, so I placed it in my new cave, which in my fancy I called my kitchen, and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time while this was doing I went out once at least every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill any thing fit for food, and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out I presently discovered that there were goats in this island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune to me, viz. that they were so shy, so subtle, and so swift of foot, that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting that I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened, for after I had found their haunts(8) a little, I laid wait in this manner for them; I observed if they saw me in the valleys, tho' they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me, from whence I concluded, that by the position of their optics (9), their sight was so directed downward, that they did not readily see objects that were above them; so afterward I took this method, I always climbed the rocks first to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark(10). The first shot I made among these creatures, I killed a she-goat which had a little kid by her which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily; but when the old one fell, the kid stood stock still by her till I came and took her up, and not only so, but when I carry'd the old one with me upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure, upon which I laid down the dam, and took the kid in my arms, and carry'd it over my pale, in hopes to have it bred up tame, but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it and eat it myself; these two supply'd me with flesh a great while, for I eat sparingly, and saved my provisions (my bread especially) as much as possibly I could.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely neces-

sary to provide a place to make fire in, and fuel to burn; and what I did for that, as also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made, I shall give a full account of in its place(11). But I must first give some little account of myself, and of my thoughts about living, which it may well be supposed were not a few.

Notes:

- (1) house-side: wall.
- (2) N. N. W. side: north by northwest side. 北偏西一側。
- (3) the biggest: the bigger.
- (4) ... that I apprehended danger from: ... from which I sensed the coming of possible danger.
- (5) tarpaulin: heavy cloth covered with wax, paint, or tar so that water will not pass through.
- (6) nothing near: in no way, not in the least.
- (7) ... I had never known who had hurt me: ... I would never have known who had hurt me.
- (8) their haunts: the places which they frequented.
- (9) optics: mechanisms for seeing.
- (10) had frequently a fair mark: hit the target most of the time.
- (11) in its place: in its proper place, that is, in the following account.

IV. Jonathan Swift

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), a posthumous child, was born in Dublin, Ireland, of an English family, which had important connections but little wealth. Through the generosity of an uncle, he was educated at Kilkenny Grammar School and then Trinity College, Dublin. Between 1689 and 1699 he worked as a private secretary to a distant kinsman Sir William Temple, a retired diplomat. During those years Swift read widely and had time to put his general ideas in

order and discover his talent as a prose satirist. And there he also received a first-rate education in politics through contact with Temple and many other well-known politicians, learning much about the vice, hypocrisy, intrigues, deception and corruption in the political world. From 1699 to 1701 he was at different clerical posts in Ireland. In 1704 he published two powerful satires on corruption in religion and learning, *A Tale of a Tub* (1704) and *The Battle of the Books* (written 1679, published 1704), which established his name as a satirist. For several years, he was a most notable figure in London as the editor of the official Tory organ, *The Examiner*. As a reward for his service to the government, in 1713, he was appointed dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, where he became not only a popular clergyman, but also a leader in the Irish resistance to the English oppression. In 1724, he published, under the pseudonym of Drapier, a series of letters that called on the whole country to refuse the newly-minted English copper coins which would further debase the coinage of the already poverty-stricken country. The English government offered 300 pounds for information as to the identity of the Drapier, but nobody would be tempted to reveal it, though his authorship of the letters was known to all Dublin. Even today Swift is still respected as a national hero in Ireland. In 1726, he wrote and published his greatest satiric work, *Gulliver's Travels*.

Swift was a man of great moral integrity and social charm. He had many friends in the literary circle and was also admired and loved by many of the distinguished men of his time. A man with a bitter life experience, he had a deep hatred for all the rich oppressors and a deep sympathy for all the poor and oppressed. His understanding of human nature is profound. In his opinion, human nature is seriously and permanently flawed. To better human life, enlightenment is needed, but to redress it is very hard. So, in his writings,

although he intends not to condemn but to reform and improve human nature and human institutions, there is often an under- or over-tone of helplessness and indignation.

Swift is a master satirist. His satire is usually masked by an outward gravity and an apparent earnestness which renders his satire

all the more powerful. / His "A Modest Proposal" is generally taken as a perfect model. / By suggesting that poor Irish parents sell their one-year-old babies to the rich English lords and ladies as food, Swift is making the most devastating protest against the inhuman exploitation and oppression of the Irish people by the English ruling class. The apparent eagerness, sincerity and detachment of the author adds force to the bitter irony and biting sarcasm.

Swift is one of the greatest masters of English prose. He is almost unsurpassed in the writing of simple, direct, precise prose. He defined a good style as "proper words in proper places." Clear, simple, concrete diction, uncomplicated sentence structure, economy and conciseness of language mark all his writings — essays, poems and novels.

Swift's chief works are: *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Battle of the Books*, *The Drapier's Letters* (1724-1725), *Gulliver's Travels* and *A Modest Proposal* (1729).

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter III, Part 1 of *Gulliver's Travels*
(*Gulliver's Travels*, Jonathan's best fictional work, was published in 1726, under the title of *Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World*, by Samuel Gulliver. The book contains four parts, each dealing with one particular voyage during which Gulliver meets with extraordinary adventures on some remote island

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after he has met with shipwreck or piracy or some other misfortune. The first part tells about his experience in Lilliput, where the inhabitants are only six inches tall, twelve times smaller than the normal human beings and all the things they have or say or do are simply miniatures of what is in the real world. In the second part, Gulliver is left alone in Brobdingnag where people are not only ten times taller and larger than ordinary human beings, but also superior in wisdom. The third part deals mainly with his accidental visit to the Flying Island, where the philosophers and projectors devote all their time and energy to the study of some absurd problems. He also visits some other cities around. The last part is a most interesting account of his discoveries in the Houyhnhnm land, where horses are endowed with reason and all good and admirable qualities, and are the governing class. There he is shocked and disgusted to meet the Yahoos, hairy, wild, low and despicable brutes, who resemble human beings not only in appearance but also in almost every other way. As a whole, the book is one of the most effective and devastating criticisms and satires of all aspects in the then English and European life—socially, politically, religiously, philosophically, scientifically, and morally. Its social significance is great and its exploration into human nature profound.

Gulliver's Travels is also an artistic masterpiece. Here we find its author at his best as a master of prose. In structure, the four parts make an organic whole, with each contrived upon an independent structure, and yet complementing the others and contributing to the central concern of study of human nature and life. The first two parts are generally considered the best paired-up work. Here, man is observed from both ends of a telescope. The exaggerated smallness in Part 1 works just as effectively as the exaggerated largeness in Part 2. The similarities between human be-

ings and the Lilliputians and the contrast between the Brobdingnagians and human beings both bear reference to the possibilities of human state. Part 3, though seemingly a bit random, furthers the criticism of the western civilization and deals with different malpractices and false illusions about science, philosophy, history and even immortality. The last part, where comparison is made through both similarities and differences, leads the reader to a fundamental question: What on earth is a human being?

The excerpt here is taken from Chapter III, Part 1. Here Gulliver gives an account of some aspects of Lilliputian life and obviously alludes to the similar ridiculous practices or tricks of the English government. The description of the competitions in games held before royal members hints at the fact that the success of those government officials such as the Prime Minister lies not in their being any wiser or better but in their being more dexterous and nimble in games.)

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition(1). The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand. And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The Emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows; wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread,

extended about two foot, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty(2), with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favor, at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper(3) on the strait rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset(4) several times together upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, Principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall; and some of them two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the King's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on a table three fine silken threads of six inches long. One is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state; where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in *leaping* and *creeping*, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle(5); and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet, without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground; and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser(6), took(7), my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the Emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two foot high, and the thickness of an

ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his Majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two foot and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two foot from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His Majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted (8) and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired; and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the Emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days; and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the Empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair(9) within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse that belonged to one of the captains pawing with his hoof struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both; for covering the hole

with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kinds of feats, there arrived an express to inform his Majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his Majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even; and stamping upon it they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-Mountain, and if his Majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant; and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence(10). It seems upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I intreated his Imperial Majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an

inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the Emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in a readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot(11) by twenty-four in a breast(12), and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors(13) flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His Majesty gave orders, upon pain of death(14), that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me. And, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam(15), who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor. That minister was *Galbet*, or Admiral of the Realm; very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion.

However he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may perhaps be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

GOLBASTO MOMAREN EVLAME GURDILO SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand blustrugs (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; Monarch of all Monarchs; taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-Mountain (16), lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

First, The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

Secondly, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order(17); at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning, to keep within their doors.

Thirdly, The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads; and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow, or field of corn.

Fourthly, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the uttermost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our said subjects into his hands, without their own consent.

Fifthly, If an express require extraordinary dispatch, the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse, a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our Imperial Presence.

Sixthly, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

Seventhly, That the said Man-Mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

Eighthly, That the said Man-Mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance(18) of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1,728 of our subjects; with free access to our Royal Person, and other marks of our favor(19). Given at our palace at Belfaborac the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam the High Admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty: the Emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his Majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped that I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article for the recovery of my³ liberty, the Emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink, sufficient for the support of 1, 728 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me, that his Majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1, 728 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which, the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

Notes:

- (1) cultivate this favorable disposition: encourage and develop a general tendency of character.

- (2) desire liberty: beg leave or permission.
- (3) cut a caper: jump about in a joyful manner.
- (4) sunnerset: somersault.
- (5) wear girt twice round about the middle: wear girdle which goes twice round the waist.
- (6) courser: a swift horse.
- (7) took: jump over.
- (8) ready mounted: placed on the horse in advance.
- (9) close chair: an enclosed or sedan chair.
- (10) intelligence: news.
- (11) the foot: the foot soldier, infantry.
- (12) in a breast: in a rank (in which the members stand side by side).
- (13) colors: the official flags of the army.
- (14) upon pain of death: with the punishment of death.
- (15) Skyresh Bolgolam: indicating the earl Nottingham, an enemy of Swift.
- (16) Man-Mountain: Gulliver.
- (17) express order: clearly-stated order.
- (18) allowance: something provided regularly, provision.
- (19) marks of our favor: tokens of our kind treatment.

V . Henry Fielding

Born of an old aristocratic family, Henry Fielding (1707-1754) was, for a period of time, at the prestigious Eton, where he cultivated a wide and genuine taste for the classics. Due to a quarrel with his father, he had to work for a living early in life. He first tried his luck at play writing, and during a span of nine years (1729-37) he turned out 26 plays and became the most successful living playwright of the time. He later came to have his own Little Theatre. His plays were mostly comedies and farces filled with political and social satire, the butt being mainly the government and some government

officials, particularly the Prime Minister Walpole. As a playwright, he was applauded by the public but hated by the government. His theatrical career came to an end in 1737 when the political censorship of the Licensing Act went into effect. He then took up law and was admitted to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1740. But his legal profession did not bring him enough income to maintain his family, so he became editor of a paper called *The Champion*. Later he also undertook the editorship of three other journals: *The True Patriot and the Liberty of Our Own Times*, *The Jacobite's Journal* and *the Convent-Garden Journal*. In 1748 he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Westminster and then Middlesex, a position that brought him little income but much renown, for he served as an honest, upright and efficient magistrate. In 1754 he became very ill; he left England for Lisbon, Portugal and died there.

During his career as a dramatist, Fielding had attempted a considerable number of forms of plays: witty comedies of manners or intrigues in the Restoration tradition, farces or ballad operas with political implications, and burlesques and satires that bear heavily upon the status-quo of England. Of all his plays, the best known are *The Coffee-House Politician* (1730), *The Tragedy of Tragedies* (1730), *Pasquin* (1736), and *The Historical Register for the Year 1736* (1737). These successful plays not only contributed to a temporary revival of the English theatre but also were of great help to the playwright in his future literary career as a novelist.

Fielding started to write novels when he was preparing himself for the Bar. In 1742 appeared his first novel, *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and of his friend Mr. Abraham Adams*, *Written in Imitation of the Manner of Cervantes*, which was first intended as a burlesque of the dubious morality and false sentimentality of Richardson's *Pamela*. In this novel, Joseph, sup-

posedly the young handsome and chaste brother of Richardson's virtuous heroine Pamela, is tempted by his amorous mistress, supposedly aunt of Pamela's husband, Mr. B. Here, instead of being rewarded for his virtue, Joseph is turned out of doors by his mistress. But the burlesque ends here; the book quickly turns into a great novel of the open road, a "comic epic in prose," whose subject is "the true ridiculous" in human nature, as exposed in all its variety as Joseph and the amiable quixotic parson journey homeward through the heart of England. The dominating qualities of the novel are its excellent character-portrayal, timely entrances and exits, robustness of tone and hilarious, hearty humor.

The next year came *The History of Jonathan Wild the Great*, a satiric biography that harks back to Fielding's early plays. It takes the life of a notorious real-life thief as a theme for demonstrating the petty division between a great rogue and a great soldier or a great politician such as Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister. The ironical praises for the very qualities of the unscrupulous self-aggrandizement of Wild point out the way the Prime Minister had achieved his "greatness." The Great Man, properly considered, is no better than a great gangster.

The novel was followed by *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling* (1749) and *The History of Amelia* (1751). The former is a masterpiece on the subject of human nature and the latter the story of the unfortunate life of an idealized woman, a maudlin picture of the social life at the time.

Fielding was poor himself all his life; that is why he was very sympathetic toward the poor and unfortunate, and protested strongly against social injustice and political corruption in his writings. As an educated man, he firmly believed in the educational function of literature. He shared the contemporary view of the English enlight-

eners that the purpose of the novel was not just to amuse, but to instruct. The object of his novel was to present a faithful picture of life, "the just copies of human manners," with sound teaching woven into their texture, so as to teach men to know themselves, their proper spheres and appropriate manners.

Fielding has been regarded by some as "Father of the English Novel," for his contribution to the establishment of the form of the modern novel. Of all the eighteenth-century novelists he was the first to set out, both in theory and practice, to write specifically a "comic epic in prose," the first to give the modern novel its structure and style. Before him, the relating of a story in a novel was either in the epistolary form (a series of letters), as in Richardson's *Pamela*, or the picaresque form (adventurous wanderings) through the mouth of the principal character, as in Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, but Fielding adopted "the third-person narration," in which the author becomes the "all-knowing God." He "thinks the thought" of all his characters, so he is able to present not only their external behaviors but also the internal workings of their minds. In planning his stories, he tries to retain the grand epical form of the classical works but at the same time keeps faithful to his realistic presentation of common life as it is. Throughout, the ordinary and usually ridiculous life of the common people, from the middle-class to the underworld, is his major concern.

17/10 / Fielding's language is easy, unlaboured and familiar, but extremely vivid and vigorous. His sentences are always distinguished by logic and rhythm, and his structure carefully planned towards an inevitable ending. His works are also noted for lively, dramatic dialogues and other theatrical devices such as suspense, coincidence and unexpectedness.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter VIII, Book Four of *Tom Jones*

(*Tom Jones*, the full title being *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, is generally considered Fielding's masterpiece. The novel consists of 18 books, each with an essay before it. Tom, the titular hero of the story, is a boy found in Mr. Allworthy's house and brought up there with the kind old man's nephew Blifil. The latter, a hypocritical, wicked man, is envious of Mr. Allworthy's fondness for the foundling and of Tom's intimacy with the beautiful Sophia, daughter of the well-off squire Western. He plays some tricks so that Mr. Allworthy drives Tom out of the house. Tom, intending to go to sea, wrongly takes the road to London, and Sophia, in rebellion against her father's desire that she be married to Blifil, marches out for London too, accompanied by her maid. The two young people, especially Tom, have many adventures on the road, but in the end, after some misunderstanding between them, they are happily united.

For a time, Tom became a national hero. People were fond of this young fellow with manly virtues and yet not without fault — honest, kind-hearted, high-spirited, loyal, and brave, but impulsive, wanting prudence and full of animal spirits. In a way, the young man stands for a wayfaring Everyman, who is expelled from the paradise and has to go through hard experience to gain a knowledge of himself and finally to approach perfectness.

Tom Jones brings its author the name of the "Prose Homer." The panoramic view it provides of the 18th-century English country and city life with scores of different places and a whole gallery of about 40 characters is superb. The language is one of clarity and suppleness. And last of all, the plot construction is excellent.

Its eighteen books of epic form are divided into three sections, 6 books each, clearly marked out by the change of scenes: in the country, on the highway and in London. By this, Fielding has indeed achieved his goal of writing a "comic epic in prose."

The excerpt chosen is taken from Chapter VIII, Book Four. Molly, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Seagrim, the gamekeeper, is found pregnant and she manages to convince the kind-hearted but innocent Tom that the child is his. Here is a good example of Fielding's "comic epic in prose," a high art form given to the description of a fight between Molly and the angry villagers.)

Mr. Western had an estate in this parish; and as his house stood at little greater distance from this church than from his own, he very often came to Divine Service(1) here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be present at this time.

Sophia was much pleased with the beauty of the girl(2), whom she pitied for her simplicity in having dressed herself in that manner, as she saw the envy which it had occasioned(3) among her equals. She no sooner came home than she sent for the gamekeeper (4), and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; saying she would provide for her in the family, and might possibly place the girl about her own person, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor Seagrim was thunderstruck at this; for he was no stranger to the fault in the shape of his daughter. He answered, in a stammering voice, 'That he was afraid Molly would be too awkward to wait on her ladyship'—'No matter for that,' says Sophia; 'she will soon improve. I am pleased with the girl, and am resolved to try her.'

Black George now repaired to(5) his wife, on whose prudent

counsel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither he found his house in some confusion. So great envy had this sack(6) occasioned, that when Mr. Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burst into an uproar; and, having vented itself at first in opprobrious words, laughs, hisses, and gestures, betook itself at last to certain missile weapons(7); which, though from their plastic nature they threatened neither the loss of life or a limb, were, however, sufficiently dreadful to a well-dressed lady. Molly had too much spirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—but hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a superior power to our assistance.

Ye Muses, then, whoever ye are, who love to sing battles, and principally thou who whilom didst recount the slaughter in those fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy friend Butler, assist me on this great occasion. (8) All things are not in the power of all. (9)

As a vast herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a distance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow; so roared forth the Somersetshire mob (10) an hallaloo, made up of almost as many squalls, screams, and other different sounds as there were persons, or indeed passions among them: some were inspired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun; but chiefly Envy, the sister of Satan, and his constant companion, rushed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women; who sooner came up to Molly than they pelted her with dirt and rubbish.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handsome retreat, faced about; and laying hold of the ragged Bess, who ad-

vanced in the front of the enemy, she at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number), seeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave; for the churchyard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly pursued her victory, and catching up a skull which lay on the side of the grave, discharged it with such fury, that having hit a taylor on the head, the two skulls sent forth equally a hollow sound at their meeting, and the taylor took presently measure of his length on the ground(11), where the skulls lay side by side, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then took a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either side, overthrew the carcass of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O Muse, the names of those who fell on this fatal day. First, Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head(12) the direful bone. Him the pleasant banks of the sweetly-winding Stour(13) had nourished, where he first learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs, he cheered the rural nymphs and swains, when upon the green they interweaved the sprightly dance; while he himself stood fiddling and jumping to his own music. How little now avails his fiddle! He thumps the verdant floor with his carcass. Next, old Echepole, the sowgelder, received a blow in his forehead from our Amazonian heroine(14), and immediately fell to the ground. He was a swinging fat fellow, and fell with almost as much noise as a house. His tobacco-box dropped at the same time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful spoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a tombstone, which catching hold of her ungartered stocking inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the superiority to her head. Betty Pipin,

with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, oh, perverse fate! she solutes the earth, and he the sky. (15) Tom Freckle, the smith's son, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent patterns; nay, the pattern with which he was knocked down was his own workmanship. Had he been at the time singing psalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miss Crow, the daughter of the farmer; John Giddish, himself a farmer; Nan Slouch, Easter Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Misses Potter, whose father keeps the sign of the Red Lion; Betty Chambermaid, Jack Ostler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the strenuous arm of Molly reached all these; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing she had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the same side, hastily turned about: for now Goody Brown — whom Zekiel Brown caressed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the parish besides; so famous was she in the fields of Venus(16), nor indeed less in those of Mars(17). The trophies of both these her husband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by its horns display the amorous glories, of a wife, Zekiel's did. Nor his well-scratched face less denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the shameful flight of her party. She stopped short; and, calling aloud to all who fled, spoke as follows: 'Ye Somersetshire men, or rather ye Somersetshire women, are ye not ashamed thus to fly from a single woman? But if not other will oppose her, I myself and Joan Top here will have the honour of the victory.' Having thus said, she flew at Molly Seagrim, and easily wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the same time claw-

ing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly with her left hand, she attacked her so furiously in the face with the right, that the blood soon began to trickle from her nose. Molly was not idle this while. She soon removed the clout from the head of Goody Brown, and then fastening on her hair with one hand, with the other she caused another bloody stream to issue forth from the nostrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had borne off sufficient spoils of hair from the head of her antagonist, the next rage was against the garments. In this attack they exerted so much violence, that in a very few minutes they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women that the seat of fistycuff war(18) is not the same with them as among men; but though they may seem a little to deviate from their sex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have observed, they never so far forget, as to assail the bosoms of each other; where a few blows would be fatal to most of them. This, I know, some derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the nose, as to the part whence blood may most easily be drawn; but this seems a far-fetched as well as ill-natured supposition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breasts, her bosom (if it may be so called), as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly resembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which anyone might have drummed a considerable time without doing her any great damage.

Molly, besides her present unhappy condition, was differently formed in those parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this instant put an immediate end to the bloody scene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, Master Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horses, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind (not idly, but for a reason which we shall unfold as soon as we have leisure), desired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at first purposed. This motion being complied with, brought them of necessity back again to the churchyard.

Master Blifil, who rode first, seeing such a mob assembled, and two women in the posture in which we left the combatants, stopped his horse to inquire what was the matter. A country fellow, scratching his head, answered him: ' I don't know, measter, un't I; an't please your honour, here hath been a vight(19), I think. Between Goody Brown and Moll Seagrim. '

'Who, who?' cries Tom; but without waiting for an answer, having discovered the features of his Molly through all the discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his horse loose, and, leaping over the wall, ran to her. She now, first bursting into tears, told him how barbarously she had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the sex of Goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it in his rage — for, in reality, she had no feminine appearance but a petticoat, which he might not observe — he gave her a lash or two with his horsewhip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accused by Molly, he dealt his blows so profusely on all sides, that unless I would again invoke the Muse (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweated), it would be impossible for me to recount the horsewhipping of that day.

Having scoured the whole coast of the enemy(20), as well as any of Homer's(21) horses ever did, or as Don Quixote(22) or any

knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition which must give both me and my reader pain, was it to be described here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breast, tore his hair, stamped on the ground, and vowed the utmost vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the servant to ride as fast as possible for a side-saddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her safe home.

Master Blifil objected to the sending away the servant, as they had only one with them; but as Square seconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The servant returned in a very short time with the pillion, and Molly, having collected her rags as well as she could, was placed behind him. In which manner she was carried home, Square, Blifil, and Jones attending.

Here Jones having received his coat, given her a sly kiss, and whispered her, that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

Notes:

- (1) Divine Service: religious service held in the church of Mr. Allworthy's parish.
- (2) the girl: referring to Molly, daughter of George Seagrim, the gamekeeper.
- (3) occasioned: aroused.
- (4) gamekeeper: referring to George Seagrim.
- (5) repaired to: went to.
- (6) sack: the nightgown which Sophia had given to Molly.
- (7) missile weapons: things that can be thrown to hit people.
- (8) Ye Muses, then, . . . assist me on this great occasion: You Muses, whoever you are, whoever love to sing of battles, and especially you who in the past

had given an account of the fierce battle between Hudibras and Trulla, if you hadn't used up all your power in assistance to the work of your friend Butler, help me now in my account of the "great" fight between Molly and the villagers. Muses: Goddesses of Poetry. Hudibras and Trulla: heroes in Samuel Butler's (1612-1680) poem "Hudibras" (1663).

- (9) All things are not in the power of all: Not everybody can do everything.
- (10) Somersetshire mob: the men and women who were gathered against Molly.
- (11) took presently measure of his length on the ground: immediately fell flat on the ground.
- (12) hinder head: back of the head.
- (13) Stour: a river.
- (14) Amazonian heroine: women in Amazon are said to be valiant fighters. Here it refers to Molly.
- (15) she salutes the earth, and he the sky: he fell down on his back, and she fell down on her belly.
- (16) in the fields of Venus: in conquering men. Venus: Goddess of Love in Roman mythology.
- (17) in those of Mars: in fighting. Mars: God of War in Roman mythology.
- (18) fistycuff war: a fight in which the participants fight with the fists.
- (19) vight: fight.
- (20) scoured the whole coast of the enemy: completely defeated the enemy.
- (21) Homer (circa 800 B.C.): a great ancient Greek poet, author of the famous epics *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.
- (22) Don Quixote: hero in the famous romance by Spanish writer Cervantes (1547-1616).

VI. Samuel Johnson

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) was born in Richfield, son of a book-seller. The boy was sent to the Richfield Grammar School where he remained for 8 years and acquired a solid foundation in Latin. In 1728 he went to Oxford and studied there, on and off,

until 1731 when his father died and he had to quit the university without taking a degree. In 1735 he married a rich old widow. In hope of establishing himself in society, Johnson first made a futile attempt to set up a school and then went to London to try his fortune as a literary adventurer. The years between 1737 and 1755 were very difficult for him: he did translations, wrote poems, essays and accounts of parliamentary debates for the book-sellers and edited magazines, but earned no more than enough to maintain a meager living. It was only after the publication of his *Dictionary* that his financial status took a turn for the better. And in 1762 the government gave him a special pension which freed him from the burden of "writing for a living." So during the last twenty years of his life he wrote as little as he decently could and enjoyed a pleasant and easy life, sort of as a literary authority, talking about and commenting on literature and literary men in his famous Literary Club, where he was surrounded with respect by the elite of the literary circles.

Johnson was an energetic and versatile writer. He had a hand in all the different branches of literary activities. He was a poet, dramatist, prose romancer, biographer, essayist, critic, lexicographer and publicist. His chief works include poems: "London" (1738), and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (1749); a romance: *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759); a tragedy: *Irene* (1749); several hundred essays which appeared in the two periodicals under his editorship—*The Rambler* and *The Idler*; and literary criticism as found in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare and in his comments on 52 poets in *Lives of the Poets* (1779-1781). As a lexicographer, Johnson distinguished himself as the author of the first English dictionary by an Englishman — *A Dictionary of the English Language* (1755), a gigantic task which Johnson undertook single-handedly and finished in over seven years.

Johnson was the last great neoclassicist enlightener in the later eighteenth century. He was very much concerned with the theme of the vanity of human wishes; almost all of his major writings bear this theme. He tried to awaken men to this folly and hoped to cure them of it through his writings. In literary creation and criticism, he was rather conservative, openly showing his dislike for much of the newly rising form of literature and his fondness for those writings which carried a lot of moralizing and philosophizing. He insisted that a writer must adhere to universal truth and experience, i. e. Nature; he must please, but he must also instruct; he must not offend against religion or promote immorality; and he must let himself be guided by old principles. Like Pope, he was particularly fond of moralizing and didacticism. So, it is understandable that he was rather pleased with Richardson's *Pamela* but was contemptuous of Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

Johnson's style is typically neoclassical, but it is at the opposite extreme from Swift's simplicity or Addison's neatness. His language is characteristically general, often Latinate and frequently polysyllabic. His sentences are long and well structured, interwoven with parallel words and phrases. However, no matter how complex his sentences are, the thought is always clearly expressed; and though he tends to use "learned words," they are always accurately used. Reading his works gives the reader the impression that he is talking with a very learned man.

Selected Reading:

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Chesterfield

(In 1747, at the suggestion of Robert Dodley, a book-seller, Johnson decided to compile a dictionary of the English language.)

The plan of the dictionary was written and addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield, a distinguished "patron of literature." During the seven long years of hard labor on the dictionary, Lord Chesterfield had offered neither aid nor encouragement to the poor lexicographer. But on the eve of publication of the dictionary, the nobleman wrote two papers for The World, a famous periodical, highly recommending the dictionary to the public and expecting that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, as was the common practice at the time. Johnson, enraged and disgusted by the false, hollow, honeyed words, wrote this letter to the fame-fishing Chesterfield.

The letter is written in a refined and very polite language, with a bitter undertone of defiance and anger. The seemingly peaceful retrospection, reasoning and questioning express, to the best satiric effect, the author's strong indignation at the lord's fame-fishing and his firm resolution not to be reconciled to the hypocritical lord. It expresses explicitly the author's assertion of his independence, signifying the opening of a new era in the development of literature.)

February 7, 1775
My Lord,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor (1) of *The World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms (2) to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your

Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre* (3) — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending (4); but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer (5) me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little (6).

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed (7) from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil (8) grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity (9) not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to

any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less(10); for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

Yours truly,
Sam. Johnson

Sam. Johnson

Notes:

- (1) proprietor: owner.
- (2) terms: language, a particular way of expression.
- (3) Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre (French): the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth.
- (4) contending: competing for.
- (5) suffer: allow, permit.
- (6) be it ever so little: even if it should be so little.
- (7) repulsed: rejected.
- (8) Virgil (70-19 B.C.): the greatest poet of ancient Rome.
- (9) asperity: roughness of manner or temper.
- (10) if less be possible, with less: (I would like to carry on my work) with less obligations (help) if less (help) is possible, i. e. I no longer need anybody's help.

VII. Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816) was born in 1751 in Dublin, Ireland, the son of Thomas Sheridan, actor and theatre manager. The boy was educated at Harrow, England. In 1770, the family settled in Bath, where Sheridan fell in love with a famous young singer, fought two duels, and finally married her. At the age

of twenty-one, he started his own life as a playwright. His play *The Rivals*, staged in 1775, proved a tremendous success. Before long, he was the owner of the Drury Lane Theatre and a member of Samuel Johnson's Literary Club. The year 1777 saw the appearance of his masterpiece *The School for Scandal*, which brought him quite a fortune. But his prime play-writing career was cut short in 1780 when he was elected M. P. for Stafford. Then, for thirty-two years he held various government offices: Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Secretary of the Treasury, Treasurer of the Navy, etc. His political career came to an end in 1812 when he dropped out of the Parliament because he had no money for re-election, and that same year he was arrested for debt — his Drury Lane Theatre having been burnt down in a fire in 1809. Sheridan died in 1816 in neglect and poverty. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.))

Sheridan was the only important English dramatist of the eighteenth century. His plays, especially *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, are generally regarded as important links between the masterpieces of Shakespeare and those of Bernard Shaw, and as true classics in English comedy. In his plays, morality is the constant theme. He is much concerned with the current moral issues and lashes harshly at the social vices of the day. In *The Rivals*, a comedy of manners, he is satirizing the traditional practice of the parents to arrange marriages for their children without considering the latter's opinion. And in *The School for Scandal*, the satire becomes even sharper as the characters are exposed scene by scene to their defenseless nakedness.

Sheridan's greatness also lies in his theatrical art. He seems to have inherited from his parents a natural ability and inborn knowledge about the theatre. His plays are the product of a dramatic genius as well as of a well-versed theatrical man. Though his dramatic

techniques are largely conventional, they are exploited to the best advantage. His plots are well organized, his characters, either major or minor, are all sharply drawn, and his manipulation of such devices as disguise, mistaken identity and dramatic irony is masterly. Witty dialogues and neat and decent language also make a characteristic of his plays. //

Besides *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, Sheridan's other works include: *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant* (1775), a two-act farce; *The Duenna* (1775), a comic opera; *The Critic* (1779), a burlesque and a satire on sentimental drama; and *Pizarro* (1799), a tragedy adapted from a German play.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Act 4, Scene III of *The School for Scandal*

(*The School for Scandal* is mainly a story about two brothers, the hypocritical Joseph Surface and the good-natured, imprudent, spendthrift Charles Surface. Among the crowd of scandal-mongers who make up the busy, mischievous, gossiping upper society are Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin Backbite and Joseph Surface. Charles, who is in love with Maria, Sir Peter Teazle's ward, is loved by Lady Sneerwell. The lady instigates Joseph to pursue Maria for her money. Joseph, while making advances to Maria, secretly tries to seduce Lady Teazle, a young country girl who was recently married to the old Sir Peter Teazle. And Sir Peter Teazle, misled by Lady Sneerwell and Joseph, believes Charles to be the person flirting with his young wife. One day when Lady Teazle and Joseph are on the verge of committing adultery in his room, Sir Peter arrives. Lady Teazle is forced to

hide behind a screen. Then, quite unexpectedly, Charles turns up; and Sir Peter in turn has to take cover. Accidentally Charles knocks down the screen and reveals Lady Teazle. Thus Sir Peter finds out that it is not Charles but Joseph who has been trying to seduce his wife. Joseph's hypocrisy is exposed.

Meanwhile Sir Oliver Surface, the rich, old uncle of the Surface brothers, whose inheritance both young men long for, comes back from India and is determined to find out the truth about his nephews for himself. He visits Charles in the guise of a usurer. Charles sells all the family portraits to him but refuses to part with one — that of his uncle. This wins the heart of the old man. Then Sir Oliver appears before Joseph as a poor relative seeking help, and is refused by Joseph on the pretext that he himself is poor. This completes the exposure of Joseph, the hypocrite.

The play ends with great disgrace for Joseph and double bliss for Charles who wins the hand of his beloved as well as the inheritance of his rich uncle. Lady Teazle, repentant and promising to reform, is reconciled to her husband.

The *School for Scandal* is one of the great classics in English drama. It is a sharp satire on the moral degeneracy of the aristocratic-bourgeois society in the eighteenth-century England, on the vicious scandal-mongering among the idle rich, on the reckless life of extravagance and love intrigues in the high society and, above all, on the immorality and hypocrisy behind the mask of honorable living and high-sounding moral principles. And in terms of theatrical art, it shows the playwright at his best. No wonder, the play has been regarded as the best comedy since Shakespeare.

The excerpt chosen is taken from Act 4, Scene III, the famous scene where Joseph's entanglement with Lady Teazle is found out.)

[Scene III : A Library]

[Joseph Surface and Servant]

Jos. Surf. : No letter from Lady Teazle?

Serv. : No, sir.

Jos. Surf. [aside] : I am surprised she hasn't sent (1) if she is prevented from coming! Sir Peter does not suspect me — yet I wish I may not lose the heiress (2) through the scrape I have drawn myself in with the wife. However, Charlie's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour (3).

[knocking]

Serv. : Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Jos. Surf. : Hold (4)! see whether it is or not before you go to the door — I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

Serv. : 'Tis her ladyship, sir. She always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Jos. Surf. : Stay, stay — draw that screen before the window — that will do — my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so curious a temper —

[Servant draws the screen and exit.]

I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria — but she must by no means be let into that secret, at least not until I have her more in my power.

[Enter Lady Teazle.]

Lady Teaz. : What sentiment in soliloquy! (5) Have you been very impatient now? — O Lud! (6) don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

Jos. Surf. : O Madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very

unfashionable quality in a lady.

Lady Teaz. : Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know that Sir Peter is grown so ill-tempered to me of late! and so jealous of Charles too — that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Jos. Surf. [*aside*]: I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up(7).

Lady Teaz. : I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he(8) would be convinced, don't you, Mr. Surface?

Jos. Surf. : Indeed I do not. — Oh, certainly I do — for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on that silly girl.

Lady Teaz. : Well well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said to one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me ! and all without any foundation too — that's what vexes me.

Jos. Surf. : Aye madam, to be sure that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation! yes yes, there's the mortification, indeed — for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady Teaz. : No, to be sure — then I'd forgive their malice — but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody — that is, of any friend — and then Sir Peter too — to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart — indeed 'tis monstrous!

Jos. Surf. : But my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it — when a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his

wife and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

Lady Teaz. : Indeed! so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

Jos.Surf. : Undoubtedly — for your husband should never be deceived in you, and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment(9).

Lady Teaz. : To be sure what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my own innocence —

Jos.Surf. : Ah, my dear Madam, there's the great mistake — 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct and apt to run into a thousand little imprudence? why, the consciousness of your innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper and outrageous at his suspicions? why, the consciousness of your innocence!

Lady Teaz. : 'Tis very true.

Jos.Surf. : Now my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling faux pas [slip], you can't conceive how cautious you would grow — and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

Lady Teaz. : Do you think so?

Jos.Surf. : Oh, I'm sure on't—and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora(10) absolutely dying of too much health.

Lady Teaz. : So, so — then I perceive your prescription is — that I must sin in my own defence — and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

Jos.Surf. : Exactly so upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady Teaz. : Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt(11) for avoiding calumny.

Jos.Surf. : An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teaz. : Why, if my understanding were once convinced —

Jos.Surf. : Oh, certainly, Madam, your understanding should be convinced — yes, yes — heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady Teaz. : Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the argument?

Jos.Surf. : Ah, the ill effects of your country education I see still remain with you.

Lady Teaz. : I doubt they do, indeed — and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honourable logic, after all.

Jos.Surf. : Then by this hand which he is unworthy of — [*taking her hand*]

[*Enter SERVANT.*]

'Sdeath(12), you blockhead — what do you want?

Serv. : I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you wouldn't choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Jos.Surf. : Sir Peter! — oons and the devil!

Lady Teaz. : Sir Peter! O lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Serv. : Sir 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady Teaz. : O I'm undone — what will become me now Mr. Logic? — O mercy, he's on the stairs — I'll get behind here — and if ever I'm so imprudent again —

[*Goes behind the screen*]

Jos.Surf. : Give me that book.

[*Sits down—SERVANT pretends to adjust his hair.*]

[*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.*]

* * * * *

(*When Sir Peter Teazle comes to confide in Joseph that Charles is after his wife Lady Teazle, Joseph pretends that he is sorry for the misconduct of his brother and leads the old man to believe the truth of the rumour. At this moment, Charles arrives unexpectedly, and Sir Peter too has to hide himself.*)

[*Enter CHARLES SURFACE.*]

Chas.Surf. : Hollo! brother, what has been the matter? your fellow would not let me up at first. What, have you had a Jew(13) or a wench(14) with you?

Jos.Surf. : Neither, brother, I assure you.

Chas.Surf. : But — what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Jos.Surf. : He was, brother — but, hearing you were coming he did not choose to stay.

Chas.Surf. : What, was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him!

Jos.Surf. : No sir — but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Chas.Surf. : Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

Jos.Surf. : To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Chas.Surf. : Who, I! O lud! not I, upon my word. — Ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he? — or what's worse, has her ladyship discovered she has an old husband?

Jos.Surf. : This is no subject to jest on, brother. — He who can laugh —

Chas.Surf. : True, true, brother, as you were going to say— then seriously I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Jos.Surf. : Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

[*aloud*]

Chas.Surf. : To be sure I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me — but upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement. — Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Jos.Surf. : But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you(15) —

Chas.Surf. : Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action — but if a pretty woman were purposely to throw herself in my way — and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father —

Jos.Surf. : Well! —

Chas.Surf. : Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all. — But brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle — for faith, I always thought you were her favourite.

Jos.Surf. : O, for shame, Charles — this retort is foolish.

Chas.Surf.: Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances —

Jos.Surf.: Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest —

Chas.Surf.: Egad(16), I'm serious! Don't you remember — one day when I called here —

Jos.Surf.: Nay, prithee(17), Charles —

Chas.Surf.: And found you together —

Jos.Surf.: Zounds(18), sir, I insist —

Chas.Surf.: And another time when your servant —

Jos.Surf.: Brother, brother, a word with you! — [*aside*] Gad, I must stop him.

Chas.Surf.: Informed me, I say, that —

Jos.Surf.: Hush! — I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying — I knew you would clear yourself or I should not have consented.

Chas.Surf.: How, Sir Peter! — where is he?

Jos.Surf.: Softly, there!

Chas.Surf.: Oh, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out. — Sir Peter, come forth —

Jos.Surf.: No, no —

Chas.Surf.: I say, Sir Peter, come into court. — [*pulls in* Sir Peter] What, my old guardian! — What — turn inquisitor and take evidence incog(19).

Sir Pet.: Give me your hand, Charles — I believe I have suspected you wrongfully — but you mustn't be angry with Joseph — 'twas my plan.

Chas.Surf.: Indeed! —

Sir Pet.: But I acquit you. — I promise I don't think near so ill of you as I did. What I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Chas. Surf. : Egad then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—
wasn't it, Joseph?

[*half aside*]

Sir Pet. : Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Chas. Surf. : Aye, aye, that was a joke.

Sir Pet. : Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Chas. Surf. : But you might have as well suspected him as me in this
matter, for all that. Mightn't he, Joseph?

Sir Pet. : Well, well, I believe you.

Jos. Surf. : Would(20) they were both out of the room! [*aside*]

Sir Pet. : And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

[*Enter SERVANT who whispers JOSEPH SURFACE.*]

Jos. Surf. : Lady Sneerwell! — stop her by all means —

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Gentlemen — I beg pardon — I must wait on you downstairs
— here's a person come on particular business.

Chas. Surf. : Well, you can see her in another room. Sir Peter and I
haven't met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Jos. Surf. : They must not be left together. — I'll send Lady Sneer-
well away, and return directly. — [*aside*] Sir Peter, not a
word of the French Milliner.

[*Exit JOSEPH SURFACE.*]

Sir Pet. : O not for the world! — Ah, Charles, if you associated
more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your refor-
mation. He is a man of sentiment — well! there is nothing in
the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

Chas.Surf.: Pshaw! He is too moral by half(21), and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

Sir Pet.: No, no — come, come — you wrong him. No, no, Joseph is no rake, but he is not such a saint in that respect either — I have a great mind to tell him — we should have a laugh!

[*aside*]

Chas.Surf.: Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite(22), a young hermit.

Sir Pet.: Hark'ee(23), you must not abuse him. He may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Chas.Surf.: Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Pet.: No — but — this way. — [*aside*] Egad, I'll tell him! — Hark'ee! have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Chas.Surf.: I should like it of all things.

Sir Pet.: Then, efaith we will — I'll be quit with him for discovering me. [*aside*] — He had a girl with him when I called.

Chas.Surf.: What, Joseph! you jest.

Sir Pet.: Hush! — a little French milliner — [*whispers*] and the best of the jest is — she is in the room now.

Chas.Surf.: The devil she is!

Sir Pet.: Hush — I tell you —

Chas.Surf.: Behind the screen — 'slife, let's unveil her!

Sir Pet.: No, no! He's coming — you shan't, indeed!

Chas.Surf.: O egad! we'll have a peep at the little milliner.

Sir Pet.: Not for the world! — Joseph will never forgive me.

Chas.Surf.: I'll stand by you —

Sir Pet. [*struggling with Charles*]: Odds, here he is —

[Joseph Surface *enters just as Charles throws down the screen.*]

Chas. Surf. : Lady Teazle! by all that's wonderful!

Sir Pet. : Lady Teazle! by all that's horrible!

Chas. Surf. : Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw — egad, you seem all have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek — and I don't see who is out of the secret! — Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me! — not a word! Brother, will you please to explain this matter? — what! Morality dumb too? — Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now. All mute! Well, tho' I can make nothing of the affair I suppose you perfectly understand one another — so I'll leave you to yourselves. — [*going*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man so much uneasiness! — Sir Peter, there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment! [*Exit Charles.*]

[*Stand for some time looking at each other*]

Jos. Surf. : Sir Peter — notwithstanding I confess that appearances are against me — if you will afford me your patience — I make no doubt but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Pet. : If you please —

Jos. Surf. : The fact is, sir — That Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions(24) to your ward Maria — I say sir, Lady Teazle being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper — and knowing my friendship to the family—she, sir, I say — called here — in order that I might explain those pretensions — but on your coming — being apprehensive as I said of jealousy — she withdrew — and this, you may depend on't is the whole truth of

the matter.

Sir Pet. : A very clear account upon my word, and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady Teaz. [*coming forward*]: For not one word of it, Sir Peter.

Sir Pet. : How! don't you even think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady Teaz. : There is not one syllable of truth in what the gentleman has told you.

Sir Pet. : I believe you, upon my soul, Ma'am!

Jos. Surf. [*aside*]: 'Sdeath Madam, will you betray me?

Lady Teaz. : Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave I will speak for myself.

Sir Pet. : Aye, let her alone, sir — you'll find she'll make out a better story than you without prompting.

Lady Teaz. : Hear me, Sir Peter — I came hither, on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her — but I came, seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir Pet. : Now I believe, the truth is coming indeed —

Jos. Surf. : The woman is mad!

Lady Teaz. : No, sir — she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me — but the tenderness you expressed for me when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated to my heart and had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. — As for that smooth-tongue hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend while he affected honourable addresses to his ward — I

behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him. [Exit]

Jos.Surf. : Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, heaven knows —

Sir Pet. : That you are a villain! — and so I leave you to your conscience.

Jos.Surf. : You are too rash, Sir Peter — you shall hear me! the man who shuts out conviction by refusing to —

Sir Pet. : Oh! —

[They go out , JOSEPH SURFACE following and speaking.]

Notes:

- (1) sent: sent a message.
- (2) heiress: referring to Maria.
- (3) great points in my favour: to my great advantage.
- (4) Hold: Wait; Just a minute.
- (5) What sentiment in soliloquy: How full of passion (you look) in soliloquy.
- (6) O lud: O Lord.
- (7) keep that up: spread the scandal (that Charles is in love with Lady Teazle).
- (8) he: here referring to Sir Peter Teazle.
- (9) it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment: it is justifiable for you to be unchaste in order to punish him for his misjudging you.
- (10) plethora: excessive fullness of blood.
- (11) receipt: recipe, prescription.
- (12) 'Sdeath: Hell! (咒语)
- (13) Jew; moneylender.
- (14) wench: woman, prostitute.
- (15) betrayed the fondest partiality for you: displayed strong affec-

- tion for you.
- (16) Egad: Oh, God.
 - (17) prithee: please.
 - (18) zounds: an expletive that expresses anger or amazement.
 - (19) incog: incognito, hidden identity.
 - (20) would: I wish.
 - (21) too moral by half: paying too much attention to morality in a way that displeases people.
 - (22) anchorite: a person who lives alone and avoids company.
 - (23) Hark'ee: Listen; Listen to me.
 - (24) pretensions: affection, sentiment.

VIII. Thomas Gray

Thomas Gray (1716-1771), son of a London exchange broker, was born in Cornhill, London on 26 December, 1716. He was first educated at Eton, where he befriended Horace Walpole, author of the famous Gothic novel *The Old Castle of Otranto* (1764) and Richard West whose early death in 1742 caused him years of deep grief. In 1734 he went to Cambridge University and left it in 1738 without taking a degree. From 1739 to 1741 he toured the European continent with Horace Walpole. After 1742 Gray returned to Cambridge, where he remained for the rest of his life except for short intervals when he went to London to read in the newly opened British Museum or went in the summer to the Lake District or to Scotland in search of the sublime and the beautiful. He got his bachelor's degree in law in 1743 but never made any attempt to go into practice. In 1768 he was made professor of History and Modern Languages at Cambridge. Gray had a strong interest in the unknown fields of old Welsh and Norse literature; and translated some into English. He

too was familiar with the works of the Greeks and some English poets such as Milton and Dryden. Although he is known as one of the most learned men in Europe in his time and a very successful poet, he was by nature a quiet man who avoided social activities and publicity as much as possible — he declined the Poet laureateship in 1757 —, and led the uneventful life of a scholar all his life. //

In contrast to those professional writers, Gray's literary output was small. His masterpiece, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" was published in 1751. The poem once and for all established his fame as the leader of the sentimental poetry of the day, especially "the Graveyard School." His poems, as a whole, are mostly devoted to a sentimental lamentation or meditation on life, past and present. His other poems include "Ode on the Spring" (1742), "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" (1747), "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat" (1748), "Hymn to Adversity" (1742), and two translations from old Norse: *The Descent of Odin* (1761) and *The Fatal Sisters* (1761). //

A conscientious artist of the first rate, Gray wrote slowly and carefully, painstakingly seeking perfection of form and phrase. His poems are characterized by an exquisite sense of form. His style is sophisticated and allusive. His poems are often marked with the trait of a highly artificial diction and a distorted word order.

Selected Reading:

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

("Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is regarded as Gray's best and most representative work. The poem is the outcome of about eight years' careful composition and polish. It is more or less connected with the melancholy event of the death of Richard

West, Gray's intimate friend. In this poem, Gray reflects on death, the sorrows of life, and the mysteries of human life with a touch of his personal melancholy. The poet compares the common folk with the great ones, wondering what the commons could have achieved if they had had the chance. Here he reveals his sympathy for the poor and the unknown, but mocks the great ones who despise the poor and bring havoc on them.

The poem abounds in images and arouses sentiment in the bosom of every reader. Though the use of artificial poetic diction and distorted word order make understanding of the poem somewhat difficult, the artistic polish — the sure control of language, imagery, rhythm, and his subtle moderation of style and tone — gives the poem a unique charm of its own. The poem has been ranked among the best of the eighteenth century English poetry.)

The curfew(1) tolls the knell of parting day(2),
The lowing herd(3) wind slowly o'er the lea(4),
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight(5),
And drowsy tinklings(6) lull the distant folds(7);

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower(8)
The moping owl(9) does to the moon complain
Of such(10), as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign(11).

Beneath those rugged(12) elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf(13) in many a moldering(14) heap,
Each in his narrow cell(15) forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet(16) sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn (17),
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion(18), or the echoing horn(19),
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed (20).
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care(21);
No children run to lisp(22) their sire's(23) return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe(24) has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition(25) mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur(26) hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry(27), the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour(28).
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

...

Notes:

- (1) curfew: bell to announce the coming of night.
- (2) tolls the knell of parting day: announces the end of a day.
- (3) lowing herd: mooing herd of oxen.
- (4) lea: meadow, pasture.
- (5) wheels his droning flight: flies in circles while making a droning sound.
- (6) drowsy tinklings: sounds of the bell hung under the neck of the cattle which have a drowsy effect on the listeners.
- (7) lull the distant folds: cause (sheep) to sleep or rest in a sheltered corner of a field where they are surrounded by a fence or wall for protection.
- (8) ivy-mantled tower: the clock tower of the church whose outside walls are overgrown with ivy.
- (9) the moping owl: the owl that gives harsh, unpleasant sounds, thus making people moped, i.e. sad.
- (10) of such: of the wanderer.
- (11) her ancient solitary reign: As the owl lives in the remote part of the country where human activity is scanty, the country seems under the sole rule of the owl.
- (12) rugged: large and rough.
- (13) heaves the turf: As turf grows on graves as well as on level land so the whole landscape looks as if it were a sea of turfs that heaves (rises and falls) like sea waves.
- (14) moldering: decaying.
- (15) narrow cell: coffin-pit, grave.
- (16) hamlet: village.
- (17) Morn: morning.
- (18) clarion: the sharp note of a cock's crow.
- (19) echoing horn: the hunter's horn.
- (20) lowly bed: grave.
- (21) ply her evening care: go about her evening housework.
- (22) lisp: greet.
- (23) sire: man/father.
- (24) glebe: soil, turf.

- (25) Ambition: people with an ambition.
- (26) Grandeur: people in eminence, important people.
- (27) heraldry: noble birth.
- (28) the inevitable hour: time of death.

Chapter 3 The Romantic Period

The movement which we call Romanticism is something not so easy to define, especially concerning its characteristics or dates. For it is a broad movement that affected the whole of Europe (and America). However, English Romanticism, as a historical phase of literature, is generally said to have begun in 1798 with the publication of Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads* and to have ended in 1832 with Sir Walter Scott's death and the passage of the first Reform Bill in the Parliament.

However, these dates are arbitrary and, to some extent, conventional, for a new current of literature, in fact, had started long before the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*. In the works of the sentimental writers, we note a new interest in literatures and legends other than those of Greece and Rome. It was in effect a revolt of the English imagination against the neoclassical reason which prevailed from the days of Pope to those of Johnson. And some of the great imaginative writings in English literature sprang from the confrontation of radicals and conservatives at the close of the 18th century, as the history in England started to move with a new urgency. This urgency was provoked by two important revolutions: the French Revolution of 1789-1794 and the English Industrial Revolution which happened more slowly, but with astonishing consequences. //

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a French philosopher, was one of the leading thinkers in the second half of the 18th century. In 1762 he published two books that electrified Europe — *Du Contrat Social* and *Émile*, in which he explored new ideas about Nature, Society and Education. These ideas of Rousseau's provided necessary guiding principles for the French Revolution, for they inspired an impla-

cable resentment against the tyrannical rule in France and an immense hope for the future. In 1789 there broke out the epoch-making French Revolution. The news of the Revolution, especially the *Declaration of Rights of Man* and the storming of Bastille, aroused great sympathy and enthusiasm in the English liberals and radicals. Patriotic clubs and societies multiplied in England, all claiming Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Then, in October, 1790, Edmund Burke published his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. Burke's pamphlet was designed as a crusade against the spread of such radical innovations and the overthrow of the established privileges he saw enshrined in the church, the hereditary power of the monarchy and the greater landed families. By pouring scorn on the feverish violence of rebellion and prophesying mob-rule and military dictatorship in France, Burke raised the most authoritative voice in Britain in denouncing the Revolution. Burke's *Reflections* provoked many replies from the radical writers who argued for the rights of the people to fight against tyranny and to overthrow any government of oppression; but none was so effective as Thomas Paine's *Declaration of Rights of Man* (1791-1792). Paine knew what he was talking about: he had been in France during the Revolution, and demonstrated conclusively that by 1789 France was so enmeshed in oppression and misery that nothing short of revolution could set her free. William Godwin, who exerted a great influence on Wordsworth, Shelley and other poets, wrote passionately against the injustices of the economic system and the oppression of the poor in his *Inquiry Concerning Political Justice* (1793). Fighting against Burke's conservative ideas was also William Cobbet, whom Marx once extolled as "an instinctive defender of the masses of the people against the encroachment of the bourgeoisie." If law and government appeared to some contemporaries as one system of injustice,

conventional gender roles were another, for women had long been regarded as inferior to men. After the *Declaration of Rights of Man* was released, Mary Wollstonecraft urged the equal rights for women in her *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), thus setting out the earliest exposition of feminism based on a comprehensive system of ethics. But later when Jacobins took over power in France and started to push a policy of violent terror at home and aggressive expansion abroad, most of the English sympathizers dropped their support. And the English government even waged wars against France till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

During this period, England itself had experienced profound economic and social changes. The primarily agricultural society had been replaced by a modern industrialized one. The biggest social change in English history was the transfer of large masses of the population from the countryside to the towns. The prosperous peasant farmers had long been considered the solid base of English society; but by the 19th century they had largely disappeared. As a result of the Enclosures and the agricultural mechanization, the peasants were driven out of their land: some emigrated to the colonies; some sank to the level of farm laborers; and many others drifted to the industrial towns where there was a growing demand for labor. But the new industrial towns were no better than jungles, where the law was "the survival of the fittest." The workers were herded into factories and overcrowded streets, and reduced to the level of commodities, valued only according to the fluctuating demand for their labor. Women and children were treated no differently in this respect from the men.

With the British Industrial Revolution coming into its full swing, the capitalist class came to dominate not only the means of production, but also trade and world market. Though England had

increased its wealth by several times, it was only the rich who owned this wealth; the majority of the people were still poor, or even poorer. After the Napoleonic War, the English people suffered severe economic depressions. While the price of food rose rocket-high, the workers' wages went sharply down; sixteen hours' labor a day could hardly pay for the daily bread. This cruel economic exploitation caused large-scale workers' disturbances in England; the desperation of the workers expressed itself in the popular outbreaks of machine-breaking known as the Luddite riots. The climax of popular agitation and government brutality came in August 1819 at St. Peter's Field, Manchester, where a huge but orderly group of peaceful protesters were charged by mounted troops who killed nine and wounded hundreds more. This was the notorious "Peterloo Massacre" which roused indignation even among the upper class. However, the workers' strong demands for reform, for their own political and economic rights did not die down. The industrial bourgeoisie made use of this struggle to fight for its own supremacy in political power against the landed aristocrats. In 1832, the Reform Bill was enacted, which brought the industrial capitalists into power; but the workers who played the major role in the fight got nothing. Consequently, there arose sharp conflicts between capital and labor.

The Romantic Movement, whether in England, Germany or France, expressed a more or less negative attitude toward the existing social and political conditions that came with industrialization and the growing importance of the bourgeoisie. The Romantics, who were deeply immersed in the most violent phase of the transition from a decadent feudal to a capitalist economy, saw both the corruption and injustice of the feudal societies and the fundamental inhumanity of the economic, social and political forces of capitalism. They felt that the society denied people their essential human needs.

So under the influence of the leading romantic thinkers like Kant and the Post-Kantians, they demonstrated a strong reaction against the dominant modes of thinking of the 18th-century writers and philosophers. Where their predecessors saw man as a social animal, the Romantics saw him essentially as an individual in the solitary state. Where the Augustans emphasized those features that men have in common, the Romantics emphasized the special qualities of each individual's mind. Thus, we can say that Romanticism actually constitutes a change of direction from attention to the outer world of social civilization to the inner world of the human spirit. In essence it designates a literary and philosophical theory which tends to see the individual as the very center of all life and all experience. It also places the individual at the center of art, making literature most valuable as an expression of his or her unique feelings and particular attitudes, and valuing its accuracy in portraying the individual's experiences. //

/ The Romantic period is an age of poetry. Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats are the major Romantic poets. 1304
They started a rebellion against the neoclassical literature, which was later regarded as the poetic revolution. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the major representatives of this movement. They explored new theories and innovated new techniques in poetry writing. In their separate ways, they saw poetry as a healing energy; they believed that poetry could purify both individual souls and the society. Wordsworth's theory of poetry is calling for simple themes drawn from humble life expressed in the language of ordinary people. The preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* acts as a manifesto for the new school and sets forth his own critical creed. Wordsworth defines the poet as a "man speaking to men," and poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, which origi-

nates in emotion recollected in tranquillity."

Imagination, defined by Coleridge, is the vital faculty that creates new wholes out of disparate elements. It is in solitude, in communion with the natural universe, that man can exercise this most valuable of faculties, the imagination. "This world of Imagination is the world of Eternity; it is the divine bosom ..." said Blake. "Where intelligence was fallible, limited, the Imagination was our hope of contact with eternal forces, with the whole spiritual world." The Romantics not only extol the faculty of imagination, but also elevate the concepts of spontaneity and inspiration, regarding them as something crucial for true poetry.

Nature, for the most influential 18th-century writers, was more something to be *seen* than something to be *known*. But for the Romantics it is just the opposite. The natural world comes to the forefront of the poetic imagination. Nature is not only the major source of poetic imagery, but also provides the dominant subject matter. Wordsworth is the closest to nature. He conceives of nature as "the nurse, / The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul / Of all my moral being." In his view, the natural world is the dominant influence in changing people's sensibilities: nature to him is a source of mental cleanliness and spiritual understanding; it is a teacher; it is the stepping stone between Man and God.

To escape from, or at any rate to articulate an alternative to, a world that had become excessively rational, as well as excessively materialistic and ugly, the Romantics would turn to other times and places, where the qualities they valued could be convincingly depicted. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey chose to live by the lake-side so as to escape from the "madding crowd," while Byron and Shelley rejected the entire English society by their self-imposed exile. In order to achieve the effect of the individual vision, the me-

dieval or renaissance world were particularly favored, but they might range further afield — to the central Asia fief of Kubla Khan, or to India for the vaguely Hindu tales of Robert Southey. There too one could allow free play to the supernatural — witches, curses, visions and prophesies — without arousing feelings of incongruity.

Romantics also tend to be nationalistic, defending the great poets and dramatists of their own national heritage against the advocates of classical rules who tended to glorify Rome and rational Italian and French neoclassical art as superior to the native traditions.

Poetry has been traditionally regarded as an art governed by rules; but to the Romantics, poetry should be free from all rules.

They would turn to the humble people and the common everyday life for subjects. Employing the commonplace, the natural, and the simple as their poetic materials, Romantic writers are always seeking for the Absolute, the Ideal through the transcendence of the actual.

They have also made bold experiments in poetic language, versification and design, and constructed a variety of forms on original principles of organization and style; examples of such can be found in Blake's visionary prophetic poems, in Coleridge's mystic ballad, *The Ancient Mariner*, in Wordsworth's spiritual autobiography, *The Prelude*, and in Shelley's symbolic drama, *Prometheus Unbound*.

The Romantic period is also a great age of prose. With education greatly developed for the middle-class people, there was a rapid growth in the reading public and an increasing demand for reading materials. Thus, newspapers, magazines and periodicals run by private enterprises started to flourish in this period. *Edinburgh Review* (founded 1802), *The Quarterly Review* (founded 1809), *Blackwood's Magazine* (founded 1817), *London Magazine*

(founded 1820), were among the most famous. They made literary comments on writers with high standards, which paved the way for the development of a new and valuable type of critical writings. Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, and De Quincey were the leading figures in this new development. Guided by rich knowledge of literature and a profound human sympathy, they read sympathetically the work of a new author, with the sole idea of finding what he had contributed, or tried to contribute, to the magnificent total of the English literature. They also wrote familiar essays.

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) is a great critic on Shakespeare, Elizabethan drama, and English poetry. In literary criticism, his particular concern is to give strict judgments on the target work, to point out and validate the author's achievements. He is also a master of the familiar essays, with a keen observation and a sharp, well-informed mind. He has developed an eloquent, courageous and arbitrary prose style. His last book is a four-volume *Life of Napoleon*, in which he expresses a vehement, but qualified, admiration of Napoleon as a man of heroic will and power in the service of the emancipation of mankind. Charles Lamb (1775-1834) is a lovable essayist. With him, the essay is no longer chiefly a mode of intellectual inquiry and moral address. Rather, the essay becomes a medium for a delightful literary treatment of life's small pleasures and reassurances. The essential characteristic of his essays is a strong clear intelligence, commanding in its centrality, its courage, and its vital irony. Lamb's *Essays of Elia* (1823) is a good work that leads to a delightful interpretation of the life of London. Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859) is one of the keenest intellects of the age; yet his wonderful intellect seems always subordinate to his passion for dreaming. The great literary merit of his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (1822) lies in his subtle revelation of the potentiality of

human dreams. His concern with the psychological effects of literature achieves its most acute literary insight in his essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*." His style, sometimes stately, sometimes headlong, now gorgeous, now musical, shows a harmony between the idea and the expression.

~~The two major novelists of the Romantic period are Jane Austen and Walter Scott. Austen is of the 18th-century in her moral outlook, and in her prose style, though she is fully aware of the new strains of Romanticism. Her view of life is a totally realistic one. She has no sentimentality, no time for emotional excess. She honors the Augustan virtues of moderation, dignity, disciplined emotion and common sense. The major theme of her novels is love and marriage toward which she holds on a practical idealism — love should be justified by reason and disciplined by self-control.~~ Although the range of her experience is narrow, she never ventures to step beyond the limits of her personal knowledge. She chooses to stay within the tiny field that she knows best, thinking that "three or four families in a country village are the very thing to work on." Not surprisingly she had in her day a small, select circle of admirers. But in the 20th century, she has become a popular classic and has been admired for her wit, her common-sense, her insight into characters and social relationships.

Walter Scott (1771-1832) is the most popular novelist of his day. After establishing himself as a writer of romantic historical narrative poetry, Scott switched to novel writing. *Waverley* (1814), *Old Mortality* (1816), *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *Rob Roy* (1818), and *Ivanhoe* (1820) are among the most popular ones of his novels. In his depiction of Scotland, England, and the Continent from medieval times to the 18th century, he showed a keen sense of political and traditional forces and of their influence on the

individual. Through his pen, Scotland became the romantic country for the whole of Europe: the rugged grandeur of its scenery, its sturdy, independent peasantry, the bloody yet poignant nature of much of its history all added to its appeal. For Scott really established the historical novel as a viable and worthwhile fictional form, by setting the personal dilemmas of his characters against a background of historical events. Although his plots are sometimes hastily constructed and his characters sometimes stilted, these works remain valuable for their compelling atmosphere, occasional epic dignity, and clear understanding of human nature. He is the first major historical novelist, exerting a powerful literary influence both in Britain and on the Continent throughout the 19th century.

Gothic novel, a type of romantic fiction that predominated in the late eighteenth century, was one phase of the Romantic movement. Its principal elements are violence, horror, and the supernatural, which strongly appeal to the reader's emotion. With its descriptions of the dark, irrational side of human nature, the Gothic form has exerted a great influence over the writers of the Romantic period. Works like *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) by Ann Radcliffe and *Frankenstein* (1818) by Mary Shelley are typical Gothic romance. Even poets like Blake, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats tend to use those fantastic, grotesque, savage and mysterious elements of Gothic fiction in their poetic works.

Besides poetry and prose, there are quite a number of writers who have tried their hand at poetic dramas in this period. This is partly because the lectures and criticism on Elizabethan drama given by Coleridge and Hazlitt have renewed interest in Shakespeare and led to the rediscovery of his contemporaries. Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci* (1819), Byron's *Manfred* (1817), and Coleridge's *Remorse* (1813) are generally regarded as the best verse

plays during this period. However, compared with the brilliant achievement in poetry and prose, drama in the Romantic period is less successful. There might be different reasons to explain this, but the chief one might be that none of these poets really understand the theater. Their plays are seldom if ever amongst the best of the stage plays, and they survive for readers, not for audience.

I . William Blake

William Blake (1757-1827) was born and brought up in London. His father, an Irishman, carried on a small hosiery business. Showing a precocious talent for painting as a child, Blake was sent to a drawing school; then at the age of 14 he was apprenticed to James Basire, an engraver. After his 7-year term was over, he studied briefly at the Royal Academy of Arts. In 1779, he began to earn his living as an engraver, receiving commissions from publishers both for book illustrations and for engravings from pictures. At the age of 24, Blake married Catherine Boucher. The marriage proved to be a lifelong happiness though there were difficulties for a time. Through all his life, Blake had been both a poet and an engraver. And he also printed a few books of his own. He lived a life of seclusion and poverty. He was often misunderstood by other people, who would regard him as gifted but mad. Blake's last years found him chiefly concerned with painting and engraving. And he gradually gathered around him a small group of devoted young admirers. However, Blake's genius in poetry remained unknown in his lifetime; he was recognized only posthumously.

Blake never tried to fit into the world; he was a rebel innocently and completely all his life. He was politically of the permanent left and mixed a good deal with the radicals like Thomas Paine and

William Godwin. Like Shelley, Blake strongly criticized the capitalists' cruel exploitation, saying that the "dark satanic mills left men unemployed, killed children and forced prostitution." Meanwhile he cherished great expectations and enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and regarded it as a necessary stage leading to the millennium predicted by the biblical prophets. Literarily Blake was the first important Romantic poet, showing a contempt for the rule of reason, opposing the classical tradition of the 18th century, and treasuring the individual's imagination. 1770

Blake began writing poetry at the age of 12, and his first printed work, *Poetical Sketches* (1783), is a collection of youthful verse. Joy, laughter, love and harmony are the prevailing notes. And new elements of poetry derived from the earlier traditions can also be found, which hint at his later innovative style and themes. As with all his poetry, this volume reached few contemporary readers.

The *Songs of Innocence* (1809) is a lovely volume of poems, presenting a happy and innocent world, though not without its evils and sufferings. For instance, "Holy Thursday" with its vision of charity children lit "with a radiance all their own" reminds us terribly of a world of loss and institutional cruelty. The wretched child described in "The Chimney Sweeper," orphaned, exploited, yet touched by visionary rapture, evokes unbearable poignancy when he finally puts his trust in the order of the universe as he knows it. In this volume, Blake, with his eager quest for new poetic forms and techniques, broke completely with the traditions of the 18th century. He experimented in meter and rhyme and introduced bold metrical innovations which could not be found in the poetry of his contemporaries.

His *Songs of Experience* (1794) paints a different world, a world of misery, poverty, disease, war and repression with a melan-

choly tone. The benighted England becomes the world of the dark wood and of the weeping prophet. The orphans of "Holy Thursday" are now "fed with cold and usurous hand." The little chimney-sweeper sings "notes of woe" while his parents go to church and praise "God & his Priest & King"— the very instruments of their repression. In "London," the city is no longer a paradise, but becomes the seat of poverty and despair, of man alienated from his true self. A number of poems from the *Songs of Innocence* also find a counterpart in the *Songs of Experience*. For instance, the "Infant Joy" is matched with the "Infant Sorrow;" and the pure "Lamb" is paired with the flaming "Tyger." The two books hold the similar subject-matter, but the tone, emphasis and conclusion differ.

Childhood is central to Blake's concern in the *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, and this concern gives the two books a strong social and historical reference. The laboring poor in London furnishes him with a sharp awareness of the economic exploitation of children, and particularly the practice of selling young children into apprenticeships, a practice which provides the context for the opening lines of the "Chimney Sweeper." The two "Chimney Sweeper" poems are good examples to reveal the relation between an economic circumstance, i. e. the exploitation of child labor, and an ideological circumstance, i. e. the role played by religion in making people compliant to exploitation. The poem from the *Songs of Innocence* indicates the conditions which make religion a consolation, a prospect of "illusory happiness;" the poem from the *Songs of Experience* reveals the true nature of religion which helps bring misery to the poor children. ||

Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790) marks his entry into maturity. The poem was composed during the climax of the French Revolution and it plays the double role both as a satire and a

revolutionary prophecy. In this poem, Blake explores the relationship of the contraries. Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, are necessary to human existence. Life is a continual conflict of give-and-take, a pairing of opposites, of good and evil, of innocence and experience, of body and soul. "Without contraries," Blake states, "there is no progression." The "marriage," to Blake, means the reconciliation of the contraries, not the subordination of the one to the other.

In his later period, Blake wrote quite a few prophetic books, which reveal him as the prophet of universal political and spiritual freedom and show the poet himself as the spokesman of revolt. The major ones are: *The Book of Urizen* (1794), *The Book of Los* (1795), *The Four Zoas* (1796-1807) and *Milton* (1804-1820).

Blake who lived in the blaze of revelation felt bound to declare that "I know that This World is a World of IMAGINATION & Vision," and that "The Nature of my work is visionary or imaginative." From childhood, Blake had a strongly visual mind; whatever he imagined, he also saw. For instance, he claimed that he saw a tree full of angels, visioned the ancient kings in Westminster Abbey, and drew "spiritual portraits" of the mighty dead. He believed he saw what Milton saw and all other people could see through the efforts of painting and poetry. As an imaginative poet, he presents his view in visual images instead of abstract terms.

Blake writes his poems in plain and direct language. His poems often carry the lyric beauty with immense compression of meaning. He distrusts the abstractness and tends to embody his views with visual images. Symbolism in wide range is also a distinctive feature of his poetry.

Selected Readings:

1. The Chimney Sweeper (from *Songs of Innocence*)

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry "'weep(1)! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"
So your chimney I sweep, & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd, so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight!
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black;

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun;

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind,
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark

And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' (2) the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

Notes:

- 1) 'weep: Here means "sweep;" it is the child's lisping attempt at the chimney sweeper's street cry.
- 2) tho': though.

2. The Chimney Sweeper (from *Songs of Experience*)

A little black thing among the snow
Crying "'weep! 'weep!" in notes of woe!
"Where are thy father & mother? say?"
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy upon the heath(1),
And smil'd among the winter's snow;
They cloth'd me in the clothes of death(2),
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy & dance & sing
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

Notes:

- (1) heath; uncultivated land covered with shrubs.
- (2) clothes of death: clothes in dark color.

3. The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry(1)?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire(2)?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews(3) of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil(4)? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,(5)
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb(6) make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Notes:

- (1) symmetry: referring to the well-proportioned body of the tiger.
- (2) aspire: have ambition for something.
- (3) sinews: muscles.
- (4) anvil: iron block on which a smith shapes heated metal by hammering it.
- (5) When... tears: When the smith is hammering the heated metal, the fire sparkles like shooting stars which are often called as angels' tears by children.
- (6) Lamb: symbol of peace and purity. Blake wrote a lyric "Lamb" in *Songs of Innocence*.

II . William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in the family of an attorney. He was first educated at the Grammar School of Hawkshead, near his birthplace, and then at St. John's College, Cambridge. He developed a keen love of nature as a youth, and during school vacation periods he frequently visited places noted for their scenic beauty. A walking tour of the Swiss Alps made in the Cambridge long vacation of 1790 heightened Wordsworth's exhilarated response to the grandeur of nature. A more important influence on his life was the French Revolution, with which his heart was stirred and his imagination fired. It seemed to him a new dawn of freedom was breaking on the world. He crossed the Channel and lived through the storm and stress of the Revolution for over a year. There he also had a love affair with Annette Vallon who bore him a daughter shortly before his return to England. Disheartened by the outbreak of hostilities between France and Britain in 1793, Wordsworth nevertheless remained sympathetic

to the French cause. But in the following years, the Jacobin terror and the French invasion of other European countries fully revealed that the desire for Liberty had been swallowed up by the desire for Empire. Wordsworth was totally disillusioned, and gradually changed into a conservative in politics. However, the formative influence of his early experience of wild nature still remained.

Without a regular job, Wordsworth had always run into financial difficulties, but they were eased for a time when in 1795 he received a bequest of £ 900 from a close friend. Thereupon he and his sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, went to live in Racedown, Dorsetshire. In 1797 Wordsworth met Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the two poets became very good friends. They collaborated on a book of poems entitled Lyrical Ballads, first published in 1798. Then Wordsworth and his sister, and Coleridge made a trip to Germany in 1798 and 1799. Returning to England, William and his sister settled at Dove Cottage in Grasmere, Westmoreland, the loveliest spot in the English Lake District. The poet Robert Southey as well as Coleridge lived nearby, and the three men became known as the "Lake Poets." In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, a childhood friend, who is portrayed in the charming lyric as "a Phantom of Delight."

In 1813 Wordsworth obtained a sinecure as distributor of stamps for Westmoreland with a substantial annual income. In the same year the Wordsworths moved to Rydal Mount, a few kilometers from Dove Cottage, and there the poet spent the remainder of his life, except for periodic travels. In his later years, his position as a great poet was firmly established. In 1842 he received a government pension, and in the following year he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate. Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850, and was buried in the Grasmere churchyard.

Wordsworth had a long poetic career. His first volumes (*Descriptive Sketches*, *an Evening Walk*, 1793) were written in the tradition of the 18th-century feeling for natural description. But the *Lyrical Ballads* differs in marked ways from his early poetry, notably the uncompromising simplicity of much of the language, the strong sympathy not merely with the poor in general but with particular, dramatized examples of them, and the fusion of natural description with expressions of inward states of mind. The poems Wordsworth added to the 1800 edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* are among the best of his achievements. *The Prelude*, which began in the 1790s, was completed in 1805 and, after substantial revision, published posthumously in 1850. Many critics rank it as Wordsworth's greatest work. In 1807 *Poems in Two Volumes* was published. The work contains much of Wordsworth's finest verse, notably the superb "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," the autobiographical narrative "Resolution and Independence," and many of his well-known sonnets. And *The Excursion* was published in 1814. As he advanced in age, Wordsworth's poetic vision and inspiration dulled; his later more rhetorical and moralistic poems cannot be compared to the lyrics of his youth, although a number of them are illumined by the spark of his former greatness.

According to the subjects, Wordsworth's short poems can be classified into two groups: poems about nature and poems about human life.

Wordsworth is regarded as a "worshipper of nature." He can penetrate to the heart of things and give the reader the very life of nature. Poems like "The Sparrow's Nest," "To a Skylark," "To the Cuckoo" and "To a Butterfly" are just a few examples to show his genuine love for the natural beauty. Other poems, such as "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," "An Evening Walk," "My Heart

1710
Leaps up" and "Tintern Abbey," are all masterpieces on nature. "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" is perhaps the most anthologized poem in English literature, and one that takes us to the core of Wordsworth's poetic beliefs. "Tintern Abbey" remains a profoundly original and imaginative achievement; the valley of the Wye itself, the quiet center of the returning wanderer's thoughts, is described with a detail that conveys a sense of natural order at once vivid and eternal. Beyond the pleasures of the picturesque with their emphasis on the eye and the external aspects of nature, however, lies a deeper moral awareness, a sense of completeness in multiplicity. But the poem progresses beyond such moral reflections. As he is aware of his own sublime communion with all things, nature becomes an inspiring force of rapture, a power that reveals the workings of the soul. To Wordsworth, nature acts as a substitute for imaginative and intellectual engagement with the development of embodied human beings in their diverse circumstances. It's nature that gives him "strength and knowledge full of peace."

1710
~~Wordsworth thinks that common life is the only subject of literary interest.~~ The joys and sorrows of the common people are his themes. His sympathy always goes to the suffering poor. When we read poems like: "The Thorn," "The Sailor's Mother," "Michael," "The Affliction of Margaret," and "The Old Cumberland Beggar," we find ourselves in the presence of poverty, crime, insanity, ruined innocence, solitary anguish, and even despair. The "Lucy poems" describe with rare elusive beauty of simple lyricism and haunting rhythm a young country girl living a simple life in a remote village far from the civilized world. They are verses of love and loss which hold within their delicate simplicity a meditation on time and death which rises to universal stature. In "The Idiot Boy," the irrational mind sees more deeply into the nature of life than the commonsensi-

cal. And the poem, "Michael," however, most assuredly suggests the grave and tender dignity of Wordsworth's meditations on "man, the heart of man, and human life." "The Solitary Reaper" and "To a Highland Girl" use rural figures to suggest the timeless mystery of sorrowful humanity and its radiant beauty. The old man in "The Old Cumberland Beggar," living "in the eye of Nature," is seen as precious for his unique self and the benevolence he evokes in the small rural community. The hapless wife of "The Ruined Cottage," dying amid the disintegration of her entire way of life, rouses in the reader the tender, quiet compassion of those who are at one with the timeless truths of existence. In its daring use of subject matter and sense of the authenticity of the experience of the poorest, "Resolution and Independence" is the triumphant conclusion of ideas first developed in the *Lyrical Ballads*. ||

Wordsworth is a poet in memory of the past. To him, life is a cyclical journey. Its beginning finally turns out to be its end. His philosophy of life is presented in his masterpiece *The Prelude*. It opens with a literal journey whose goal is to return to the Vale of Grasmere. The journey goes through the poet's personal history, carrying the metaphorical meaning of his interior journey and questing for his lost early self and the proper spiritual home. The poem charts this growth from infancy to manhood. We are shown the development of human consciousness under the sway of an imagination united to the grandeur of nature. Later books of *The Prelude* describe Wordsworth's experiences in France: his republicanism, his affair with Annette Vallon, his "substantial dread" during the Terror and his continuing support of the ideals underlying the Revolution. The concluding description of the ascent of Snowdon becomes a symbol of the poet's climb to the height of his inspired powers and to that state of vision in which, dedicating himself to humanity, he be-

comes one of the "Prophets of nature."

Wordsworth's deliberate simplicity and refusal to decorate the truth of experience produced a kind of pure and profound poetry which no other poet has ever equaled. In defense of his unconventional theory of poetry, Wordsworth wrote a "Preface" to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, which appeared in 1800 (actual date of publication, 1801). His premise was that the source of poetic truth is the direct experience of the senses. Poetry, he asserted, originates from "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Rejecting the contemporary emphasis on form and an intellectual approach that drained poetic writing of strong emotion, he maintained that the scenes and events of everyday life and the speech of ordinary people were the raw material of which poetry could and should be made.

William Wordsworth is the leading figure of the English romantic poetry, the focal poetic voice of the period. His is a voice of searchingly comprehensive humanity and one that inspires his audience to see the world freshly, sympathetically and naturally. [The most important contribution he has made is that he has not only started the modern poetry, the poetry of the growing inner self, but also changed the course of English poetry by using ordinary speech of the language and by advocating a return to nature.]

Selected Readings:

1. I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud(1)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of(2) golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant(3) or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude(4);
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Notes:

- (1) Wordsworth wrote this beautiful poem of nature after he came across a long belt of gold daffodils tossing and reeling and dancing along the waterside.
- (2) a crowd, / A host, of: a large number of.
- (3) vacant: empty, thoughtless.

- (4) that inward eye / Which is the bliss of solitude: the poet thinks that it is a bliss to recollect the beauty of nature in his mind while he is in solitude.

2. Composed upon Westminster Bridge,

September 3, 1802 (1)

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep(2)
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still(3)!

Notes:

- (1) The date of this experience was not Sept. 3, but July 31, 1802; its occasion was a trip to France. The sonnet describes a vivid picture of a beautiful morning in London. It follows strictly the Italian form, with a clear division between the octave and the sestet; the rhyme scheme is *abbaabba*, *cdcdcd*.
- (2) steep: means to bathe or shine on.
- (3) all that mighty heart is lying still: Here the "mighty heart" refers to London.

3. She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways(1)

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove(2),
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love;

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Notes:

- (1) This is one of the “Lucy poems,” written in 1799.
(2) Dove: The name of a river. There are several rivers by this name in England, including one in the Lake Country.

4. The Solitary Reaper(1)

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland(2) lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain(3);

O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt(4)
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands(5);
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the Cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides(6).

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers(7) flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay(8),
Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Notes:

- (1) It is an iambic verse. Most of the lines in the poem are octosyllabics. The rhyme-scheme for each stanza is *ababccdd*.
- (2) Highland: refers to the northern part of Scotland.
- (3) a melancholy strain: a sad tune.
- (4) chaunt: chant.
- (5) Arabian sands: the deserts in Arabia.
- (6) Hebrides: a group of islands off the northwestern coast of Scotland.
- (7) the plaintive numbers: the mournful verses (referring to her song).
- (8) lay: a short lyrical poem meant to be sung.

III . Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was born in Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, the son of a clergyman. At the age of nine, his father died. One year later he was sent away to school at Christ's Hospital in London and seldom went back home. He was a lonely, sad and mentally precocious boy, full of dreams in his mind. However, he found the school an excellent one, for it gave him the intellectual nurture he needed, as well as a lifelong friend, Charles Lamb. But the university life at Cambridge bored him. He fell into idleness, had trouble with his instructor, and got into debt. In despair, he betook himself to London and enlisted in the 15th Dragoon, but was discharged after a few months and returned to Cambridge, where he finished his study however, but left without a degree. Inspired by the radical thinkers with their idealism, Coleridge joined Robert Southey in a utopian plan of establishing an ideal democratic community in America, named "Pantisocracy." The plan resulted in nothing but his marriage to Sara Fricker, which turned out to be an unhappy one.

In the spring of 1797, Coleridge met and began his long friend-

ship with William Wordsworth. Falling under Wordsworth's spell, Coleridge's creative energies were awakened and he began to devote himself to poetry writing. In 1798, the two men published a joint volume of poetry, *Lyrical Ballads*, which became a landmark in English poetry. Coleridge's poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," was included in the volume. The years 1797 and 1798 were among the most fruitful of Coleridge's life. In addition to "The Ancient Mariner," he wrote "Kubla Khan," began writing "Christabel," and composed "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," "Frost at Midnight," and "The Nightingale," which are considered to be his best "conversational" poems.

In 1798, he traveled with the Wordsworths to Germany where he spent much of his time studying German philosophy, especially the 18th-century idealism of Immanuel Kant. After he returned to England in 1800, Coleridge settled with his family at Keswick in the Lake District near Wordsworth. By this time Coleridge had become addicted to opium, a drug he used to ease the pain of rheumatism, which gradually destroyed his health, happiness and poetic creativity. In his "Dejection, an Ode," he lamented over his declining spirit of imagination. Coleridge spent two years in Malta in order to restore his health but failed. Back to London, he began to give his famous series of lectures on literature and philosophy; the lectures on Shakespeare were particularly successful. Coleridge quarreled seriously with Wordsworth in 1810. Although they reconciled with each other later on, their friendship had never reached its former intimacy. In 1813, his tragic drama *Remorse* received popular welcome. In 1816 Coleridge, still addicted to opium and now estranged from his family, took residence in the London home of an admirer, the physician James Gillman. There he wrote his major prose work, *Biographia Literaria* (1817), a series of autobiographical notes and

dissertations on many subjects, including some brilliantly perceptive literary criticism. The sections in which he expresses his views on the nature of poetry and discusses the works of Wordsworth are especially notable. ||

Philosophically and critically, Coleridge opposed the limitedly rationalistic trends of the 18th-century thought. He courageously stemmed the tide of the prevailing doctrines derived from Hume and Hartley, advocating a more spiritual and religious interpretation of life, based on what he had learnt from Kant and Schelling. He believed that art is the only permanent revelation of the nature of reality. A poet should realize the vague intimations derived from his unconsciousness without sacrificing the vitality of the inspiration. Politically, Coleridge was first an enthusiastic supporter of the French Revolution. He even designed his "Pantisocracy" as a society where everyone would be equal to anyone else. But in his later period, he was a fiery foe of the rights of man, of Jacobinism. He insisted that a government should be based upon the will of the propertied classes only, and should impose itself upon the rest of the community from above. ||

Coleridge's actual achievement as poet can be divided into two remarkably diverse groups: the demonic and the conversational.

The demonic group includes his three masterpieces: "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." Mysticism and demonism with strong imagination are the distinctive features of this group. The poems are set in a strange territory of the poet's memory and dream, where events are reigned beyond the control of reason. Unifying the group is a magical quest pattern which intends as its goal to reconcile the poet's self-consciousness with a higher order of being associated with divine forgiveness.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" told an adventurous story

of a sailor. By neglecting the law of hospitality, the mariner cruelly shot an albatross which flew to the ship through thick fog. Then disaster fell onto the ship. The breeze died down; the ship stopped; the hot tropical sun shone all day long. The other sailors died of thirst one after another, while the mariner alone was alive, being tortured all the time with thirst and the horror of death. Only when the mariner finally repented and blessed for the water snake did the spell break and the ship was then able to go back home. The story moves on through a world of wonder, from mysterious preface to inevitable close. Each incident stands out clear and vivid; each corresponding change in the soul of the mariner is registered. The whole experience is an ordeal of oppressive weariness. The mariner's sin was that in killing the albatross he rejected a social offering, he obliterated something that loved him and represented in a supernatural way the possibility of affection in the world. Of course, the mariner finally recovered from the isolation joyfully; but the joy came only from his own changed attitude and his willingness to look differently on the world. From this poem, we can infer that Coleridge believed the universe as the projection not of reasoned beliefs but of irrational fears and guilty feelings. He had created the kind of universe which his own inexplicable sins and their consequences might have suggested to him. His religious conflicts enforced him to describe the universe in his work as the Christian universe gone mad.

"Christabel" uses a freer version of the ballad form to create an atmosphere of the Gothic horror at once delicate and sinister. The tale is an old one of a serpent disguised as a beautiful lady to victimize an innocent maiden. The standard trappings of Gothic horror — the remote castle and the wood, the virgin Christabel in peril and the subtly wicked Geraldine — dramatize a confrontation with evil

through disturbing suggestions of the sexual, supernatural and fantastic elements of dream. The moaning of the owl and the crowing of the cock, together with the response of the dog to the regular strokes of the clock, produce the effect of mystery and horror in the dead night. Opposed to the nightmarish are images of religious grace and the spring of love that had gushed from the poet's heart. It has been said that the thing attempted in *Christabel* is the most difficult in the whole field of romance, and nothing could come nearer the mark. The miraculous element, which lies on the face of "*The Ancient Mariner*," is here driven beneath the surface.

"Kubla Khan" was composed in a dream after Coleridge took the opium. The poet was reading about Kubla Khan when he fell asleep. The images of the river, of the magnificent palace and other marvelous scenes deposited in his unconsciousness were expressed into about two or three hundred lines. But when he was writing them down, a stranger interrupted him and the vision was never recaptured. Only 54 lines survived.

Among the conversational group, "*Frost at Midnight*" is the most important. The poem is an intimate record of his personal thoughts in a midnight solitude on his infant son Hartley. In the surroundings of sea, hill and wood, Coleridge's mind moves backwards and forwards in time and space from the interior of the cottage to nature and from his own boyhood to that imagined for Hartley amid a world of sublime physical and spiritual freedom. "*Dejection: An Ode*" is also an intimate personal piece in which Coleridge utters his innermost thoughts and sentiments. Generally, the conversational group speaks more directly of an allied theme: the desire to go home, not to the past, but to what Hart Crane beautifully called "an improved infancy." Each of these poems verges upon a kind of vicarious and purgatorial atonement, in which Coleridge must fail or suf-

fer so that someone he loves may succeed or experience joy. //

Coleridge is one of the first critics to give close critical attention to language, maintaining that the true end of poetry is to give pleasure "through the medium of beauty." The chapters of great importance in *Biographia Literaria* are his comments on Wordsworth's theory of poetic style. He sings highly Wordsworth's "purity of language," "deep and subtle thoughts," "perfect truth to nature" and his "imaginative power." But he denies Wordsworth's claim that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and the language spoken by common people. In analyzing Shakespeare, Coleridge emphasizes the philosophic aspect, reading more into the subject than the text and going deeper into the inner reality than only caring for the outer form.

Coleridge was esteemed by some of his contemporaries and is generally recognized today as a lyrical poet and literary critic of the first rank. His poetic themes range from the supernatural to the domestic. His treatises, lectures, and compelling conversational powers made him one of the most influential English literary critics and philosophers of the 19th century.

Selected Reading:

Kubla Khan(1)

In Xanadu(2) did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure dome decree;

Where Alph(3), the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man (4)

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground

With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous(5) rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Emfoling sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart(6) a cedarn(7) cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er(8) beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid(9) these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,

A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer(10)

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian(11) maid,

And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora(12).

Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me,(13)

That with music loud and long,

I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,(14)

For he on honeydew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Notes:

- (1) Kubla Khan: Mongol emperor, the founder of Yuan Dynasty.
- (2) Xanadu: Xamdu, the place in Inner Mongolia where Kubla Khan ascended the throne.
- (3) Alph: a sacred river created by the poet's imagination.
- (4) measureless to man: too deep to be measured by man.
- (5) sinuous: with many curves.
- (6) athwart: across.
- (7) cedarn: poetic form of cedar.
- (8) e'er: ever.

- (9) 'mid: amid.
- (10) dulcimer: stringed musical instrument.
- (11) Abyssinian: of Abyssinia, a place situated in the east Africa, now Ethiopia.
- (12) Mount Abora: often referred to as Mount Amara in Milton's *Paradise Lost* into which Abyssian kings once sent their children to avoid the outside disturbance.
- (13) To such a deep delight 'twould win me: It would bring me such deep delight.
- (14) Weave a circle... with holy dread: according to the ancient superstition, people under the magic spell should be separated from others by circling three times with the eyes closed.

IV . George Gordon Byron

Byron (1788-1824) was born into an ancient aristocratic family. His father, Captain John Byron, was a wild but irresponsible profligate; and his mother was a weak but passionate Scotswoman. To him had been given the passionate temper of both father and mother. When he was only three years old, his father died. Then he and his mother lived in loneliness and poverty in Scotland. At the age of ten, Byron inherited the title of a baron and a large estate. He was educated first at Harrow and then Cambridge. Though he was born lame, he was good at sports, especially at swimming. According to Shelley, everything he did was affected by his club-foot which made him feel sore and angry all his life. In 1807 a volume of Byron's poems, *Hours of Idleness*, was published. A very harsh review of this work in the *Edinburgh Review* prompted a satirical reply from Byron in heroic couplets, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809), in which Byron lashed not only his reviewers, but also the conservative schools of contemporary poetry, showing his lasting contempt for what he considered the common-

place and vulgarity of the "Lake Poets."

In 1811, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, and made vehement speeches, attacking the reactionary policy of the English government, and showing his great sympathy for the oppressed poor. The publication in 1812 of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, a poem narrating his travels between 1809 and 1811 in Europe, brought Byron fame. He then said: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." In the following two years, he had written a number of long verse-tales, generally known as the *Oriented Tales*, with similar kind of heroes. In 1815 Byron got married to Anna Isabella Milbanke. A year later, his wife left him and refused to come back. Rumors about his incestuous relationship with his half-sister Augusta and doubts about his sanity led to his being abused and decried. So in anger and disgust, Byron left England in 1816 and never returned.

Byron first went to Switzerland, where he made acquaintance with Shelley. In Geneva, he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold* and the narrative poem *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816). He next established residence in Venice, where in the three years from 1816 to 1819 he produced, among other works, the verse drama *Manfred* (1817), the first two cantos of *Don Juan* (1818-1819), and the fourth and final canto of *Childe Harold* (1818). While in Italy, Byron was in close touch with the Italian patriots and assisted them in an uprising against the Austrian rule. He also kept a close contact with Shelley until the latter's tragic death in 1822. Byron wrote the verse dramas *Cain* and the narrative poem *The Island* in 1821. He published, in 1822, one of the greatest political satires, *The Vision of Judgment*, with its main attack on Southey, the Tory Poet Laureate. *Don Juan*, a mock epic in 16 cantos, was finished in 1823.

At the news of the Greek revolt against the Turks, Byron not

only gave the insurgent Greeks financial help but plunged himself into the struggle for the national independence of that country. In July 1823, Byron joined the Greek insurgents at Missolonghi. The Greeks made him commander in chief of their forces in January 1824. Because of several month's hard work under bad weather, Byron fell ill and died. The whole Greek nation mourned over his death.

On the whole, Byron's poetry is one of experience. His heroes are more or less surrogates of himself. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage is such an example. The poem is about a gloomy, passionate young wanderer who escaped from the society he disliked and traveled around the continent, questing for freedom. It teems with all kinds of recognizable features of Romantic poetry — the medieval, the outcast figure, love of nature, hatred of tyranny, preoccupation with the remote and savage, and so on. It also contains many vivid and exotic descriptive passages on mountains, rivers, and seas. With his strong passion for liberty and his intense hatred for all tyrants, Byron shows his sympathy for the oppressed Portuguese under French occupation; he gives his strong support to the Spanish people fighting for their national independence; he laments over the fallen Greece, expressing his ardent wish that the suppressed Greek people should win their freedom; he glorifies the French Revolution and condemns the despotic Napoleon period; and he appeals for the liberty of the oppressed nations, while exalting the great fighters for freedom in history.

Don Juan is Byron's masterpiece, a great comic epic of the early 19th century. It is a poem based on a traditional Spanish legend of a great lover and seducer of women. In the conventional sense, Juan is immoral, yet Byron takes this poem as the most moral. He once wrote to his friend like this: "As to 'Don Juan' . . . , it may be prof-

ligate, but is it not life?" And Byron invests in Juan the moral positives like courage, generosity and frankness, which, according to Byron, are virtues neglected by the modern society. In addition, Though Don Juan is the central figure and all the threads of the story are woven around him, he and his adventures only provide the framework; the poet's true intention is, by making use of Juan's adventures, to present a panoramic view of different types of society. The opening canto of *Don Juan* is a brilliant, vivid analysis of romantic passion and of the youthful ardor that over-idealizes it. In describing the siege of Ismail, the central cantos of the poem are remarkable. Here, with an impartiality, Byron reveals the barbarity and blood-lust of war, the incompetence of the generals who conduct it, and the rapaciousness of the rulers who urge it. In the last cantos of the work, Byron's indignation at the self-serving cant of the English aristocracy is supported by a subtle social awareness and a narrative skill which verges on the verse novel.

Byron puts into Don Juan his rich knowledge of the world and the wisdom gained from experience. It presents brilliant pictures of life in its various stages of love, joy, suffering, hatred and fear. The unifying principle in *Don Juan* is the basic ironic theme of appearance and reality, i. e. what things seem to be and what they actually are. Byron's satire on the English society in the later part of the poem can be compared with Pope's; and his satire is much less personal than that of Pope's, for Byron is here attacking not a personal enemy but the whole hypocritical society. And the diverse materials and the clash of emotions gathered in the poem are harmonized by Byron's insight into the difference between life's appearance and its actuality. //

As a leading Romanticist, Byron's chief contribution is his creation of the "Byronic hero," a proud, mysterious rebel figure of no-

ble origin. With immense superiority in his passions and powers, this Byronic hero would carry on his shoulders the burden of righting all the wrongs in a corrupt society, and would rise single-handedly against any kind of tyrannical rules either in government, in religion, or in moral principles with unconquerable wills and inexhaustible energies. The conflict is usually one of rebellious individuals against outworn social systems and conventions. Such a hero appears first in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and then further developed in later works such as the *Oriented Tales*, *Manfred*, and *Don Juan* in different guises. The figure is, to some extent, modeled on the life and personality of Byron himself, and makes Byron famous both at home and abroad.

Byron's poetry, though much criticized by some critics on moral grounds, was immensely popular at home, and also abroad, where it exerted great influence on the Romantic movement. This popularity it owed to the author's persistent attacks on "cant political, religious, and moral," to the novelty of his oriental scenery, to the romantic character of the Byronic hero, and to the easy, fluent, and natural beauty of his verse. Byron's diction, though unequal and frequently faulty, has on the whole a freedom, copiousness and vigor. His descriptions are simple and fresh, and often bring vivid objects before the reader. Byron's poetry is like the oratory which hurries the hearers without applause. The glowing imagination of the poet rises and sinks with the tones of his enthusiasm, roughing into argument, or softening into the melody feeling and sentiments. Byron employed the *Ottava Rima* (Octave Stanza) from Italian mock-heroic poetry. His first experiment was made in *Beppo*. It was perfected in *Don Juan* in which the convention flows with ease and naturalness, as Colonel Stanhope described: "a stream sometimes smooth, sometimes rapid and sometimes rushing down in cataracts

— a mixture of philosophy and slang — of everything.”

However, for a long time there existed two controversial opinions on Byron: he was regarded in England as the perverted man, the satanic poet; while on the Continent, he was hailed as the champion of liberty, poet of the people. Because of the English prejudice, Byron was refused to be buried with his poetic peers when he died. Only in 1969 was this prejudice against Byron finally overcome by the British critical circle. A white marble-floor memorial to Lord Byron was set up in Westminster Abbey. Thus, his name was put among those of famous poets in the “Poets’ Corner.”

Byron’s poetry has great influence on the literature of the whole world. Across Europe, patriots and painters and musicians are all inspired by him. Poets and novelists are profoundly influenced by his work. Actually Byron has enriched European poetry with an abundance of ideas, images, artistic forms and innovations. He stands with Shakespeare and Scott among the British writers who exert the greatest influence over the mainland of Europe.

Selected Readings:

1. Song for the Luddites(1)

As the Liberty lads o’er the sea(2)
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will die fighting, or live free,
And down with all kings but King Ludd(3)!

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,

We will fling the winding sheet(4)
 O'er the despot at our feet(5),
 And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd(6).

Though black as his heart its hue,
 Since his veins are corrupted to mud,

Yet this is the dew
 Which the tree shall renew
 Of Liberty(7), planted by Ludd!

Notes:

- (1) This is one of the two poems written by Byron to show his support of the Luddites, who destroyed the machines in their protest against unemployment. The poet's great sympathy for the workers in their struggle against the capitalists is clearly shown.
- (2) Liberty lads o'er the sea: referring to the Americans who fought for their national independence in 1775-1781.
- (3) King Ludd: Referring to Ned Ludd, a Leicestershire workman who was said to have broken two frames in a Stockinger's house, in about 1779, and from whom the Luddites in their protest against unemployment in 1811-1816 took their name.
- (4) the winding sheet: the sheet used to wrap up the corpse.
- (5) the despot at our feet: referring here to the machine which the Luddites incorrectly considered to be the tyrant responsible for their unemployment.
- (6) the gore he has pour'd: the blood he (the despot) has shed.
- (7) the tree shall renew/Of Liberty: During the French Revolution (1789-1794) a symbolic procedure was established of planting trees of Liberty. Here Byron refers to this custom.

2. The Isles of Greece (from *Don Juan*, III)

(*Don Juan*, the masterpiece of Byron, is a long satirical po-

em . Its hero Juan is an aristocratic libertine , amiable and charming to ladies . He first falls in love with a married woman Julia . The affair is soon discovered and Juan is sent abroad . There happens a shipwreck ; Juan is tossed into the sea and finally cast on the seashore of a Greek island . He is saved by Haidée , the pure and beautiful daughter of a pirate . They fall in love , but soon Haidee's father returns and forcefully separates them . Haidee dies of a broken heart , while Juan is sold as a slave to Constantinople where a Sultana takes fancy to him . Juan managed to escape and joined the Russian Army which is besieging the town Ismail . After the victory , he sent news to St . Petersburg and is favored by Empress Catherine who sent him back to England on a political mission . The last part satirizes the political and social conditions of England . The poem was not completed ; originally Byron intended to have Juan fight and die in the French Revolution . The following section , " The Isles of Greece , " is taken from Canto III , which is sung by a Greek singer at the wedding of Don Juan and Haidée . In the early 19th century , Greece was under the rule of Turk . By contrasting the freedom of ancient Greece and the present enslavement , the poet appealed to people to struggle for liberty .)

1

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho(1) loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phoebus(2) sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

2

The Scian(3) and the Teian(4) muse,

The hero's harp, (5) the lover's lute, (6)
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' (7) "Islands of the Blest" (8).

3

The mountains look on Marathon (9) —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

4

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-borm Salamis; (10)
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And, when the sun set, where were they?

5

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay (11) is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre (12), so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

6

'T is something, in the dearth of fame, (13)
Though link'd among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,

Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

7

Must we weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? — Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae(14)!

8

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

9

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine(15)!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine(16)!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal(17)!

10

You have the Pyrrhic dance(18) as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx(19) gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The noblier and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus(20) gave —

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served — but served Polycrates(21) —

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12

The tyrant of the Chersonese(22)

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades(23)!

Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore, (24)

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers(25) bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan(26) blood might own.

14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks(27) —

They have a king who buys and sells;

In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells;

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud(28),

Would break your shield, however broad.

15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade —

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves(29),

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep(30),

Where nothing, save(31) the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Notes:

- (1) Sappho: an ancient Greek poetess known for her passionate love poems.
- (2) Delos... Phoebeus: a small Greek island, the legendary birthplace of Phoebeus Apollo, god of the sun.
- (3) Scian: Chios, the birthplace of Homer.
- (4) Teian: Teos, the birthplace of Anacreon, a lyric poet.
- (5) the hero's harp: here referring to Homer.
- (6) the lover's lute: here referring to Anacreon.
- (7) sires: here meaning ancestors.
- (8) Islands of the Blest: According to the Greek mythology, those who were favorites of the gods, after their death, would live happily on the Islands of the Blest.
- (9) Marathon: referring to the site where the Greeks checked the invasion of the Persians, 490 B.C.
- (10) A king sate on the rocky brow / Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis: Xerxes, the king of Persia, was supposed to be sitting on the edge of a cliff, watching the battle of Salamis.

- (11) lay: poem or song.
- (12) lyre: a musical instrument.
- (13) in the dearth of fame: in these days when there is a lack of great events and great men.
- (14) Thermopylae: the pass of Thermopylae where the 300 Spartan warriors resisted the attack of the Persians.
- (15) Samian wine: wine produced on the island of Samos, Greece.
- (16) Scio's vine: the island of Scio is famous for its grapes.
- (17) bold Bacchanal: drunken reveler, in honor of Bacchus, the god of wine.
- (18) Pyrrhic dance: ancient Greek war dance.
- (19) Pyrrhic phalanx: a military formation of ancient Greeks, consisting of a body of heavy infantry armed with long spears and short swords, standing in line close behind one another, generally 8 men deep.
- (20) Cadmus: the Phoenician hero who was said to have introduced the sixteen simple Greek letters from Phoenicia into Greece.
- (21) Polycrates: the ruler of Samos and a friend of Anacreon.
- (22) Chersonese: a place in Greece, now Gallipoli.
- (23) Miltiades: the general famous for his decisive victory in the battle at Marathon.
- (24) Suli's rock, and Parga's shore: Suli, a mountain stronghold near Epirus, Greece; Parga, a seacoast town in Greece.
- (25) Doric mothers: brave Spartan mothers. Doric is one of the four divisions of ancient Greeks, Spartan being the chief representative.
- (26) Heracleidan: of Hercules, from whom the Dorian aristocracy claimed its descent. Hercules, a man of superhuman power in Greek mythology.
- (27) Franks: referring to western European countries that are not trustworthy.
- (28) Latin fraud: dishonesty of Latin countries.
- (29) laves: washes.
- (30) on Sunium's marbled steep: Byron visited twice while in Greece the high rocky promontory (modern Cape Colonna) which is crowned by the marble columns of an ancient temple to Poseidon. A number of the Cyclades islands are visible from this point, and it was probably here that Byron got his inspiration for "The Isles of Greece."

(31) save: except.

V. Percy Bysshe Shelley

Shelley (1792-1822) was born into a wealthy family at Sussex. His father was a conservative man of the landed gentry, and his mother was a beautiful woman. He was a quiet and thoughtful boy. Though gentle by nature, his rebellious qualities were cultivated in his early years. He was sent to study at Eton, but he did not like the life there. He seldom joined in the ordinary school games, and refused to fag for the bigger boys; he would wander about by himself, watching the clouds and the birds, or reading books of different kinds. He liked chemistry too, and was more than once brought into trouble by the daring experiments he made. At 18, Shelley entered Oxford University, where he had written and circulated a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism* (1811), repudiating the existence of God. This event resulted in his expulsion from the university and being disinherited by his headstrong father. Shortly after this, the 19-year-old Shelley went to London where he met Harriet Westbrook. He eloped with her to Edinburgh and married her. Back in London, Shelley became a disciple of the radical social philosopher, William Godwin. In 1813 he published his first long serious work, *Queen Mab: A Philosophical Poem*, which emphasizes how the "Spirit of Nature" pulses in all people and makes an absurdity of selfishness and pride. In the following year, Shelley fell in love with Godwin's daughter, Mary Wollstonecraft. In 1814, after separating from his wife, Shelley briefly toured Europe with Mary. Harriet's drowning in 1816 freed him to legalize his union with Mary, but left him a bad reputation as an "immoralist." His *Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude* came out in 1816,

which is a record of Shelley's intense consciousness of his own loneliness in life and a passionate contemplation of the mystery of death. During another brief visit to the Continent in the summer of 1816, Shelley met Byron in Geneva and began to form a close association with him. During this trip, Shelley composed two short poems, "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" and "Mont Blanc." Back home, Shelley started to develop his acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, Keats, Hazlitt and Thomas Love Peacock. Then, early in 1818, Shelley and his wife Mary left England for the last time.

15.1. During the remaining four years of his life, Shelley traveled and lived in various Italian cities, producing all his major works: *Julian and Maddalo* (1818), *The Revolt of Islam* (1818), *The Cenci* (1819), *Prometheus Unbound* (1819), *Adonais* (1821), *Hellas* (1822), scores of magnificent lyrics, and the major prose essay, *A Defence of Poetry* (1822). Shelley was drowned in 1822 in a storm near La Spezia, at the age of 30. His body was cremated on the seashore and the ashes were buried in Rome. On his tombstone was inscribed "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Cor Cordium," which means "the heart of all hearts."

Shelley grew up with violent revolutionary ideas under the influence of the free thinkers like Hume and Godwin, so he held a life-long aversion to cruelty, injustice, authority, institutional religion and the formal shams of respectable society, condemning war, tyranny and exploitation. He believed that his age was one of the war of the oppressed against the oppressors. He felt that the existing despotic governments could be overthrown by revolution, and he showed a constant attention to the development of such movements. Actually he dedicated all his life to the war against injustice and oppression. However, under the influence of Christian humanism, Shelley took interest in social reforms. He realized that the evil was

also in man's mind. Thus he warned that even after a revolution, i.e. after the restoration of human morality and creativity, the evil deep in man's heart might again be loosed. So he predicated that only through gradual and suitable reforms of the existing institutions could benevolence be universally established and none of the evils would survive in this "genuine society," where people could live together happily, freely and peacefully.

Shelley expressed his love for freedom and his hatred toward tyranny in several of his lyrics such as "Ode to Liberty," "Ode to Naples," "Sonnet: England in 1819" and so on. One of Shelley's greatest political lyrics is "Men of England." It is not only a war cry calling upon all working people to rise up against their political oppressors, but an address to them pointing out the intolerable injustice of economic exploitation. The poem was later to become a rallying song of the British Communist Party. 7/10

Many critics regard Shelley as one of the greatest of all English poets. They point especially to his lyrics: "The Cloud" (1820), "To a Skylark" (1820), and *Adonais* (1821) are good examples. In "The Cloud," Shelley created a Platonic symbol of the spirit of man, a force of beauty and regeneration. In "To a Skylark," the bird, suspended between reality and poetic image, pours forth an exultant song which suggests to the poet both celestial rapture and human limitation. *Adonais* is an elegy for John Keats whose early death from tuberculosis Shelley believed had been hastened by hostile reviews. In *Adonais*, these men become the embodiments of philistinism and reaction, the enemies of truth. Best of all the well-known lyric pieces is Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (1819); here Shelley's rhapsodic and declamatory tendencies find a subject perfectly suited to them. The autumn wind, burying the dead year, preparing for a new Spring, becomes an image of Shelley himself, as

he would want to be, in its freedom, its destructive-constructive potential, its universality. "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!" calls the Shelley that could not bear being fettered to the humdrum realities of everyday! The whole poem has a logic of feeling, a not easily analyzable progression that leads to the triumphant, hopeful and convincing conclusion: "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" The poem is written in the *terza rima* form Shelley derived from his reading of Dante. The nervous thrill of Shelley's response to nature however is here transformed through the power of art and imagination into a longing to be united with a force at once physical and prophetic. Here is no conservative reassurance, no comfortable mysticism, but the primal amorality of nature itself, with its mad fury and its pagan ruthlessness. Shelley's ode is an invocation to a primitive deity, a plea to exalt him in its fury and to trumpet the radical prophecy of hope and rebirth.

Shelley's greatest achievement is his four-act poetic drama, Prometheus Unbound (1820). According to the Greek mythology, Prometheus, the champion of humanity, who has stolen the fire from Heaven, is punished by Zeus to be chained on Mount Caucasus and suffers the vulture's feeding on his liver. Shelley based his drama on *Prometheus Bound* by Aeschylus, in which Prometheus reconciles with the tyrant Zeus. Radical and revolutionary as Shelley, he wrote in the preface: "In truth, I was averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that reconciling the Champion with the Oppressor of Mankind." So he gave a totally different interpretation, transforming the compromise into a liberation. With the strong support of Earth, his mother; Asia, his bride and the help from Demogorgon and Hercules, Zeus is driven from the throne, Prometheus is unbound. The play is an exultant work in praise of humankind's potential, and Shelley himself recognized it as "the most perfect of my

products."

Shelley is one of the leading Romantic poets, an intense and original lyrical poet in the English language. Like Blake, he has a reputation as a difficult poet: erudite, imagistically complex, full of classical and mythological allusions. His style abounds in personification and metaphor and other figures of speech which describe vividly what we see and feel, or express what passionately moves us.

Selected Readings:

1. A Song: Men of England(1)

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed and clothe and save
From the cradle to the grave
Those ungrateful drones(2) who would
Drain your sweat — nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, (3) forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil(4)?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear

With your pain and with your fear? (5)

The seed ye sow, another reaps;

The wealth ye find, another keeps;

The robes ye weave, another wears;

The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed — but let no tyrant reap:

Find wealth — let no impostor heap:

Weave robes — let not the idler wear:

Forge arms — in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells —

In halls ye deck another dwells.

Why shake the chains ye wrought? when see

The steel ye tempered glance on ye(6).

With plough and spade and hoe and loom

Trace your grave and build your tomb

And weave your winding-sheet — till fair

England be your Sepulchre. (7)

Notes:

- (1) This poem was written in 1819, the year of the Peterloo Massacre. It is unquestionably one of Shelley's greatest political lyrics. It is not only a war cry calling upon all working people of England to rise up against their political oppressors, but also an address to point out to them the intolerable injustice of economic exploitation.
- (2) drones: the male of the honey-bees that do not work, referring here to the parasitic class in human society.
- (3) Bees of England: referring here to the laboring people in England.

- (4) The forced produce of your toil: the products of your labor which are produced under compulsion.
- (5) Or what is it ye buy so dear / With your pain and with your fear: What is the recompense you obtain at the high price of your sufferings and anxieties?
- (6) The steel ye tempered glance on ye: The sword you forged is flashed in your face.
- (7) The last two stanzas of the poem are ironically addressed to those workers who submit passively to capitalist exploitation. They serve as a warning to the working people, that if the latter should give up their struggle they would be digging graves for themselves with their own hands. Compared to the preceding stanzas, these lines appear weak and ineffectual.

2. Ode to the West Wind

(Shelley eulogized the powerful west wind and expressed his eagerness to enjoy the boundless freedom from the reality. He gathered in this poem a wealth of symbolism, employed a structural art and his powers of metrical orchestration at their mightiest.)

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes(1): O Thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring(2) shall blow

Her clarion(3) o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like Earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning:(4) there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad(5), even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou Dirge

Of the dying year,(6) to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain and fire and hail will burst: O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams(7),

Beside a pumice isle(8) in Baiae's bay(9),
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! (10) Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers(11)

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear! (12)

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O Uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened Earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Notes:

- (1) Pestilence-stricken multitudes: 指大堆枯叶被西风吹跑, 仿佛是在躲避瘟疫。
- (2) Thine azure sister of the Spring: refers to the west wind that will blow in the spring.
- (3) clarion: a high, shrill trumpet.
- (4) Angels of rain and lightening: the clouds.

- (5) Maenad: a frenzy woman in Greek mythology.
- (6) Thou Dirge / Of the dying year: referring to west wind.
- (7) the coil of his crystalline streams: the currents that flow in the Mediterranean Sea, sometimes with a visible difference in color.
- (8) pumice isle: an isle near Naples, Italy, formed by deposits of lava from Vesuvius, a volcano.
- (9) Baiae's bay: a favorite resort of ancient Romans, near Naples.
- (10) the sense faints picturing them: seeing the images so beautiful one feels faint to describe them.
- (11) the Atlantic's level powers: referring to the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.
- (12) Lines from 38 to 42 describe the power of the wind, even the vegetation at the bottom of the seagrow grey when it comes.

VI. John Keats

John Keats (1795-1821) was born in London, the son of a livery-stable owner who died when the boy was nine. Keats was educated at the Clarke's School where his first inclination toward poetry was initiated by his friend Cowden Clarke, the son of the school headmaster. At the age of fifteen when his mother died, Keats left school and was apprenticed to Thomas Hammond, a surgeon and apothecary. Subsequently, from 1815 to 1816, Keats studied medicine at Guy's Hospital in London. In 1816 he became a licensed apothecary but did not practice much of his profession; instead he turned to devote himself to poetry. Even during his years of apprenticeship, he was preoccupied with poetry, reading much of Spenser, Milton and Homer. It was Spenser who awakened in Keats his dormant poetic gift, and the first verses which he wrote were in imitation of the Elizabethan poetry. Besides the classical elements, Hunt, the radical journalist and minor poet, was a vital influence on the early Keats, cultivating him with a taste for liberal politics as well as

for the fine arts. //

Keats's first important poem "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" was published in 1816 in the paper, *Examiner*, run by Hunt. In 1817, he published his first volume of poems, and one of the good poems in this volume was "Sleep and Poetry," which expressed his own poetic aspirations. *Endymion*, published in 1818, was a poem based on the Greek myth of Endymion and the moon goddess. In this poem, Keats described his imagination in an enchanted atmosphere — a lovely moon-lit world where human love and ideal beauty were merged into one. *Endymion* marked a transitional phase in Keats's poetry, though he himself was not satisfied with it. But the reviewers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Quarterly Review* and the *British Critic* launched savage attacks on Keats, declaring *Endymion* to be sheer nonsense, recommending that Keats give up poetry and go back to the chemist's, and calling the romantic verse of Hunt's literary circle "the Cockney School of poetry."

At the close of 1817, while Keats was finishing *Endymion*, he came to realize the artist's need for more complex experience. So he set out, with a friend, on a walking tour to the Lake Country and to Scotland. This was Keats's first sight of real mountains, and he gloried in the grand scenery. After his return from the tour, Keats became ill with tuberculosis, from which he had never quite recovered. And other griefs and troubles crowded in upon him. First his dearly loved brother, Tom, died; then he was in trouble about money; the cruel criticisms of his poetry hurt him at the same time; and to this already overcharged heart something else was added: he fell in love. However, love brought to him no joyful rest, but rather passionate jealous restlessness. For he could not marry the one he loved due to his poverty and poor health. It was this yearning and suffering that

quicken his maturity and added a new dimension to his poetry.

From 1818 to 1820, Keats reached the summit of his poetic creation. In July 1820, the third and best of his volumes of poetry, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*, was published. The three title poems all deal with mythical and legendary themes of ancient, medieval, and Renaissance times. At the heart of these poems lies Keats's concern with how the ideal can be joined with the real, the imagined with the actual, and man with woman. The volume also contains his four great odes: "Ode on Melancholy," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode to a Nightingale," "Ode to Psyche;" his lyric masterpiece "To Autumn" and the unfinished poem "Hyperion." In the fall of 1820, under his doctor's orders to seek a warm climate for the winter, Keats went to Rome. He died there on February 23, 1821, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery.

The odes are generally regarded as Keats's most important and mature works. Their subject matter, however, is the poet's abiding preoccupation with the imagination as it reaches out to union with the beautiful. In the greatest of these works, he also suggests the undercurrent of disillusion that accompanies such ecstasy, the human suffering which forever questions the visionary transcendence achieved by art.

"Ode to a Nightingale" expresses the contrast between the happy world of natural loveliness and human world of agony. Here the aching ecstasy roused by the bird's song is felt like a form of spiritual homesickness, a longing to be at one with beauty. The poem first introduces joy and sorrow, song and music, death and rapture which free him into the world of dream. Opiates and wine at first seem the way to this union and to the attainment of a rapture which transcends the human misery. Eventually however poetry itself is seen as

the most effective means to release misery, a vehicle to reach paradise. By combining a tingling anticipation with a lapsing towards dissolution, Keats manages to keep a precarious balance between mirth and despair, rapture and grief. Inspired by the nightingale's song, his thoughts now ascend from the transfigured physical world, through the imagined ecstasy of death, to the timeless present of the nightingale's song. A world of beauty is here visualized through the power of language. But the excitement created through words is also subtly destroyed by them. The ultimate imaginative view of "faery lands forlorn" evaporates in its extremity as the full associations of the last word "toll" the poet back from his near-loss of selfhood to the real and human world of sorrow and death.

"Ode on an Grecian Urn" shows the contrast between the permanence of art and the transience of human passion. The poet has absorbed himself into the timeless beautiful scenery on the antique Grecian urn: the lovers, musicians and worshippers on the urn exist simultaneously and for ever in their intensity of joy. They are unaffected by time, stilled in expectation. This is at once the glory and the limitation of the world conjured up by an object of art. The urn celebrates but simplifies intuitions of ecstasy by seeming to deny our painful knowledge of transience and suffering. But in the last stanza, the urn becomes a "Cold Pastoral," which presents his ambivalence about time and the nature of beauty.

Keats's poetry is always sensuous, colorful and rich in imagery, which expresses the acuteness of his senses. Sight, sound, scent, taste and feeling are all taken in to give an entire understanding of an experience. He has the power of entering the feelings of others — either human or animal. He declared once that when he saw a bird on the lawn, he entered imaginatively into the life of the bird. Keats delights to dwell on beautiful words and phrases which sound musi-

cal. He draws diction, style and imagery from works of Shakespeare, Milton and Dante. With vivid and rich images, he paints poetic pictures full of wonderful color.

In his short writing career of six or seven years, Keats produced a variety of kinds of work, including epic, lyric and narrative poems. The mythic world of the ancient Greece and the English poetry of the Renaissance period provide Keats with the most important imaginative resources. And his realization of the empathic power of the imagination is of the greatest consequence to his work and is a faculty which, as his thought and technique matured, leads him to his most profound insights. Keats's poetry, characterized by exact and closely knit construction, sensual descriptions, and by force of imagination, gives transcendental values to the physical beauty of the world. Critics agree that Keats is, with Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, one of the indisputably great English poets. And his mighty poems will no doubt have a lasting place in the history of English literature.

Selected Reading:

Ode on a Grecian Urn

1

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,

Thou foster-child of silence and slow time, (1)

Sylvan historian, (2) who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe (3) or the dales of Arcady (4)?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth(5)?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu; (6)

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and forever young;

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. (7)

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer(8) lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel(9),
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

5

O Attic shape(10)! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral(11)!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Notes:

- (1) Thou still unravish'd bride...slow time: It means that though time has passed, the urn, the work of art still remains. Human life is transient, but art is immortal.
- (2) Sylvan historian: Sylvan means rustic, representing a woodland scene. Here "Sylvan historian" refers to the urn telling a pastoral tale.
- (3) Tempe: a beautiful valley in Greece, regarded as sacred to Apollo, the God of poetry.
- (4) Arcady: an ancient place in Greece, often used as a symbol of the pastoral ideal.
- (5) loth: unwilling.
- (6) nor ever bid the spring adieu: spring will forever stay with them; "adieu" means good-bye.

- (7) All breathing human passion far above... and a parching tongue: The young lovers on the urn and their love are far above the agony of human passion. Here "cloy'd" means to annoy somebody because there is too much of it.
- (8) heifer: young cow.
- (9) citadel: fortress on high ground overlooking and protecting a town or city.
- (10) Attic shape: the urn in ancient Greek form of art.
- (11) Cold Pastoral: the pastoral scene is carried by the urn which lacks life and warmth.

VI. Jane Austen

Jane Austen (1775-1817) was born in a country clergyman's family on 16 December 1775, in the parish of Steventon. She was brought up in an intelligent but restricted environment. Her father was a rector and a scholar with a good library. She was educated at home with her sister. Through a wide reading of books available in her father's library, Jane acquired a thorough knowledge of eighteenth-century English literature, including the moral philosophy of Dr. Johnson, the poetry of W. Cowper, as well as the novels by Richardson and Fielding. She lived a quiet, retired and, in public terms, uneventful life, though she did move to several places like Bath, Southampton and Chawton. And her closest companion was her elder sister Cassandra, who, like her, never married. Austen began as a child to write novels for her family entertainment. Her works were later published anonymously due to the prejudice against women writers then. She died in Winchester.

[In her lifelong career, Jane Austen wrote altogether six complete novels,] which can be divided into two distinct periods. She wrote her first three novels in the period of 1795 to 1798, but it took her more than 15 years to find a publisher. Her first novel, *Sense and Sensibility* (1811), tells a story about two sisters and

their love affairs; *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), the most popular of her novels, deals with the five Bennet sisters and their search for suitable husbands; and *Northanger Abbey* (1818) satirizes those popular Gothic romances of the late 18th century. Austen's second period of productivity began in 1811 after the publication of *Sense and Sensibility*. All her last three novels deal with the romantic entanglements of their strongly characterized heroines. *Mansfield Park* (1814) presents the antithesis of worldliness and unworldliness; *Emma* (1815) gives the thought over self-deceptive vanity; and *Persuasion* (1818) contrasts the true love with the prudential calculations. Several incomplete works were published long after Austen's death. These include *The Watsons* (1823), *Fragment of a Novel* (1825), and *Plan of a Novel* (1826).

Generally speaking, Jane Austen was a writer of the 18th century, though she lived mainly in the nineteenth century. She holds the ideals of the landlord class in politics, religion and moral principles; and her works show clearly her firm belief in the predominance of reason over passion, the sense of responsibility, good manners and clear-sighted judgment over the Romantic tendencies of emotion and individuality. As a realistic writer, she considers it her duty to express in her works a discriminated and serious criticism of life, and to expose the follies and illusions of mankind. She shows contemptuous feelings towards snobbery, stupidity, worldliness and vulgarity through subtle satire and irony. And in style, she is a neoclassicism advocator, upholding those traditional ideas of order, reason, proportion and gracefulness in novel writing.

Austen's main literary concern is about human beings in their personal relationships. Because of this, her novels have a universal significance. It is her conviction that a man's relationship to his wife and children is at least as important a part of his life as his concerns

17/10 about his belief and career. It reveals his moral quality more accurately and truthfully. If one wants to know about a man's talents, one should see him at work, but if one wants to know about his nature and temper, one should see him at home. Austen shows a human being not at moments of crisis, but in the most trivial incidents of everyday life. It doesn't mean that this is less fundamental in the study of human nature and life. For life is made up of small things, and human nature reveals itself in them as fully as in big ones. A picnic in the woods shows up selfishness, kindness, vanity or sincerity just as much as a fight in a battlefield.

As for her interest in the study of human beings in their relationships with other people in daily life, Jane Austen is particularly preoccupied with the relationship between men and women in love. Stories of love and marriage provide the major themes in all her novels, in which female characters are always playing an active part. In their pursuit of a marriage, they are usually categorized into three types according to their different attitudes: those who would marry for material wealth and social position, those who would marry just for beauty and passion, and those who would marry for true love with a consideration of the partner's personal merit as well as his economical and social status. In another word, Jane Austen tries to say that it is wrong to marry just for money or for beauty, but it is also wrong to marry without it.

As a novelist Jane Austen writes within a very narrow sphere. The subject matter, the character range, the social setting, and plots are all restricted to the provincial life of the late 18th-century England, concerning three or four landed gentry families with their daily routine life: relationships with members of their own family and with their friends, dancing parties, tea parties, picnics, and gossips. In her novels, there is little reflection on the events that

stirred the whole Europe at the time, no thrilling adventures, no abstract ideas, no romantic reveries, and even no death scenes. Everything in her novel results in an observation of a quiet, uneventful and contented life of the English country. Here lie her very weak points as well as strong points. Such narrowness apparently comes from the writer's own limited experience and knowledge; yet, by writing within the small area of her experience and by never stepping beyond the limits of her knowledge, it allows the writer to have a close study of characters and a detailed description of recurring situations so that she can portray them with absolute accuracy and sureness. It is no exaggeration to say that within her limited sphere, Jane Austen is unequalled. ||

Pride and Prejudice, originally drafted as "First Impressions" in 1796, is the most delightful of Jane Austen's works. The title tells of a major concern of the novel: pride and prejudice. If to form good relationships is our main task in life, we must first have good judgment. Our first impressions, according to Jane Austen, are usually wrong, as is shown here by those of Elizabeth. In the process of judging others, Elizabeth finds out something about herself: her blindness, partiality, prejudice and absurdity. In time she discovers her own shortcomings. On the other hand, Darcy too learns about other people and himself. In the end false pride is humbled and prejudice dissolved.

The structure of the novel is exquisitely deft, the characterization in the highest degree memorable, while the irony has a radiant shrewdness unmatched elsewhere. At the heart of the novelist's exploration of the marriage, property and intrigue lies the exhilarating suspense of the relationship between Elizabeth Bennet and Darcy, and Jane Austen's delicate probing of the values of the gentry. The moments of high comedy in the novel are always related to deeper is-

sues. Elizabeth's rejection of the odious Mr. Collins suggests her independence and self-esteem, but when Collins is accepted by her friend Charlotte Lucas, we see the reality of marriage as a necessary step if a woman is to avoid the wretchedness of aging spinsterhood. Conversely, in the elopement of Lydia and Wickham, we are shown the dangers of feckless relationships unsupported by money. The comic characters in *Pride and Prejudice* are: Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Collins and that monstrous snob Lady Catherine de Burgh, who make us laugh even as they parody erroneous views of marriage and class.

The works of Jane Austen, at once delightful and profound, are among the supreme achievements of English literature. With trenchant observation and in meticulous detail, she presents the quiet, day-to-day country life of the upper-middle-class English. Her characteristic theme is that maturity is achieved through the loss of illusions. Faults of character displayed by the people of her novels are corrected when, through tribulation, lessons are learned. Even the most minor characters are vividly particularized in Austen's lucid style. All these show a mind of the shrewdest intelligence adapting the available traditions and deepening the resources of art with consummate craftsmanship. Because of her sensitivity to universal patterns of human behavior, Jane Austen has brought the English novel, as an art of form, to its maturity, and she has been regarded by many critics as one of the greatest of all novelists. 17/10

Selected Reading:

An excerpt from Chapter I of *Pride and Prejudice*

(*Pride and Prejudice* mainly tells of the love story between a rich, proud young man Darcy and the beautiful and intelligent

Elizabeth Bennet. Mr. Bennet, a clergyman who has married young and rashly, is skeptical of conventional marriage and has no good words for his beautiful daughters except Elizabeth. Mrs. Bennet is a beautiful but empty-headed, snobbish and vulgar woman whose only goal in life is to marry her five daughters to rich, handsome young men. Darcy comes to the neighborhood with his friend Bingley who is an immediate success in local society and falls in love with Jane, the most beautiful and good-natured eldest daughter of the Bennets. At a party, Darcy, with his proud and seemingly cold disposition, makes a bad impression on the local people. He slights Elizabeth and hurts her dignity by refusing to dance with her. In their later meetings, however, Darcy begins to admire the girl in spite of himself, but Elizabeth, on account of her prejudice against him, tries to bring down his pride and has the satisfaction of refusing him a dance too. Once in a town, Elizabeth makes acquaintance with a charming young officer Wickham and learns from him that Darcy is a cold-blooded, selfish man who has deprived Wickham of his fortune. With her own suspicion that Darcy might be responsible for the separation of Bingley and Jane, Elizabeth readily believes Wickham's story. Later when Darcy makes an honest but proud proposal of marriage to her, Elizabeth, annoyed by his separating her sister and Bingley and prejudiced by Wickham's deceiving, rejects him promptly. She soon regrets for what she has said when she receives a letter from Darcy explaining his justified low opinion of the Bennet family and his generous treatment of Wickham who is, after all, a vain, wicked-minded man. Then Elizabeth sets on a tour with her aunt and uncle to Derbyshire and happens to pay a visit to Pemberley, the big, grand house of the Darcy family. Unexpectedly the master of the house returns, much to the embarrassment of

the young lady. What surprises Elizabeth more is that this time he is very polite to her and her relatives and even introduces his younger sister to them. When their impaired relationship is well on the way to improvement, Elizabeth is suddenly summoned home because her youngest sister Lydia has eloped with Wickham. And it is only through the generous intervention of Darcy, who arranges to have them properly married, that the Bennet family is able to get out of the disgrace. The revelation of Darcy's generous help further assures Elizabeth of his feelings towards herself and at the same time makes her realize how truthful his accusation of lowliness of her family is. As Elizabeth is meditating on the hopeless situation of her union with Darcy, Lady de Bourgh, aunt of Darcy, comes to Longbourn, on hearing some rumor, to force Elizabeth into a promise of never consenting to marry Darcy. Out of anger and contempt for the arrogant and bad-mannered lady, Elizabeth refuses to promise anything. With indignation, the old lady goes to her nephew, intending to give him a picture of a disrespectful, ill-mannered Elizabeth; but fortunately this enlightens him about the young lady's heart and encourages him to go to Longbourn and make a second proposal, which is finally accepted by Elizabeth.

Besides the main story of this happy pair, also told are the minor ones about the union between the rich bachelor Bingley and the beautiful, mild Jane; about the servile clergyman Collins, cousin of the Bennets and heir to the Bennets' property, who first proposes to Elizabeth and, when refused, marries the plain, 27-year-old Charlotte Lucas, the best friend of Elizabeth; and about the thoughtless couple Lydia and Wickham. The old Bennets too are vividly portrayed.)

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady (1) to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park(2) is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long (3) has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough. (4)

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris(5) immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas(6), and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. (7) What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for (8) that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better; for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be any thing extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas (9) are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him, if you do not."

"You are over scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy (10)."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better

than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, (11) my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts(12), sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news. (13)

Notes:

(1) his lady: Here refers to Mrs. Bennet.

- (2) Netherfield Park: the name of an estate in the neighborhood of the Bennets.
- (3) Mrs. Long: a neighbor of the Bennets.
- (4) This was invitation enough; This was encouraging enough.
- (5) Mr. Morris: the owner of Netherfield Park.
- (6) Michaelmas: September 29th.
- (7) four or five thousand a year: Here it means an income of four or five thousand pounds a year.
- (8) no occasion for: That is, there is no reason for...
- (9) Sir William and Lady Lucas: a neighboring couple.
- (10) Lizzy: Elizabeth, the second daughter of the Bennets.
- (11) Depend upon it: You may be sure; Don't worry.
- (12) quick parts: wit.
- (13) its solace was visiting and news: The comfort of her life is to visit her neighbors and gossip with them about trivial things.

Chapter 4 The Victorian Period

Chronologically the Victorian period roughly coincides with the reign of Queen Victoria who ruled over England from 1836 to 1901. The period has been generally regarded as one of the most glorious in the English history.

The early years of the Victorian England was a time of rapid economic development as well as serious social problems. After the Reform Bill of 1832 passed the political power from the decaying aristocrats into the hands of the middle-class industrial capitalists, the Industrial Revolution soon geared up. Scientific discoveries and technologic inventions from railways to steamships, from spinning looms to printing machines quickly brought amazing changes to the country. For a time England was the "workshop of the world." Large amounts of profit were accumulated both from expanding its foreign trade markets and from exploiting its huge-sized colonies. Towards the mid-century, England had reached its highest point of development as a world power. And yet beneath the great prosperity and richness, there existed widespread poverty and wretchedness among the working class. In the towns and cities where new factories and mines bloomed, population grew at a high rate. Workers and their families crowded in the dirty and insanitary slums. The working conditions under which workers toiled were unimaginably brutal, especially in textile factories and coal mines where women and children were widely employed. The worsening living and working conditions, the mass unemployment and the new Poor Law of 1834 with its workhouse system finally gave rise to the Chartist Movement (1836-1848). The English workers got themselves organized in big cities and brought forth the People's Charter, in which they demanded basic rights and better living and working conditions.

They, for three times, made appeals to the government, with hundreds of thousands of people's signatures. The movement swept over most of the cities in the country. Although the movement declined to an end in 1848, it did bring some improvement to the welfare of the working class. This was the first mass movement of the English working class and the early sign of the awakening of the poor, oppressed people.

During the next twenty years, England settled down to a time of prosperity and relative stability. With the Industrial Revolution in full swing, the nation was well ahead of others in development. The middle-class life of the time was characterized by prosperity, respectability and material progress. People as a whole were trying to live up to a national spirit of earnestness, respectability, modesty and domesticity, with the Queen herself as the epitome of such virtues. Common sense and moral propriety, which were ignored by the Romanticists, again became the predominant preoccupation in literary works.

But the last three decades of the century witnessed the decline of the British empire and the decay of the Victorian values. Abroad, Britain still maintained its strong economic and military forces and its colonial territory was still the largest. But its absolute leadership in industry and military force was already facing challenge from Germany. The competition with America also hurt the British monopoly in trade and commerce. At home, the Irish question remained unsolved. The growth of labor force — the proletariat — disturbed the balance of the political power, which used to be maintained between the Whigs and the Tories. The Victorian morality which had been the spiritual prop for the national consolidation, as the century came to its end, began to lose its glamour, and the old moderate, respectable life-style was to be replaced by a more "loose and dissipa-

ing" one. This fin-de-siecle sentiment was best reflected in the works of such aestheticists as Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) and Walter Pater (1839-1894), both notorious advocates of the theory of "art for art's sake."

Ideologically, the Victorians experienced fundamental changes. The rapid development of science and technology, new inventions and discoveries in geology, astronomy, biology and anthropology drastically shook people's religious convictions. The religious collision that started from the early nineteenth century continued and was intensified by the disputes over evolutionary science. Darwin's *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871) shook the theoretical basis of the traditional faith. New scientific discoveries increased people's religious doubts and anxieties. In his long poem *In Memoriam*, Tennyson recorded his own experience of religious uncertainties before the falling faith in god. On the other hand, Utilitarianism was widely accepted and practised. Almost everything was put to the test by the criterion of utility, that is, the extent to which it could promote the material happiness. The Bible and the Evangelical Orthodoxy were regarded either as an outmoded superstition or tested by the principle of utility. Church service became a form instead of real devotion. This theory held a special appeal to the middle-class industrialists, whose greed drove them to exploiting workers to the utmost and brought greater suffering and poverty to the working mass. Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin and many other socially conscious writers severely criticized the Utilitarian creed, especially its depreciation of cultural values and its cold indifference towards human feelings and imagination.

Victorian literature, as a product of its age, naturally took on its quality of magnitude and diversity. It was many-sided and complex, and reflected both romantically and realistically the great

changes that were going on in people's life and thought. Great writers and great works abounded.

In this period, the novel became the most widely read and the most vital and challenging expression of progressive thought. Among the famous novelists of the time were the critical realists like Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Emily Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell (1810-1865) and Anthony Trollope (1815-1882), etc. While sticking to the principle of faithful representation of the eighteenth-century realist novel, they carried their duty forward to the criticism of the society and the defence of the mass. Although writing from different points of view and with different techniques, they shared one thing in common, that is, they were all concerned about the fate of the common people. They were angry with the inhuman social institutions, the decaying social morality as represented by the money-worship and Utilitarianism, and the widespread misery, poverty and injustice. Their truthful picture of people's life and bitter and strong criticism of the society had done much in awakening the public consciousness to the social problems and in the actual improvement of the society. And in the last few decades there were also George Eliot, the pioneering woman who, according to D. H. Lawrence, was the first novelist that "started putting all the actions inside," and Thomas Hardy, that Wessex man who not only continued to expose and criticize all sorts of social iniquities, but finally came to question and attack the Victorian conventions and morals.

The Victorian age also produced a host of great prose writers: Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859), Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), John Henry Newman (1801-1890), John Stuart Mill (1806-1873), John Ruskin (1819-1900), and Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895), to mention a few.

Many of them joined forces with the critical realist novelists in exposing and criticizing the social reality, and some became very influential in the ideological field. Historical accounts, religious dissertations, literary criticism, and essays and lectures on various subjects constitute a formidable force of influence upon the whole society. At the same time, they brought English prose to a very high point in both prose art and literary criticism. Among the most influential prose works of the time are Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* (1833-1834), *The French Revolution* (1837), *Chartism* (1840), Macaulay's *History of England* (1849-1861), Ruskin's five-volumed *Modern Painters* (1843-1860) and Huxley's lecture essays.

The poetry of this period was mainly characterized by experiments with new styles and new ways of expression. Among those famous experimental poets was Robert Browning who created the verse novel by adopting the novelistic presentation of characters. This transferred the thematic interest from mere narration of the story to revelation and study of characters' inner world and brought to the Victorian poetry some psycho-analytical element. Other poets like Alfred Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883), Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882) and his talented sister Christina (1830-1894), Gerald Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) and Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909) all made their respective attempts at poetic innovations and helped open up new ways for the twentieth-century modern poetry.

Victorian literature, in general, truthfully represents the reality and spirit of the age. The high-spirited vitality, the down-to-earth earnestness, the good-natured humor and unbounded imagination are all unprecedented. In almost every genre it paved the way for the coming century, where its spirits, values and experiments are to witness their bumper harvest.

I . Charles Dickens

Son of a petty navy office clerk, Charles Dickens (1812-1870) hardly knew comfort or luxury as a child. At the age of ten, he was forced to leave school to work at a blacking factory, because his father had been taken into prison for debt. Pasting labels on blacking bottles twelve hours by day and sleeping under the counter at night, the child always felt hungry, lonely, and ignored. The hardship and suffering inflicted upon the sensitive young Charles had left an everlasting bitter remembrance in his later life. In 1827, Charles entered a lawyer's office, and two years later he became a Parliamentary reporter for newspapers. The journalistic experience not only enabled him to get acquainted with some inside knowledge of the British legal and political system, and gave him a chance to meet people of all kinds, but also laid a good foundation for his coming literary career.

From 1833 Dickens began to write occasional sketches of London life, which were later collected and published under the title *Sketches by Boz* (1836). Soon *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1836-1837) appeared in monthly installments. It at once lifted him into a position of fame and fortune. And since then, his life became one of endless hard work. Besides the 17 novels he wrote and published in installments, Dickens was editor or owner of several newspapers and magazines. Often he was an enthusiastic participant or organizer of some charity activities. Twice he traveled to America, and widely on the Continent. In his last years, he did a lot of recitation of his own works before the public and even took part in the performance of his works. In 1870, this man of great heart and vitality died of overwork, leaving his last novel unfinished.

// Dickens is one of the greatest critical realist writers of the Victorian Age. It is his serious intention to expose and criticize in his works all the poverty, injustice, hypocrisy and corruptness he sees all around him. But his social attitudes are very complicated. He hates the state apparatus, especially the Parliament, but as a bourgeois writer, he can in no way supply any fundamental solution to the social plights. The best he can do seems to try to retain an optimism with wishful thinking, as in his early works, or to express a helpless indignant protest, as in his later novels. At the same time, he hopes to call people's attention to the existing social problems, thus effecting some reform or amelioration. And yet, whatever his limitations, this man is loved and admired by the millions, not only for the practical reform his works have helped to bring about but also for that heart which is ready to love and sympathize.

In his works, Dickens sets out a full map and a large-scale criticism of the nineteenth century England, particularly London. Most of his works, even if they may be products of bursting fantasy, are deeply rooted in his knowledge of that petty-bourgeois urban world which he knows under the skin, from its prestigious absurdity to its most sordid squalor. A combination of optimism about people and realism about the society is present from the very beginning. In his early novels (up to 1850), he attacks one or more specific social evils in each: for example, the dehumanizing workhouse system and the dark, criminal underworld life in *Oliver Twist* (1837-1838); the Yorkshire School where children are not taught anything but actually enslaved at the master's house in *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838-1839); legal fraud in *The Pickwick Paper*; the debtor's prison in *David Copperfield* (1849-1850); the money-worship that dominates people's life, corrupts the young and brings tragedy to Mr. Dombey's family in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-1845) and *Dombey*

and *Son* (1846-1848), etc. Here, the techniques, both of the fiction itself and of the social criticism embodied within it, are relatively straightforward and the objects of his attack are easily recognizable, and once the abuse has been overcome, the way is open to a happy conclusion. This youthful brightness and optimism is also manifest in the constant jokes and laughter.

The later works show the development of Dickens towards a highly conscious artist of the modern type. The physical settings here are sometimes a mixture of the contemporary and the recollected past, the stories, though usually double- or multiple-plotted, are much better structured, and the institutions are important not only in themselves but as metaphors for a repressive social psychology. All of the works, with the exception of *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), present a criticism of the more complicated and yet most fundamental social institutions and morals of the Victorian England, such as the legal system and practices that aim at devouring every penny of the clients in *Bleak House* (1852-1853), the governmental branches which run an indefinite procedure of management of affairs and keep the innocent in prison for life in *Little Dorrit* (1855-1857), the Utilitarian principle that rules over the English education system and destroys young hearts and minds in *Hard Times* (1854), and the overwhelming social environment which brings moral degeneration and destruction to people as in *Great Expectations* (1860-1861) and *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-1865). The attack now becomes more urgent and passionate, and this urgency creates novels of great compactness and concentration. As Dickens "explores more bleakly a bleaker world," there are fewer jokes and the comedy becomes harsher. His laughter ceases to be free, or rather, carefree; it becomes constantly inhibited by the consciousness of the unfunny side of life. The happy ending is there no more.

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Charles Dickens is a master story-teller. With his first sentence, he engages the reader's attention and holds it to the end. The settings of his stories, e. g. London, have an extraordinary vividness, a result of years' intimacy and rich imagination. In language, he is often compared with Shakespeare for his adeptness with the vernacular and large vocabulary with which he brings out many a wonderful verbal picture of man and scene. His humor and wit seem inexhaustible. Character-portrayal is the most distinguishing feature of his works. Among a vast range of various characters, marked out by some peculiarity in physical traits, speech or manner, are both types and individuals. His best-depicted characters are those innocent, virtuous, persecuted, helpless child characters such as Oliver Twist, Little Nell, David Copperfield and Little Dorrit. Dickens writes best when he writes from the child's point of view. And he is also famous for the depiction of those horrible and grotesque characters like Fagin, Bill Sikes, and Quilp, and those broadly humorous or comical ones like Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller, and Mrs. Gamp. However, these characters are impressive not only because they are true to life, but also because they are often larger than life. They are, in a way, the embodiments of human beings, with some particular features exaggerated and highlighted, exposed to the degree of extremity.

Dickens' works are also characterized by a mingling of humor and pathos. He seems to believe that life is itself a mixture of joy and grief. Life is delightful because it is at once comic and tragic. He is a humorist. Whether he exaggerates a person's physical traits to achieve a dramatic effect or to ridicule his personal defects, whether he means to be light-heartedly jocular or bitterly satirical, he is sure to produce roaring laughter or understanding smiles. To match his humorous genius, Dickens is also noted for his pictures of

pathos. No one who has ever read the death-bed scenes of little Nell (*The Old Curiosity Shop*) and little Paul (*Dombey and Son*) can forget them. The pain strikes people to the heart. Tears are shed unashamedly by men, literate or illiterate. Nonetheless, here also lies the danger for the artist. Sometimes Dickens seems so anxious to wring an extra tear from the audience that he indulges himself in excessive sentimental melodrama and spoils the story. Yet, for all that, Charles Dickens is one of the greatest Victorian writers, and his name one of those to be remembered forever.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter III of *Oliver Twist*

(*Oliver Twist* is a boy whose parentage is unknown. He is brought up in the workhouse where he and other orphans are maltreated and constantly starved. One day, because Oliver asks for more gruel, he is sent to an undertaker to work as an apprentice. Unable to bear the bullying from another apprentice boy, Oliver runs away to London. There he falls into the hands of a gang of thieves headed by the old Jew Fagin. In the thieves' den, Oliver is taught the skill of picking and stealing and is forced to steal. He is rescued for a time by the kind-hearted Mr. Brownlow. But Nancy and other gang members find him and bring him back. It finally turns out that a mysterious man, Monks wants to make the boy a criminal. Once Oliver is forced to help a burglar, Bill Sikes, in a burglary. In the course of it, Oliver is shot and badly wounded. The kindly care from Mrs. Maylie and her protégée Rose brings him back to health. Nancy, who now repents and regrets for what she has done, tries to help. She tells Rose and Mr. Brownlow of the mystery about Oliver's origin and is found out by the gang and

brutally murdered by Bill Sikes. The latter tries to escape but accidentally hangs himself in the flight. Fagin is arrested and executed. It is now known that Monks is the half-brother of Oliver and he does all this for the purpose of seizing the whole of their father's property. Rose is revealed in the end to be the sister of Oliver's dead mother. Oliver is finally adopted by Mr. Brownlow. Monks is exiled and dies in prison. Bumble, the self-important beadle of the workhouse who has conspired with Monks, becomes an inmate of the workhouse over which he formerly ruled.

The novel is famous for its vivid descriptions of the workhouse and life of the underworld in the nineteenth-century London. The author's intimate knowledge of people of the lowest order and of the city itself apparently comes from his journalistic years. Here the novel also presents Oliver Twist as Dickens's first child hero and Fagin the first grotesque figure.

This section, Chapter III of the novel, is a detailed account of how he is punished for that "impious and profane offence of asking for more" and how he is to be sold, at three pound ten, to Mr. Gamfield, the notorious chimney-sweeper. Though we can afford a smile now and then, we feel more the pitiable state of the orphan boy and the cruelty and hypocrisy of the workhouse board.)

For a week after the commission of the impious and profane offence of asking for more, Oliver remained a close prisoner in the dark and solitary room to which he had been consigned by the wisdom and mercy of the board. It appears, at first sight, not unreasonable to suppose that, if he had entertained a becoming feeling of respect for the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat, he would have established that sage individual's prophetic character, once and for ever, by tying one end of his pocket-handkerchief to a

hook in the wall, and attaching himself to the other. To the performance of this feat, however, there was one obstacle: namely, that pocket-handkerchiefs, being decided articles of luxury, had been, for all future times and ages, removed from the noses of paupers by the express order of the board in council assembled, solemnly given and pronounced under their hands and seals. There was a still greater obstacle in Oliver's youth and childishness. He only cried bitterly all day, and, when the long, dismal night came on, spread his little hands before his eyes to shut out the darkness, and crouching in the corner, tried to sleep, ever and anon waking with a start and tremble, and drawing himself closer and closer to the wall, as if to feel even its cold hard surface were a protection in the gloom and loneliness which surrounded him.

Let it not be supposed by the enemies of "the system," that, during the period of his solitary incarceration, Oliver was denied the benefit of exercise, the pleasure of society, or the advantages of religious consolation. As for exercise, it was nice cold weather, and he was allowed to perform his ablutions every morning under the pump, in a stone yard, in the presence of Mr. Bumble, who prevented his catching cold, and caused a tingling sensation to pervade his frame, by repeated applications of the cane(1). As for society, he was carried every other day into the hall where the boys dined, and there sociably flogged as a public warning and example. And so far from being denied the advantages of religious consolation, he was kicked into the same apartment every evening at prayer time, and there permitted to listen to, and console his mind with, a general supplication of the boys, containing a special clause, therein inserted by the authority of the board, in which they entreated to be made good, virtuous, contented, and obedient, and to be guarded from the sins and vices of Oliver Twist, whom the supplication distinctly

set forth to be under the exclusive patronage and protection of the powers of wickedness, and an article direct from the manufactory of the very Devil himself.

It chanced one morning, while Oliver's affairs were in this auspicious and comfortable state, that Mr. Gamfield, chimney-sweep, went his way down the High Street, deeply cogitating in his mind his ways and means of paying certain arrears(2) of rent for which his landlord had become rather pressing. Mr. Gamfield's most sanguine estimate of his finances could not raise them within full five pounds of the desired amount; and, in a species of arithmetical desperation, he was alternately cudgelling his brains and his donkey, when, passing the workhouse, his eyes encountered the bill on the gate.

"Wo — o!" said Mr. Gamfield to the donkey.

The donkey was in a state of profound abstraction, wondering, probably, whether he was destined to be regaled with a cabbage-stalk or two when he had disposed of the two sacks of soot with which the little cart was laden; so, without noticing the word of command, he jogged onward.

Mr. Gamfield growled a fierce imprecation on the donkey generally, but more particularly on his eyes, and, running after him, bestowed a blow on his head, which would inevitably have beaten in any skull but a donkey's. Then, catching hold of the bridle, he gave his jaw a sharp wrench, by way of gentle reminder that he was not his own master, and by these means turned him round. He then gave him another blow on the head, just to stun him till he came back again. Having completed these arrangements, he walked up to the gate to read the bill.

The gentleman with the white waistcoat was standing at the gate with his hands behind him, after having delivered himself of

some profound sentiments in the board-room. Having witnessed the little dispute between Mr. Gamfield and the donkey, he smiled joyously when that person came up to read the bill, for he saw at once that Mr. Gamfield was exactly the sort of master Oliver Twist wanted. Mr. Gamfield smiled, too, as he perused the document; for five pounds was just the sum he had been wishing for; and, as to the boy with which it was encumbered(3), Mr. Gamfield, knowing what the dietary of the workhouse was, well knew he would be a nice small pattern, just the very thing for register stoves(4). So he spelt the bill through again, from beginning to end; and then, touching his fur cap in token of humility, accosted the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"This here boy, sir, wot the parish wants to 'prentis," said Mr. Gamfield.

"Ay, my man," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat with a condescending smile. "What of him?"

"If the parish would like him to learn a light pleasant trade, in a good 'spectable chimbley-sweepin' bisness," said Mr. Gamfield, "I wants a 'prentis, and I am ready to take him."

"Walk in," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. Mr. Gamfield having lingered behind, to give the donkey another blow on the head, and another wrench of the jaw, as a caution not to run away in his absence, followed the gentleman with the white waistcoat into the room where Oliver had first seen him.

"It's a nasty trade," said Mr. Limbkins, when Gamfield had again stated his wish.

"Young boys have been smothered in chimneys before now," said another gentleman.

"That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down agin," said Gamfield; "that's all

smoke, and no blaze; vereas smoke ain't o' no use at all in making a boy come down, for it only sinds him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, gen'lmen, and there's nothing like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run. It's humane too, gen'lmen, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roasting their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate themselves."

The gentleman in the white waistcoat appeared very much amused by this explanation; but his mirth was speedily checked by a look from Mr. Limbkins. The board then proceeded to converse among themselves for a few minutes, but in so low a tone, that the words "saving of expenditure," "looked well in the accounts," "have a printed report published," were alone audible. These only chanced to be heard, indeed, on account of their being very frequently repeated with great emphasis.

At length the whispering ceased; and the members of the board, having resumed their seats and their solemnity, Mr. Limbkins said:

"We have considered your proposition, and we don't approve of it."

"Not at all," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Decidedly not," added the other members.

As Mr. Gamfield did happen to labour under the slight imputation of having bruised three or four boys to death already, it occurred to him that the board had, perhaps, in some unaccountable freak, taken it into their heads that this extraneous circumstance ought to influence their proceedings. It was very unlike their general mode of doing business, if they had; but still, as he had no particular wish to revive the rumour, he twisted his cap in his hands, and walked slowly from the table.

"So you won't let me have him, gen'lmen?" said Mr. Gamfield, pausing near the door.

"No," replied Mr. Limbkins; "at least, as it's a nasty business, we think you ought to take something less than the premium we offered."

Mr. Gamfield's countenance brightened as, with a quick step, he returned to the table, and said,

"What'll you give, gen'lmen? Come! Don't be too hard on a poor man. What'll you give?"

"I should say, three pound ten was plenty," said Mr. Limbkins.

"Ten shillings too much," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Come!" said Gamfield; "say four pound, gen'lmen. Say four pound, and you've got rid of him for good and all. There!"

"Three pound ten," repeated Mr. Limbkins, firmly.

"Come! I'll split the difference, gen'lmen," urged Gamfield. "Three pound fifteen."

"Not a farthing (5) more," was the firm reply of Mr. Limbkins.

"You're desperate hard upon me, gen'lmen," said Gamfield, wavering.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "He'd be cheap with nothing at all, as a premium. Take him, you silly fellow! He's just the boy for you. He wants the stick, now and then: it'll do him good; and his board needn't come very expensive, for he hasn't been overfed since he was born. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Gamfield gave an arch look at the faces round the table, and, observing a smile on all of them, gradually broke into a smile

himself. The bargain was made. Mr. Bumble was at once instructed that Oliver Twist and his indentures were to be conveyed before the magistrate, for signature and approval, that very afternoon.

In pursuance of this determination, little Oliver, to his excessive astonishment, was released from bondage, and ordered to put himself into a clean shirt. He had hardly achieved this very unusual gymnastic performance when Mr. Bumble brought him, with his own hands, a basin of gruel and the holiday allowance of two ounces and a quarter of bread. At this tremendous sight, Oliver began to cry very piteously, thinking, not unnaturally, that the board must have determined to kill him for some useful purpose, or they never would have begun to fatten him up in that way.

"Don't make your eyes red, Oliver, but eat your food and be thankful," said Mr. Bumble, in a tone of impressive pomposity. "You're going to be made a 'prentice of, Oliver."

"A 'prentice, sir!" said the child, trembling.

"Yes, Oliver," said Mr. Bumble. "The kind and blessed gentlemen which is so many parents to you, Oliver, when you have none of your own, are a going to 'prentice you, and to set you up in life, and make a man of you, although the expense to the parish is three pound ten! — three pound ten, Oliver! — seventy shillings — one hundred and forty sixpence! — and all for a naughty orphan which nobody can't love."

As Mr. Bumble paused to take breath, after delivering this address in an awful voice, the tears rolled down the poor child's face, and he sobbed bitterly.

"Come," said Mr. Bumble, somewhat less pompously, for it was gratifying to his feelings to observe the effect his eloquence had produced, "Come, Oliver! Wipe your eyes with the cuffs of your jacket, and don't cry into your gruel; that's a very foolish action,

Oliver." It certainly was, for there was quite enough water in it already.

On their way to the magistrate, Mr. Bumble instructed Oliver that all he would have to do would be to look very happy, and say, when the gentleman asked him if he wanted to be apprenticed, that he should like it very much indeed; both of which injunctions Oliver promised to obey, the rather (6) as Mr. Bumble threw in a gentle hint, that if he failed in either particular, there was no telling what would be done to him. When they arrived at the office, he was shut up in a little room by himself, and admonished by Mr. Bumble to stay there until he came back to fetch him.

There the boy remained, with a palpitating heart, for half an hour. At the expiration of which time Mr. Bumble thrust in his head, unadorned with the cocked hat, and said aloud,

"Now, Oliver, my dear, come to the gentleman." As Mr. Bumble said this, he put on a grim and threatening look, and added, in a low voice, "Mind what I told you, you young rascal!"

Oliver stared innocently in Mr. Bumble's face at this somewhat contradictory style of address; but that gentleman prevented his offering any remark thereupon by leading him at once into an adjoining room, the door of which was open. It was a large room, with a great window. Behind a desk sat two old gentlemen with powdered heads, one of whom was reading the newspaper while the other was perusing, with the aid of a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, a small piece of parchment which lay before him. Mr. Limbkins was standing in front of the desk on one side, and Mr. Gamfield, with a partially washed face, on the other, while two or three bluff-looking men, in top-boots, were lounging about.

The old gentleman with the spectacles gradually dozed off, over the little bit of parchment; and there was a short pause, after Oliver

had been stationed by Mr. Bumble in front of the desk.

"This is the boy, your worship," said Mr. Bumble.

The old gentleman who was reading the newspaper raised his head for a moment, and pulled the other old gentleman by the sleeve, whereupon the last-mentioned old gentleman woke up.

"Oh, is this the boy?" said the old gentleman.

"This is him, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "Bow to the magistrate, my dear."

Oliver roused himself, and made his best obeisance. He had been wondering, with his eyes fixed on the magistrates' powder, whether all boards were born with that white stuff on their heads, and were boards from thenceforth on that account.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I suppose he's fond of chimney-sweeping?"

"He dotes on it, (7) your worship," replied Bumble, giving Oliver a sly pinch to intimate that he had better not say he didn't.

"And he *will* be a sweep, will he?" inquired the old gentleman.

"If we was to bind him to any other trade to-morrow, he'd run away simultaneous, your worship," replied Bumble.

"And this man that's to be his master — you, sir — you'll treat him well, and feed him, and do all that sort of thing, will you?" said the old gentleman.

"When I says I will, I means I will," replied Mr. Gamfield doggedly.

"You're a rough speaker, my friend, but you look an honest, open-hearted man," said the old gentleman, turning his spectacles in the direction of the candidate for Oliver's premium, whose villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty (8). But the magistrate was half blind and half childish, so he couldn't rea-

sonably be expected to discern what other people did.

"I hope I am, sir," said Mr. Gamfield, with an ugly leer.

"I have no doubt you are, my friend," replied the old gentleman, fixing his spectacles more firmly on his nose, and looking about him for the inkstand.

It was the critical moment of Oliver's fate. If the inkstand had been where the old gentleman thought it was, he would have dipped his pen into it, and signed the indentures, and Oliver would have been straightway hurried off. But, as it chanced to be immediately under his nose, it followed, as a matter of course, that he looked all over his desk for it without finding it; and happening in the course of his search to look straight before him, his gaze encountered the pale and terrified face of Oliver Twist, who, despite all the admonitory looks and pinches of Bumble, was regarding the repulsive countenance of his future master, with a mingled expression of horror and fear, too palpable to be mistaken, even by a half-blind magistrate.

The old gentleman stopped, laid down his pen, and looked from Oliver to Mr. Limbkins, who attempted to take snuff with a cheerful and unconcerned aspect.

"My boy!" said the old gentleman, leaning over the desk. Oliver started at the sound. He might be excused for doing so, for the words were kindly said, and strange sounds frighten one. He trembled violently, and burst into tears.

"My boy!" said the old gentleman, "you look pale and alarmed. What is the matter?"

"Stand a little away from him, Beadle," said the other magistrate: laying aside the paper, and leaning forward with an expression of interest. "Now, boy, tell us what's the matter; don't be afraid."

Oliver fell on his knees, and clasping his hands together, prayed that they would order him back to the dark room — that they would starve him — beat him — kill him if they pleased — rather than send him away with that dreadful man.

“Well!” said Mr. Bumble, raising his hands and eyes with most impressive solemnity. “Well! of all the artful and designing orphans that ever I see, Oliver, you are one of the most bare-facedest (9).”

“Hold your tongue, Beadle,” said the second old gentleman, when Mr. Bumble had given vent to (10) this compound adjective.

“I beg your worship’s pardon,” said Mr. Bumble, incredulous of his having heard aright. “Did your worship speak to me?”

“Yes. Hold your tongue.”

Mr. Bumble was stupefied with astonishment. A beadle ordered to hold his tongue! A moral revolution!

The old gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles looked at his companion; he nodded significantly.

“We refuse to sanction these indentures!” said the old gentleman, tossing aside the piece of parchment as he spoke.

“I hope,” stammered Mr. Limbkins, “I hope the magistrate will not form the opinion that the authorities have been guilty of any improper conduct, on the unsupported testimony of a mere child.”

“The magistrates are not called upon to pronounce any opinion on the matter,” said the second old gentleman sharply. “Take the boy back to the workhouse, and treat him kindly. He seems to want it.”

That same evening the gentleman in the white waistcoat most positively and decidedly affirmed, not only that Oliver would be hung, but that he would be drawn and quartered into the bargain (11). Mr. Bumble shook his head with gloomy mystery, and said

he wished he might come to good; whereunto Mr. Gamfield replied, that he wished he might come to him — which, although he agreed with the beadle in most matters, would seem to be a wish of a totally opposite description.

The next morning, the public were once more informed that Oliver Twist was again To Let, and that five pounds would be paid to anybody who would take possession of him.

Notes:

- (1) repeated applications of the cane: repeated beating with the cane.
- (2) arrears: debt not yet paid when the set time is over.
- (3) encumber: be a burden to.
- (4) just the very thing for register stoves: Here it means Oliver was small enough to do chimney sweeping.
- (5) farthing: 以前的英国硬币名, 值 1/4 便士。
- (6) the rather: there was all the more necessity for him to do so.
- (7) He dotes on it: He likes it very much.
- (8) Whose villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty: He is the very image of a cruel villain.
- (9) the most bare-facedest: the most shameless.
- (10) had given vent to: had let out (usually strong emotion).
- (11) be drawn and quartered into the bargain: also be dragged away and torn into pieces (likely by dogs).

II. The Brontë Sisters

Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855), Emily Brontë (1818-1848), and their gifted sister Anne Brontë (1820-1849) came from a large family of Irish origin. Their father was a clergyman at Haworth, Yorkshire. When they were young, the Brontë sisters were sent to a school for clergymen's daughters. The eldest two died there due to

the poor and unhealthy conditions. This experience inspired the later portrayal of Lowood School in the novel *Jane Eyre* (1847). As they grew up, the sisters worked either as teacher or governess in some private families. In 1842, in order to open up a school of their own, Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels to improve their foreign languages. The two years there left hardly any trace on Emily but for Charlotte the change was most fundamental. There she fell in love with her German professor, a married man. This passionate yet one-sided love was later recounted in her works, especially in *Villette* (1853).

Social life at Haworth was very limited for the Brontë children. They had to design their own device for solace and comfort. They found great pleasure playing outside in the vast, rough, untouched moorland wilderness. This was especially so with Emily, who, a rather reserved and simple girl, was very much a child of nature. She was never tired of staying outside in the open moorland in all weathers and never at ease when she was away from it. Once, she was teaching at a girl's school. She stayed there just for a few months because she was unwell all the time. Since then, she went out no more.

When winter came, the Brontë children usually stayed at home. They read omnivorously and were particularly fond of the Romanticist writings. They even started creating works of their own minds — recordings of brilliantly contrived adventures in *Angrian* (joint work of Charlotte and their brother Branwell) and *Gondal* (by Emily and Anne). In 1845, at Charlotte's initiative, a volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell* (the pseudonyms of Charlotte, Emily and Anne) was published at their own expense. It received little attention. Then the three sisters turned to novel writing. Charlotte's first novel *The Professor* was

rejected by the publisher. But her second one, *Jane Eyre*, won immediate success when it appeared in 1847. In the same year, Emily's single and unique work *Wuthering Heights* and Anne's *Agnes Grey* were also published. Soon they were followed by Anne's *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (1848).

But at this happy moment, misfortune struck the Brontës. Branwell, the only boy in the family, the beloved of the sisters, died in September 1848. Emily died of consumption that same year, and Anne the following summer, of the same disease. Left lonely in the world, Charlotte continued writing. Her next important novel *Shirley*, a work about the industrial troubles between the mill-owners and machine-breakers in Yorkshire in 1811-1812 came out in 1849. Another novel *Villette* appeared in 1853. This is her most autobiographical work, largely based on her experience in Brussels. In 1854, Charlotte married her father's curate. She died a few months later in pregnancy. *The Professor*, her first written work, was published posthumously in 1857.

17/0 / Charlotte's works are all about the struggle of an individual consciousness towards self-realization, about some lonely and neglected young women with a fierce longing for love, understanding and a full, happy life. But brought up with strict orthodoxy, Charlotte would usually stick to the Puritanical code. She loves the beauty of nature but despises worldly ambition and success. In her mind, man's life is composed of perpetual battle between sin and virtue, good and evil. All her heroines' highest joy arises from some sacrifice of self or some human weakness overcome. Besides, she is a writer of realism combined with romanticism. On one hand, she presents a vivid realistic picture of the English society by exposing the cruelty, hypocrisy and other evils of the upper classes; and by showing the misery and suffering of the poor. Her works are famous for the de-

17/0
fiction of the life of the middle-class working women, particularly governesses. On the other hand, her writings are marked throughout by an intensity of vision and of passion. By writing from an individual point of view, by creating characters who are possessed of strong feelings, fiery passions and some extraordinary personalities, by resorting to some elements of horror, mystery and prophesy, she is able to recreate life in a wondrously romantic way. So, whatever weakness her work may have, the vividness of her subjective narration, the intensely achieved characterization, especially those heroines who are totally contrary to the public expectations, and the most truthful presentation of the economical, moral, social life of the time — all this renders her works a never dying popularity.

Selected Readings:

Excerpt One: from Chapter XXIII of *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë

(The story opens with the titular heroine, Jane Eyre, a plain little orphan, at Gateshead Hall with her aunt and cousins. Her aunt, Mrs. Reed, a selfish and cold-hearted woman, and her three children all treat Jane very badly. One day, in an outbreak, Jane fights back and is shut up in the horrible red room. To get rid of this eye-sore, Mrs. Reed sends her away to Lowood, a charity school for the orphaned or unwanted children. Jane suffers a lot there, both physically and mentally, only to be consoled by the kindness of a teacher, Miss Temple and the friendship of Helen Burns, a pupil who dies as a result of the bad conditions there. Jane stays at the school for eight years, first six as a student and the rest two as a teacher. An advertisement gives her the chance to be a governess at Thornfield Hall. There she falls in love with the

master of the house, Mr. Rochester, a grim-looking, energetic, quick-tempered but an understanding middle-aged man. He too is attracted to the little plain governess for her quick wit, honesty, frankness, loving heart and her spirit of independence and self-dignity. But their wedding is canceled on the ground that Rochester is already married and his wife, though raving mad, is still alive. Shocked and deeply hurt, Jane makes up her mind to leave Rochester. She flees into the moorland. She would have died of starvation but for St. John Rivers and his two sisters. It turns out that the Rivers are really her cousins, and from them she also learns that she is now a rich heiress. One day, St. John Rivers, a very handsome clergyman who is determined to devote himself solely to God, asks Jane to marry him and accompany him to India for missionary work. Just when Jane, now desperate of her union with Rochester, is about to accept John's loveless proposal, she hears Rochester calling for her. Following her own heart, Jane returns to Thornfield. She finds the burnt-down Thornfield Hall and its master, now a blind but free man. The two lovers are finally united and live happily ever after.

The work is one of the most popular and important novels of the Victorian age. It is noted for its sharp criticism of the existing society, e. g. the religious hypocrisy of charity institutions such as Lowood School where poor girls are trained, through constant starvation and humiliation, to be humble slaves, the social discrimination Jane experiences first as a dependent at her aunt's house and later as a governess at Thornfield, and the false social convention as concerning love and marriage. At the same time, it is an intense moral fable. Jane, like Mr. Rochester, has to undergo a series of physical and moral tests to grow up and achieve her final happiness.

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The success of the novel is also due to its introduction to the English novel the first governess heroine. Jane Eyre, an orphan child with a fiery spirit and a longing to love and be loved, a poor, plain, little governess who dares to love her master, a man superior to her in many ways, and even is brave enough to declare to the man her love for him, cuts a completely new woman image. She represents those middle-class working women who are struggling for recognition of their basic rights and equality as a human being. The vivid description of her intense feelings and her thought and inner conflicts brings her to the heart of the audience.

The following selection is taken from Chapter XXIII, not long after Jane is back from her aunt's funeral. Jane finds herself hopelessly in love with Mr. Rochester but she is aware that her love is out of the question. So, when forced to confront Mr. Rochester, she desperately and openly declares her equality with him and her love for him. The passion described here is intense and genuine. Jane's passionate protestation is typically hers.

"It is a long way to Ireland, Jane, and I am sorry to send my little friend on such weary travels: but if I can't do better, how is it to be helped? Are you anything akin to me, do you think, Jane?" I could risk no sort of answer by this time, my heart was full. "Because," he said, "I sometimes have a queer feeling with regard to you — especially when you are near me, as now: it is as if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs, tightly and inextricably knotted to a similar string situated in the corresponding quarter of your little frame." And if that boisterous channel, and two hundred miles or so of land come broad between us, I am afraid that cord of communion will be snapped; and then I've nervous notion I should take

to bleeding inwardly. As for you — you'd forget me."

"That I never should, sir: you know —" impossible to proceed.

"Jane, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood? — Listen!"

In listening, I sobbed convulsively; for I should repress what I endured no longer: I was obliged to yield; and I was shaken from head to foot with acute distress. When I did speak, it was only to express an impetuous wish that I had never been born, or never come to Thornfield.

"Because you are sorry to leave it?"

The vehemence of emotion, stirred by grief and love within me, was claiming mastery, and struggling for full sway; and asserting a right to predominate: to overcome, to live, rise and reign at last; yes — and to speak.

"I grieve to leave Thornfield; I love Thornfield: — I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life — momentarily at least. I have not been trampled on. I have not been petrified. I have not been buried with inferior minds, and excluded from every glimpse of communion with what is bright, and energetic, and high. I have talked, face to face, with what I reverence; with what I delight in — with an original, a vigorous, an expanded mind. I have known you, Mr. Rochester; and it strikes me with terror and anguish to feel I absolutely must be torn from you for ever. I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death."

"Where do you see the necessity?" he asked, suddenly.

"Where? You, sir, have placed it before me."

"In what shape?"

"In the shape of Miss Ingram; a noble and beautiful woman —

your bride."

"My bride! What bride? I have no bride!"

"But you will have."

"Yes; — I will! — I will!" He set his teeth.

"Then I must go: — you have said it yourself."

"No: you must stay! I swear it — and the oath shall be kept."

"I tell you I must go!" I retorted, roused to something like passion. "Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton? — a machine without feelings? And can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? — You think wrong! — I have as much soul as you — and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty, and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, or even of mortal flesh: — it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal — as we are!"

"As we are!" repeated Mr. Rochester — "so," he added, enclosing me in his arms, gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips on my lips: "so, Jane!"

"Yes, so, sir," I rejoined: "and yet not so; for you are a married man — or as good as a married man, and wed to one inferior to you — to one with whom you have no sympathy — whom I do not believe you truly love; for I have seen and heard you sneer at her. I would scorn such a union; therefore I am better than you — let me go!"

"Where, Jane? To Ireland?"

"Yes—to Ireland, I have spoken my mind, and can go any-

where now."

"Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild, frantic bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation."

"I am no bird; and no net ensnares me: I am a free human being with independent will; which I now exert to leave you."

Another effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

"And your will shall decide your destiny," he said, "I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share of all my possessions."

"You play a farce, which I merely laugh at."

"I ask you to pass through life at my side — to be my second self, and best earthly companion."

"For that fate you have already made your choice, and must abide by it."

"Jane, be still a few moments: you are over-excited: I will be still too."

A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel-walk, and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut: it wandered away — away — to an indefinite distance — it died. The nightingale's song was then the only voice of the hour: in listening to it, I again wept. Mr. Rochester sat quiet, looking at me gently and seriously. Some time passed before he spoke: he at last said: —

"Come to my side, Jane, and let us explain and understand one another."

"I will never again come to your side: I am torn away now, and can not return."

"But, Jane, I summon you as my wife: it is only you I intend to marry."

I was silent: I thought he mocked me.

"Come, Jane — come hither."

"Your bride stands between us."

He rose, and with a stride reached me.

"My bride is here," he said, again drawing me to him, "because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me?"

Still I did not answer; and still I writhed myself from his grasp: for I was still incredulous.

"Do you doubt me, Jane?"

"Entirely."

"You have no faith in me?"

"Not a whit."

"Am I a liar in your eyes?" he asked passionately. "Little sceptic, you shall be convinced. What love have I for Miss Ingram? None: and that you know. What love has she for me? None: as I have taken pains to prove: I caused a rumour to reach her that my fortune was not a third of what was supposed, and after that I presented myself to see the result: it was coldness both from her and her mother. I would not — I could not — marry Miss Ingram. You — you strange — you almost unearthly thing! — I love as my own flesh. You — poor and obscure, and small and plain as you are — I entreat to accept me as a husband."

"What, me!" I ejaculated: beginning in his earnestness — and especially in his incivility — to credit his sincerity; "me, who have not a friend in the world but you — if you are my friend: not a shilling but what you have given me?"

"You, Jane, I must have you for my own — entirely my own. Will you be mine? Say yes, quickly."

"Mr. Rochester, let me look at your face: turn to the moonlight."

"Why?"

"Because I want to read your countenance; turn!"

"There: you will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled,

scratched page. Read on: only make haste, for I suffer."

His face was very much agitated and very much flushed, and there were strong workings in the features, and strange gleams in the eyes.

"Oh, Jane, you torture me!" he exclaimed. "With that searching and yet faithful and generous look, you torture me!"

"How can I do that? If you are true, and your offer real, my only feeling to you must be gratitude and devotion — they cannot torture."

"Gratitude!" he ejaculated; and added wildly — "Jane, accept me quickly. Say, Edward — give me my name — Edward, I will marry you."

"Are you in earnest? — Do you truly love me? — Do you sincerely wish me to be your wife?"

"I do; and if an oath is necessary to satisfy you, I swear it."

"Then, sir, I will marry you."

"Edward — my little wife!"

"Dear Edward!"

"Come to me — come to me entirely now," said he; and added, in his deepest tone, speaking in my ear as his cheek was laid on mine, "Make my happiness — I will make yours."

Excerpt Two: from Chapter XV of *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë

(Though Emily Brontë lived a very short life and was seldom away from home, she was much more a genius than her elder sister. A surprisingly simple, strong but reserved person, she was rather shy in society and was never at ease when away from the wild moor she had known so well from childhood. She had a passionate love for the wilderness of the moor in all seasons and enjoyed

staying outside as much as she could. In other words, she was very much a child of nature.

As far as Emily's literary creation is concerned, she is, first of all, a poet. Her 193 poems, mostly devoted to the matter of nature with its mysterious workings and its unaccountable influence upon people's life, are works of strange sublimity and beauty. They are ample proof for the poetic genius of this young, reclusive woman. But, to the common readers, she is better known today as the author of that most fascinating novel, *Wuthering Heights*.

Wuthering Heights is the story about two families and an intruding stranger. The Earnshaw family — Mr. Earnshaw, a bluff prosperous Yorkshire farmer, his wife, their son Hindley and their daughter Catherine — live in their handsome farmhouse *Wuthering Heights* up in the folds of the moors (*Wuthering* is Yorkshire dialect for "weathering," which is indicative of "the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather"). The Linton family — Mr. Linton, his wife, their son Edgar and their daughter Isabella —, a richer and more civilized landed gentry family, live down in the flat valley at *Thrushcross Grange*. One day, Mr. Earnshaw brings home a sallow, rugged foundling he has picked up in the streets of a city. He calls the boy *Heathcliff*. The children grow up together; Catherine comes to love *Heathcliff* while *Hindley* hates him out of jealousy of his father's fondness for the waif. When the parents die, *Hindley* degrades *Heathcliff* in every way he can, and the lad grows brutal and sullen. What's more, *Heathcliff* one day overhears part of the speech by Catherine that she intends to marry the handsome and mild Edgar. He runs away. Five years later, he returns to take his revenge on *Hindley*. But now, Catherine has become Mrs. Linton. Tormented by her love for her husband and her over-

whelming passion for Heathcliff, Catherine grows sick and dies in giving birth to a daughter, Cathy. Heathcliff, driven mad at her death, hastens his revenge on people of both houses who he thinks have hindered his union with Catherine. First, he reduces Hindley to a gambler and a drunkard and takes possession of Wuthering Heights. Then he takes possession of Thrushcross Grange by marrying Edgar's sister Isabella and later by marrying little Cathy to his sickly son Linton. In due time, he drives Hindley, Isabella and Edgar to death and has Hindley's son Hareton and Cathy at his mercy. But at this time, events take another turn. Now 18 years after Catherine's death, Heathcliff begins to see her ghost. He forgets his revenge, forgets even to eat and to sleep. With eyes fixed on his supernatural visitor, he starves himself to death. Meanwhile, little Catherine is able to change the savage Hareton and the two fall in love with each other. At Heathcliff's death, the young couple retire to Thrushcross Grange, leaving the spirits of Heathcliff and the first Catherine, united at last, in possession of Wuthering Heights.

The novel is a riddle which means different things to different people. From the social point of view, it is a story about a poor man abused, betrayed and distorted by his social betters because he is a poor nobody. As a love story, this is one of the most moving: the passion between Heathcliff and Catherine proves the most intense, the most beautiful and at the same time the most horrible passion ever to be found possible in human beings.

The story is told mainly by Nelly, Catherine's old nurse, to Mr. Lockwood, a temporary tenant at Grange. The latter too gives an account of what he sees at Wuthering Heights. And part of the story is told through Isabella's letters to Nelly. While the central interest is maintained, the sequence of its development is con-

stantly disordered by flashbacks. This makes the story all the more enticing and genuine.

The excerpt taken here is from Chapter XV, the death scene of Catherine, narrated by Nelly to Mr. Lockwood. When Edgar is away at church, Heathcliff seizes the chance to see the dying Catherine. The intense love between the two is fully shown in this agonizing scene.)

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly; she motioned me to admit him; but he found it out, ere(1) I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke, nor loosed his hold some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say; but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! The same conviction had stricken him as me, from the instant he beheld her, that there was no prospect of ultimate recovery there — she was fated, sure to die.

‘O, Cathy! Oh, my life! How can I bear it?’ was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair.

And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish, they did not melt.

‘What now?’ said Catherine, leaning back, and returning his look with a suddenly clouded brow — her humor was a mere vane for constantly varying caprices. ‘You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both come to bewail the deed to me, as

if you were the people to be pitied! I shall not pity you, not I. You have killed me — thriven on it, I think. How strong you are! How many years do you mean to live after I am gone?’

Heathcliff had knelt on one knee to embrace her; he attempted to rise, but she seized his hair, and kept him down.

‘I wish I could hold you,’ she continued, bitterly, ‘till we were both dead! I shouldn’t care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn’t you suffer? I do! Will you forget me — will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say twenty years hence, “That’s the grave of Catherine Earnshaw. I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I’ve loved many others since — my children are dearer to me than she was, and, at death, I shall not rejoice that I am going to her, I shall be sorry that I must leave them!” Will you say so, Heathcliff?’

‘Don’t torture me till I’m as mad as yourself,’ cried he, wrenching his head free, and grinding his teeth.

The two, to a cool spectator, made a strange and fearful picture. Well might Catherine deem that heaven would be a land of exile to her, unless, with her mortal body, she cast away her mortal character also. Her present countenance had a wild vindictiveness in its white cheek, and a bloodless lip, and scintillating eye; and she retained, in her closed fingers, a portion of the locks she had been grasping. As to her companion, while raising himself with one hand, he had taken her arm with the other; and so inadequate was his stock of gentleness to the requirements of her condition, that on his letting go, I saw four distinct impressions left blue in the colourless skin.

‘Are you possessed with a devil,’ he pursued, savagely, ‘to talk in that manner to me, when you are dying? Do you reflect that all those words will be branded in my memory, and eating deeper

eternally, after you have left me? You know you lie to say I have killed you; and, Catherine, you know that I could as soon forget you as my existence! Is it not sufficient for your infernal selfishness, that while you are at peace I shall writhe in the torments of hell?’

‘I shall not be at peace,’ moaned Catherine, recalled to a sense of physical weakness by the violent, unequal throbbing of her heart, which beat visibly, and audibly, under this excess of agitation.

She said nothing further till the paroxysm was over; then she continued, more kindly —

‘I’m not wishing you greater torment than I have, Heathcliff. I only wish us never to be parted — and should a word of mine distress you hereafter, think I feel the same distress underground, and for my own sake, forgive me! Come here and kneel down again! You never harmed me in your life. Nay, if you nurse anger, that will be worse to remember than my harsh words! Won’t you come here again? Do!’

Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it; turning abruptly, he walked to the fire-place, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us.

Mrs. Linton’s glance followed him suspiciously: every movement woke a new sentiment in her. After a pause, and a prolonged gaze, she resumed, addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment.

‘Oh, you see, Nelly! He would not relent a moment to keep me out of the grave! *That* is how I’m loved! Well, never mind! That is not *my* Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me — he’s in my soul. And,’ added she, musingly, ‘the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I’m tired, tired of

being closed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength — you are sorry for me — very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for you. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I *wonder* he won't be near me! She went on to herself. 'I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! You should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff.'

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder (2); and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog; and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly —

'You teach me now how cruel you've been — cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort — you deserve this. You

have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you — they'll damn you. You loved me — then what *right* have you to leave me? What right — answer me — for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that god or satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart — *you* have broken it — and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you — oh, God! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?'

'Let me alone. Let me alone,' sobbed Catherine. 'If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!'

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer — but *yours*! How can I?'

They were silent — their faces against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

I grew very uncomfortable, meanwhile; for the afternoon wore fast away, the man whom I had sent off returned from his errand, and I could distinguish, by the shine of the westering(3) sun up the valley, a concourse thickening outside Gimmerton chapel porch.

'Service is over,' I announced. 'My master will be here in half an hour.'

Heathcliff groaned a curse, and strained Catherine closer — she never moved.

Ere long I perceived a group of the servants passing up the road

towards the kitchen wing. Mr. Linton was not far behind; he opened the gate himself, and sauntered slowly up, probably enjoying the lovely afternoon that breathed as soft as summer.

'Now he is here,' I exclaimed. 'For Heaven's sake, hurry down! You'll not meet any one on the front stairs. Do be quick; and stay among the trees till he is fairly in.'

'I must go, Cathy,' said Heathcliff, seeking to extricate himself from his companion's arms. 'But, if I live, I'll see you again before you are asleep. I won't stay five yards from your window.'

'You must not go!' she answered, holding him as firmly as her strength allowed. 'You shall not, I tell you.'

'For one hour,' he pleaded earnestly.

'Not for one minute,' she replied.

'I must — Linton will be up immediately,' persisted the alarmed intruder.

He would have risen, and unfixed her fingers by the act — she clung fast, gasping; there was mad resolution in her face.

'No!' she shrieked. 'Oh, don't, don't go. It is the last time! Edgar will not hurt us. Heathcliff, I shall die! I shall die!'

'Damn the fool! There he is,' cried Heathcliff, sinking back into his seat. 'Hush, my darling! Hush, hush, Catherine! I'll stay. If he shot me so, I'd expire (4) with a blessing on my lips.'

And there they were fast again. I heard my master mounting the stairs — the cold sweat ran from my forehead; I was horrified.

Notes:

(1) ere: before.

(2) held asunder: stood wide apart from each other.

(3) westering: going west.

(4) expire: die.

III . Alfred Tennyson

Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) is certainly the most representative, if not the greatest, Victorian poet. His poetry voices the doubt and the faith, the grief and the joy of the English people in an age of fast social changes.

Alfred was born in 1809 at Somersby, Lincolnshire, the fourth son of a rather learned clergyman. At an early age, Tennyson began to show a flair for poetry. In 1827, he and his elder brother published *Poems by Two Brothers*. In this juvenile work the influence of Byron and an attraction to oriental themes were shown. When he entered the Trinity College, Cambridge, he was drawn to a circle of brilliant young men, known as "the Apostles." He soon became an intimate friend of their leader, Arthur Henry Hallam. During his years there, Tennyson published his first signed work *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830). Crude as it might be, the elaborate texture, the splendid coloring and the dreaming melancholy were already predicting the birth of a great poet.

In 1831, Tennyson left Cambridge and went home. The next year he published *Poems*, which contained a variety of poems, beautiful in melody and rich in imagery. However, it received very harsh and hostile criticism. This, together with the death of his dearest friend, Hallam, threw the young poet into deep sorrow and gloom. For nearly ten years after that, Tennyson published almost nothing. Silently he nursed his bleeding heart and devoted himself to the task of perfecting his art. In 1842, his next issue of *Poems* came out. The book was immediately recognized as a better work and was welcomed by readers. Collected in the book are the dramatic monologue "Ulysses," the epic narrative "Morte d'Arthur," the exquisite idylls "Dora" and "The Gardener's Daughter," etc. In 1847, *The*

Princess was published. Written in blank verse, it deals with the theme of women's rights and position. Though on the whole it is not as good as his later works, it contained some of his best lyrical pieces, such as "Tears, Idle Tears," "Come down, O Maid," "Sweet and Low," and "The Splendor Falls."

The year 1850 was an important one in Tennyson's life, for this year, he was appointed the Poet Laureate and was finally able to marry the woman he had loved for many years. And this year also saw the publication of his greatest work *In Memoriam*. Presumably it is an elegy on the death of Hallam, yet less than half of its 100 pieces are directly connected with him. The poet here does not merely dwell on the personal bereavement. As a poetic diary, the poem is also an elaborate and powerful expression of the poet's philosophical and religious thoughts — his doubts about the meaning of life, the existence of the soul and the afterlife, and his faith in the power of love and the soul's instinct and immortality. Such doubts and beliefs were shared by most people in an age when the old Christian belief was challenged by new scientific discoveries, though to most readers today, the real attraction of the poem lies more in its profound feeling and artistic beauty than in the philosophical and religious reflections. The familiar trance-like experience, mellifluous rhythm and pictorial descriptions make it one of the best elegies in English literature.

The rest years of Tennyson's life was comfortable and peaceful, but he never stopped writing. In 1855, Tennyson published a monodrama *Maud*, a collection of short lyrics. Among the other works of his later period, "Rizpah," "Enoch Arden," "Merlin and the Gleam" and "Crossing the Bar" are worthy of note. They proved to the world the amazing poetic freshness and inspiration the old poet still preserved.

Tennyson's poetic career is also marked out by *Idylls of the King* (1842-1885), his most ambitious work which took him over 30 years to complete. It is made up of 12 books of narrative poems, based on the Celtic legends of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. Arthur, like Robin Hood, is here portrayed as a hero trying to restore order and harmony out of chaos. Though he is disillusioned by the faithlessness of Queen Guinevere and the betrayal of his round table knights, Arthur still cherishes his faith in God and insists that his ideal is not a vision. *Idylls of the King* is not a mere reproduction of the old legend, though. It is a modern interpretation of the classic myth. For one thing, the moral standards and sentiments reflected in the poem belong to the Victorians rather than to the medieval royal people. For the other, the story of the rise and fall of King Arthur is, in fact, meant to represent a cyclic history of western civilization, which, in Tennyson's mind, is going on a spiritual decline and will end in destruction. ||

Tennyson is a real artist. He has the natural power of linking visual pictures with musical expressions, and these two with the feelings. He has perfect control of the sound of English, and a sensitive ear, an excellent choice and taste of words. His poetry is rich in poetic images and melodious language, and noted for its lyrical beauty and metrical charm. His works are not only the products of the creative imagination of a poetic genius but also products of a long and rich English heritage. His wonderful works manifest all the qualities of England's great poets. The dreaminess of Spenser, the majesty of Milton, the natural simplicity of Wordsworth, the fantasy of Blake and Coleridge, the melody of Keats and Shelley, and the narrative vigor of Scott and Byron, — all these striking qualities are evident on successive pages of Tennyson's poetry.

Selected Readings:

1. Break, Break, Break(1)

Break, break, break,

On thy(2) cold grey stones, O Sea!

And I would(3) that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven(4) under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still(5)!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

Notes:

- (1) This short lyric is written in memory of Tennyson's best friend, Arthur Hallam, whose death has a lifelong influence on the poet. Here, the poet's own feelings of sadness are contrasted with the carefree, innocent joys of the children and the unfeeling movement of the ship and the sea waves. The beauty of the lyric is to be found in the musical language and in the association of

sound and images with feelings and emotions. The poem contains four quatrains, with combined iambic and anapaestic feet. Most lines have three feet and some four. The rhyme scheme is *a b c b*.

- (2) thy: your.
- (3) would: wish.
- (4) haven: harbour.
- (5) a vanished hand, ... a voice that is still: the hand and the voice of Arthur Hallam.

2. Crossing the Bar(1)

Sunset and evening star(2),
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea(3),

But such a tide(3) as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep(3)
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell(2),
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne(4) of Time and Place
The flood(3) may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot(5) face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Notes:

- (1) This poem was written in the later years of Tennyson's life. We can feel his fearlessness towards death, his faith in God and an afterlife. *Bar*: a bank of sand or stones under the water as in a river, parallel to the shore, at the entrance to a harbor. "Crossing the bar" means leaving this world and entering the next world.
- (2) sunset, evening star, twilight, evening bell: all images of the end of life.
- (3) sea, tide, deep, flood: all symbols of life.
- (4) bourne: boundary.
- (5) Pilot: Here it refers to God.

3. Ulysses(1)

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth(2), among these barren crags(3),
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole(4)
Unequal laws(5) unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I can not rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees(6) all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades(7)
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; (8)
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy(9).
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where-thro'(10)

Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns(11) to store and hoard myself;
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre(12) and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods(13),
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere(14) the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming(15) men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite(16)
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles(17),
 And see the great Achilles(18), whom we knew
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Notes:

- (1) In Greek mythology, Ulysses is the king of the Ithaca island. He is the hero in many literary classics. In Homer's *Odessey* (the Greek name for Ulysses), Ulysses eventually arrives home after the ten-year Trojan war and another ten years' adventures at sea. However, according to Dante, Ulysses never returns to his home place, Ithaca, but urges his men to go on exploring westward. Tennyson combines these two versions. In this poem, Ulysses is now three years back in his homeland, reunited with his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus, and resumes his rule over the land. But he

will not endure the peaceful commonplace everyday life. Old as he is, he persuades his old followers to go with him and to set sail again to pursue a new world and new knowledge. Written in the form of dramatic monologue, the poem not only expresses, through the mouth of the heroic Ulysses, Tennyson's own determination and courage to brave the struggle of life but also reflects the restlessness and aspiration of the age.

- (2) this still hearth: the quiet family life.
- (3) these barren crags: the island of Ithaca.
- (4) mete: measure; dole: give.
- (5) unequal laws: different laws, rewards and punishments.
- (6) I will drink / Life to the lees: I will keep traveling and exploring till the end of my life. lees: dregs.
- (7) Hyades: a cluster of stars whose rise is supposed to be followed by rains.
- (8) Myself not least, but honour'd of them all: I am not the least important, but honoured by all of them.
- (9) Troy: the city which took Ulysses and other Greek princes ten years to capture. 特洛伊城。
- (10) where-thro': through which.
- (11) three suns: three years.
- (12) sceptre: the short rod held as a sign of power.
- (13) household gods: 家里供奉的保护神。meet: suitable.
- (14) ere: before.
- (15) not unbecoming: not unfit.
- (16) smite: strike hard.
- (17) Happy Isles: In Greek myth, the Happy Isles, which lies in the far-west ocean, is the paradise for those immortal heroes.
- (18) Achilles: another hero in the Greek myth. He died in the Trojan war and became immortal after death.

IV. Robert Browning

Robert Browning (1812-1889) is another great Victorian poet.

A contemporary of Alfred Tennyson, he is acknowledged by many as the most original poet of the time.

Born in a well-off family, Browning received his education mainly from his private tutor, and from his father, who gave him the freedom to follow his own interest. In his father's library he read widely and voraciously and was fond of the most profound, obtuse and mystic. The wealth of the Browning family and the generosity of some of his relatives made it possible for him to pursue the writing of poetry all his life without having to worry about his sustenance. In 1833, young Browning published his first poetic work *Pauline*. The apparent modeling on Shelley's personal style and an easily detectable intense self-consciousness of the author brought about great embarrassment upon Browning. But in his second attempt *Sordello* (1840), he went too far in self-correction that the poem became so obscure as to be hardly readable.

Encouraged by an actor friend, Browning tried play-writing. However, too many subtle analyses and too few actions ruined his plays. None of them was successful on the stage.

All these frustrating experiences were really a fortune in disguise. They forced the poet to develop a literary form that suited him best and actually gave full swing to his genius, i. e. the dramatic monologue. Its success led to the publication of his great works one after another: *Dramatic Lyrics* (1842), *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics* (1845), *Bells and Pomegranates* (1846), *Men and Women* (1855), *Dramatic Personae* (1864), *The Ring and the Book* (1868-1869) and *Dramatic Idylls* (1880).

In 1846, Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, a famous poetess who was a semi-invalid and had been strictly confined home by her domineering father. During the 15 years after their elopement to Italy, the couple enjoyed remarkable happiness. The wife produced

her best-known book of love poetry, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* while the husband presented to the world some of his best poems. After Elizabeth's death in 1861, the widower brought their son back to England and went on writing. His productivity and originality still remained powerful. In 1869 *The Ring and the Book*, his masterpiece, came out. The poem is inspired by an old book of legal documents that records a trial in Rome in 1698 of Count Guido Franceschini, who brutally murdered his wife Pompilia. Pompilia is accused of having an affair with a young priest, who has tried to help her in her flight from the sadistic husband. In this long poem, the same story is told by nine persons, all participants and spectators, from their different points of view. Like Browning's other characters in their monologues, these people unconsciously reveal their own characters in telling the story. The title, *The Ring and the Book*, too, has its symbolic meaning. It can be explained by the goldsmith's technique of alloying gold in making rings. The "Book" is the pure gold of objective facts, the hard truth. Yet pure gold is not workable in making rings unless it is alloyed with other materials. A poet's fancy and imagination are just the alloying ingredients. They brought the dead truth to life. The publication of *The Ring and the Book* finally established Browning's position as one of the greatest English poets. But in the last years of his life, Browning's poetic power showed a decline and his old defects of obscurity and mannerism became obvious. Only some shorter poems are still worth reading. Browning died in 1889 and was buried in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, beside Tennyson. The name of Browning is often associated with the term: "dramatic monologue." Although it is not his invention, it is in his hands that this poetic form reaches its maturity and perfection.

"Pippa Passes," "My Last Duchess," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," "Porphyria's Lover," "A Grammarian's Funeral," and *The Ring and the Book* are but some of his best-known monologues. In these poems, Browning chooses a dramatic moment or a crisis, in which his characters are made to talk about their lives, and about their minds and hearts. In "listening" to those one-sided talks, readers can form their own opinions and judgments about the speaker's personality and about what has really happened. For example, in "My Last Duchess," the Duke, as he talks about the portrait of his last Duchess, reveals bit by bit his cruelty and possessiveness. We gather the truth about the death of the unfortunate wife. It is ironical that the Duke's own defensive words should betray and condemn himself. To Browning, the dramatic monologue is an ingenious means to exploit his literary gift without getting too personal. In fact, he keeps a good distance from his characters. They always belong to the remote history, or just the fantastic world. They are either the early Christians, the medieval knights, the family tyrants, the Arab horsemen, or the Italian bishops. They share nothing with him both in personality and in attitudes toward life. Nonetheless, Browning's spirit, his vigor and energy are put into these characters. This can't be done successfully unless the poet possesses powerful imagination and creativity as well as a good knowledge about man's psychology and nature. But Browning's poetry is not easy to read. His rhythms are often too fast, too rough and unmusical. The syntax is usually clipped and highly compressed. The similes and illustrations appear too profusely. The allusions and implications are sometimes odd and far-fetched. All this makes up his obscurity. Perhaps it is his illusion that everybody should know and understand what he says. On the whole, Browning's style is very different from that of

any other Victorian poets. If we compare him with Tennyson, his ideosyncrasy may be more clearly seen. Tennyson, like a professional sculptor, works on his marble most diligently and patiently. His accomplishment is almost perfect. On the contrary, Browning is like a weather-beaten pioneer, bravely and vigorously trying to beat a track through the jungle. His poetic style belongs to the twentieth century rather than to the Victorian age. The rough, grotesque and disproportionate appearance, the non-poetic jarring diction and the clumsy rhythms fit marvelously a life that is just as imperfect and incongruous. In general, Browning's poems are not meant to entertain the readers with the usual acoustic and visual pleasures: they are supposed to keep them alert, thoughtful and enlightened.

Selected Readings:

1. My Last Duchess(1)

FERRARA(2)

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's(3) hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 "Frà Pandolf" by design(4), for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance(5),
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst(6),
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called(7) that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,"(8) or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint(9)
Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
Was courtesy(10), she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! (11) My favor(12) at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men — good! but
thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name(13)
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop(14) to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss(15),
Or there exceed the mark(16)" — and if she let
Herself be lessoned(17) so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours,(18) forsooth(19), and made excuse

—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt;
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together(20). There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense(21)
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed(22);
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea horse, though a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck(23) cast in bronze for me!

Notes:

- (1) "My Last Duchess" is Browning's best-known dramatic monologue. The poem takes its sources from the life of Alfonso II, duke of Ferrara of the 16th-century Italy, whose young wife died suspiciously after three years of marriage. Not long after her death, the duke managed to arrange a marriage with the niece of another noble man. This dramatic monologue is the duke's speech addressed to the agent who comes to negotiate the marriage. In his talk about his "last duchess," the duke reveals himself as a self-conceited, cruel and tyrannical man. The poem is written in heroic couplets, but with no regular metrical system. In reading, it sounds like blank verse.
- (2) Ferrara: a city near Venice in the northern Italy.
- (3) Frà Pandolf: Brother Pandolf, the imaginary painter who painted the portrait of the duchess.
- (4) by design: on purpose.
- (5) never read / Strangers like you that pictured countenance: strangers like you

could never understand the duchess' countenance on the painting.

- (6) durst: dare.
- (7) called: caused.
- (8) Her mantle laps/Over my lady's wrist too much: Her cloak covers up too much of her wrist.
- (9) faint: slight.
- (10) courtesy: flattering remarks.
- (11) 'twas all one: It was all the same.
- (12) favor: gift.
- (13) The title of the Duchess of Ferrara I gave her through marriage has a family history of over 900 years.
- (14) stoop: lower oneself to do something.
- (15) miss: not do enough.
- (16) exceed the mark: go too far.
- (17) be lessoned: be given a lesson.
- (18) nor plainly set/ Her wits to yours: she didn't argue with you.
- (19) forsooth: indeed.
- (20) It means that he killed her.
- (21) pretense: claim.
- (22) disallowed: refused (to give).
- (23) Claus of Innsbruck: an imaginary sculptor.

2. Meeting at Night(1)

1

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

2

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;

Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

Notes:

- (1) This poem and the one that follows it appeared originally under the single title *Night and Morning*. The speaker in both is a man. In this one, the man, a lover, describes the whereabouts of their meeting place.

3. Parting at Morning(1)

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him(2),
And the need of a world of men for me.

Notes:

- (1) Here in the description of sun-rise, the poet unconsciously expresses his helplessness in having to face up his duty as a man.
(2) him: here refers to the sun.

V . George Eliot

George Eliot (1819-1880), pseudonym of Mary Ann Evans, was born on Nov. 22, 1819 into an estate agent's family in Warwickshire, England. As a small child, she showed no evidence of special talent except a passionate longing to be loved. By the time of her teenage, however, her extraordinary intelligence began to be ac-

knowledge both at home and at school. Brought up with the strict orthodox teaching and influenced by her first school teacher Miss Lewis, the bookish girl devoted herself, for four years, to a diligent study of the Scripture. Unfortunately, she was forced to drop school at the age of 16 on account of her mother's death and sister's marriage, and yet, meanwhile, she continued her study at home and managed to learn three foreign languages and music all by herself. A critical change in her life took place when the family moved to Coventry. There, under the influence of her new friends, who were mostly known as free-thinkers, she soon enlarged her study from the church history and theological doctrine to wider, more philosophical issues. This shift in belief eventually brought her into collision with her family and some of her oldest and dearest friends. First, her refusal to attend church almost threatened permanently to separate her from her family, and then, her dramatical departure from the social convention by her common-law marriage with George Henry Lewes, the unhappily married critic and publicist who could not divorce his wife, resulted in their 25 years of alienation from the respectable society.

Life at Coventry also opened up for George Eliot a completely new prospect. There she met John Chapman, the new owner of the progressive *Westminster Review* and her job as a distinguished essayist and editor for his paper brought her into contact with many of the famous men of the time: Charles Dickens, William Thackeray, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Huxley, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and most important of all, George Henry Lewes. It was under their influence and encouragement that she started her literary career at the age of 39. Being a woman of intelligence and versatility, she quickly found herself ranking high among the great writers. After her translation of Strauss' *Leben Jesu* (*Life of Jesus*),

Spinoza's Ethics and Ludwig Feuerbach's groundbreaking *Das Wesen des Christentums* (*The Essence of Christianity*), she embarked on a flourishing enterprise as a novelist. In 1857, she wrote her first three stories which were later published in book form under the title of *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Then there came successively her three most popular novels, *Adam Bede* (1859), *The Mill on the Floss* (1860) and *Silas Marner* (1861), all drawn from her lifelong knowledge of English country life and notable for their realistic details, pungent characterization and high moral tone. The year 1863 saw the publication of *Romola*, a full elaborately documented story of Florence in the time of Savonarola. Then followed *Felix Holt, the Radical*, her only novel on English politics. In 1872, *Middlemarch*, a panoramic book considered today by many to be George Eliot's greatest achievement, came out. Her last novel, *Daniel Deronda*, a preachment against anti-Semitism, appeared in 1876. These novels, together with a number of poems and a collection of satirical essays, *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, constitute a formidable body of work from a woman frail in health and working constantly under the apprehension of failure or worthlessness.

In 1879, Lewes died, leaving George Eliot a perpetual mourner. She wrote no more, devoting herself to preparing his unfinished work for publication. Even though her marriage with John Cross, a young admirer of hers, finally brought about a kind of reconciliation with her family and the society, she was never able to cast off a sense of depression and dreariness left by Lewes' death. She died, probably of a heart attack, on Dec. 22, 1880. Refused burial in Westminster Abbey by a pious dean on account of her personal life, George Eliot was buried in Highgate Cemetery beside Lewes.

Writing at the latter half of the 19th century and closely following the critical realist writers, George Eliot was working at some-

thing new. By joining the worlds of inward propensity and outward circumstances and showing them both operating in the lives of her characters, she initiates a new type of realism and sets into motion a variety of developments, leading in the direction of both the naturalistic and psychological novel. She is deeply concerned with the depiction of the people and life of her time; moreover, her mind is always active, instinctively analyzing and generalizing to discover the fundamental truth about human life. In her works, she seeks to present the inner struggle of a soul and to reveal the motives, impulses and hereditary influences which govern human action. She is interested in the development of a soul, the slow growth or decline of moral power of the character. And in her effort to harmonize a sense of human dignity with a sense of human limitations, she shows that the need of the individual for expansion and growth has to be brought into harmony with a sense of social responsibility. She never loses sight of the limits to the exercise of individual power and always insists on the need to cultivate the strength of will and the necessity to return to the routine of life.

As a woman of exceptional intelligence and life experience, George Eliot shows a particular concern for the destiny of women, especially those with great intelligence, potential and social aspirations, such as Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*, Dorothea in *Middlemarch*, the titular heroine in *Romola* and Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda*. In her mind, the pathetic tragedy of women lies in their very birth. Their inferior education and limited social life determine that they must depend on men for sustenance and realization of their goals, and they have only to fulfill the domestic duties expected of them by the society. Their opportunities of success are not even increased by wealth. It is just as Daniel Deronda's actress-mother says to her son: "Every woman is supposed to have the same

set of motives, or else to be a monster ... I cared for the wide world, and all that I could represent in it ... You are not a woman. You may try — but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl."

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter XXVIII of Middlemarch

(Middlemarch, a Study of Provincial Life, has been known as one of the most mature works in English literary history. The book provides a panoramic view of life in a small English town, Middlemarch, and its surrounding countryside in the mid-nineteenth century. It is mainly centered on the lives of Dorothea Brooke and Tertius Lydgate, both of whom are shown to have great potentials and ambitions, but both fail in achieving their goals owing to the social environment as well as their own vulnerabilities.)

Dorothea Brooke is a beautiful, intelligent young lady of an "ardent and theoretic nature." She isn't satisfied with the common fate of gentle-women. She is full of manly, lofty ideas and wants to do something great for Middlemarch. First she devotes herself to the improvement of the cottages of the farmers and then, when she sees the elderly pedant Casaubon, she decides to marry the man so as to be able to realize her ideal by helping him in his lofty pursuit of the fundamental truth about Christianity. Soon after her marriage, however, she finds herself totally disillusioned as to both the character of Casaubon and to that ambitious work of his. In the end she is able to retrieve her error and find a new way of life by marrying Will Ladislaw, the man she loves, and is content with giving him her "wifely help" and exercising a "diffusive influence" upon those around.

The failure of the proud, ambitious young doctor Lydgate is mainly due to his own "spot of commonness" which induces him to marry the beautiful, "accomplished" "flower," Rosamond Vincy. The seemingly perfect lady turns out a destroyer of men. Her extravagant way of life costs him not only a promising career as a great scientist but also loss of his professional conscience.

Besides, intertwined with the two stories there are also the love between Mary Garth and Fred Vincy, the mysterious and guilty past life of Mr. Bulstrode, the rich banker, the death of the old miser Mr. Featherstone, and a comprehensive account of all kinds of people in that little town Middlemarch with their distinctive personalities, their multitudinous opinions and behaviors.

The excerpt below begins from Dorothea and Casaubon's return from their honeymoon in Rome, where Mr. Casaubon buries himself in the library, ignoring the bride and leaving her very much alone. This is but the first taste of bitterness and disappointment for the youthful and hopeful Dorothea. Now back at home, she finds herself shut up in the cold, lifeless Lowick Manor and begins to see the impossibility of her hope.)

1st Gent. All times are good to seek your wedded home

Bringing a mutual delight.

2nd Gent. Why, true.

The calendar hath not an evil day

For souls made one by love, and even death

Were sweetness, if it came like rolling waves

While they two clasped each other; and foresaw

No life apart. (1)

Mr. and Mrs. Casaubon, returning from their wedding jour-

ney, arrived at Lowick Manor(2) in the middle of January. A light snow was falling as they descended at the door, and in the morning, when Dorothea passed from her dressing-room into the blue-green boudoir(3) that we know of, she saw the long avenue of limes lifting their trunks from a white earth, and spreading white branches against the dun and motionless sky. The distant flat shrank in uniform whiteness and low-hanging uniformity of cloud. The very furniture in the room seemed to have shrunk since she saw it before: the stag in the tapestry looked more like a ghost in his ghostly blue-green world; the volumes of polite literature(4) in the bookcase looked more like immovable imitations of books(5). The bright fire of dry oak-boughs burning on the dogs seemed an incongruous renewal of life and glow — like the figure of Dorothea herself as she entered carrying the red-leather cases containing the cameos for Celia.

She was glowing from her morning toilette as only healthful youth can glow: there was gem-like brightness on her coiled hair and in her hazel eyes; there was warm red life in her lips; her throat had a breathing whiteness above the differing white of the fur which itself seemed to wind about her neck and cling down her blue-grey pelisse with a tenderness gathered from her own, a sentient commingled innocence which kept its loveliness against the crystalline purity of the out-door snow. As she laid the cameo-cases on the table in the bow-window, she unconsciously kept her hands on them, immediately absorbed in looking out on the still, white enclosure which made her visible world. (6)

Mr. Casaubon, who had risen early complaining of palpitation, was in the library giving audience to his curate Mr. Tucker. By-and-by Celia would come in her quality of bridesmaid as well as sister, and through the next weeks there would be wedding visits re-

ceived and given; all in continuance of that transitional life understood to correspond with the excitement of bridal felicity(7), and keeping up the sense of busy ineffectiveness, as of a dream which the dreamer begins to suspect. The duties of her married life, contemplated as so great beforehand, seemed to be shrinking with the furniture and the white vapour-walled landscape(8). The clear heights where she expected to walk in full communion(9) had become difficult to see even in her imagination; the delicious repose of the soul on a complete superior(10) had been shaken into uneasy effort and alarmed with dim presentiment. When would the days begin of that active wifely devotion which was to strengthen her husband's life and exalt her own? Never perhaps, as she had preconceived them; but somehow — still somehow. In this solemnly pledged union of her life, duty would present itself in some new form of inspiration and give a new meaning to wifely love.

Meanwhile there was the snow and the low arch of dun vapour(11) — there was the stifling oppression of the gentlewoman's world, where everything was done for her and none asked for her aid — where the sense of connection with a manifold pregnant existence had to be kept up painfully as an inward vision, instead of coming from without in claims that would have shaped her energies(12). — "What shall I do?" "Whatever you please, my dear:" that had been her brief history since she had left off learning morning lessons and practicing silly rhythms on the hated piano. Marriage, which was to bring guidance into worthy and imperative occupation, had not yet freed her from the gentlewoman's oppressive liberty: it had not even filled her leisure with the ruminant joy of unchecked tenderness. Her blooming full-pulsed youth stood there in a moral imprisonment which made itself one with the chill, colourless, narrowed landscape, with the shrunken furniture, the never-read

books, and the ghostly stag in a pale fantastic world that seemed to be vanishing from the daylight.

In the first minutes when Dorothea looked out she felt nothing but the dreary oppression; then came a keen remembrance, and turning away from the window she walked round the room. The ideas and hopes which were living in her mind when she first saw this room nearly three months before were present now only as memories: she judged them as we judge transient and departed things. All existence seemed to beat with a lower pulse than her own, and her religious faith was a solitary cry, the struggle out of a nightmare in which every object was withering and shrinking away from her. Each remembered thing in the room was disenchanted, was deadened as an unlit transparency, till her wandering gaze came to the group of miniatures, and there at last she saw something which had gathered new breath and meaning: it was the miniature of Mr. Casaubon's aunt Julia, who had made the unfortunate marriage — of Will Ladislaw's grandmother. Dorothea could fancy that it was alive now — the delicate woman's face which yet had a headstrong look, a peculiarity difficult to interpret. Was it only her friends who thought her marriage unfortunate? or did she herself find it out to be a mistake, and taste the salt bitterness of her tears in the merciful silence of the night? What breadths of experience Dorothea seemed to have passed over since she first looked at this miniature! She felt a new companionship with it, as if it had an ear for her and could see how she was looking at it. Here was a woman who had known some difficulty about marriage. Nay, the colours deepened, the lips and chin seemed to get larger, the hair and eyes seemed to be sending out light, the face was masculine and beamed on her with that full gaze which tells her on whom it falls that she is too interesting for the slightest movement of her eyelid to pass unno-

ticed and uninterpreted. The vivid presentation came like a pleasant glow to Dorothea: she felt herself smiling, and turning from the miniature sat down and looked up as if she were again talking to a figure in front of her. But the smile disappeared as she went on meditating, and at last she said aloud —

“Oh, it was cruel to speak so! How sad — how dreadful!”

She rose quickly and went out of the room, hurrying along the corridor, with the irresistible impulse to go and see her husband and inquire if she could do anything for him. Perhaps Mr. Tucker was gone and Mr. Casaubon was alone in the library. She felt as if all her morning's gloom would vanish if she could see her husband glad because of her presence.

Notes:

- (1) The epigram is supposed to be written by George Eliot herself.
- (2) Lowick Manor: the house of Mr. Casaubon.
- (3) the blue-green boudoir: the bow-windowed room with portraits of old Casaubon members on the wall. In Chapter IX Dorothea has chosen it as her bedroom.
- (4) polite literature: classic works of ancient Greece and Rome.
- (5) immovable imitations of books: not real books or only having the appearance of books.
- (6) Here a sharp contrast is set between the cold, lifeless, dull house and Dorothea who is full of youthful life and vigor.
- (7) bridal felicity: the happiness of marriage.
- (8) the white vapour-walled landscape: the landscape covered with white snow.
- (9) in full communion: share completely or communicate perfectly.
- (10) the delicious repose of the soul on a complete superior: referring to Dorothea's dream of fulfilling something great by marrying somebody superior, somebody who can guide her.

(11) the low arch of dun vapour: the grey sky which seems low because of the dull weather.

(12) where the sense of connection . . . her energies: the desire to live a colourful and meaningful life was only a dream and there was hardly anything she could spend her energies on.

V. Thomas Hardy

Son of a mason, Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) was born near Dorchester, the area that later became the famous "Wessex" in many of his novels. At 16, he was apprenticed to a local architect. Six years later he went to London to work for a famous architect. During his spare time, he studied widely: language, literature, history, philosophy and art, and he even won two prizes for essays on architectural subjects. But architecture was never his desired profession. Soon he was writing poetry; when that failed, he began to write novels. In 1871, his first novel *Desperate Remedies* was published and well received. However, the real success came with *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872). The publication of *Far from the Madding Crowd* in 1874 finally enabled him to give up architecture for writing. In the following twenty-three years he produced over ten local-colored novels until 1896 when he was tired of all those hostile criticisms against his last two novels: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891) and *Jude the Obscure* (1896). From then on, Hardy abandoned novel-writing and returned to his first love — poetry. Of the eight volumes by Hardy — 918 poems in all — the most famous is *The Dynasts*, a long epic-drama about the Napoleonic Wars. On January 11, 1928, this last important novelist and poet of the 19th century died. He was buried with impressive ceremonies in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

Hardy's novels are all Victorian in date. Most of them are set in Wessex, the fictional primitive and crude rural region which is really the home place he both loves and hates. They are known for the vivid description of the vicissitudes of people who live in an agricultural setting menaced by the forces of invading capitalism. His best local-colored works are his later ones, such as *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Trumpet Major* (1880), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *The Woodlanders* (1887), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. These works, known as "novels of character and environment," are the most representative of him as both a naturalistic and a critical realist writer.

Among Hardy's major works, *Under the Greenwood Tree* is the most cheerful and idyllic. In *Far from the Madding Crowd*, the world is still a balanced one. However, from *The Return of the Native* on, the tragic sense becomes the keynote of his novels. The conflict between the traditional and the modern is brought to the center of the stage. In *The Return of the Native*, the restless Eustacia tries to find a way out of the wild, dull, and backward rural life by marrying a man who is just back from the modern outside world. But at last she is disappointed because this man has returned to settle down in the country. She tries to flee but is drowned in a big storm. Another novel *The Mayor of Casterbridge* reveals the conflict in a deeper and fuller sense. The hero Henchard is a self-sufficient man, who, by nature, belongs to the old rural culture. He does business and carries out his mayor's duty in an old-fashioned way. His rival Farfrae is a decent and shrewd merchant, a modern man in every sense. Finally Henchard, as a matter of course, is defeated by Farfrae just as the vulnerable rural life-style is uprooted by the industrialization. The readers' sympathy, however, is directed to Henchard, the loser. They are touched by the integrity and full-

ness of his being. This conflict between the old and the modern becomes more intense in the last two novels. In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Tess, a simple, innocent and faithful country girl, is at odds with the world which invents trains and machines as well as the *nouveau riche* like Alec; she finally becomes a victim of the modern society. The tragic sense turns into despair in *Jude the Obscure*, where cornered by the traditional social morality, the hero and the heroine have to kill their own will and passion and return to their former destructive way of life. //

Living at the turn of the century, Hardy is often regarded as a transitional writer. In him we see the influence from both the past and the modern. As some people put it, he is intellectually advanced and emotionally traditional. In his Wessex novels, there is an apparent nostalgic touch in his description of the simple and beautiful though primitive rural life, which was gradually declining and disappearing as England marched into an industrial country. And with those traditional characters he is always sympathetic. On the other hand, the immense impact of scientific discoveries and modern philosophic thoughts upon the man is quite obvious, too. He read Darwin's *The Origin of Species* and accepted the idea of "survival of the fittest." He was also influenced by Spencer's *The First Principle*, which led him to the belief that man's fate is predeterminedly tragic, driven by a combined force of "nature," both inside and outside. In his works, man is shown inevitably bound by his own inherent nature and hereditary traits which prompt him to go and search for some specific happiness or success and set him in conflict with the environment. The outside nature — the natural environment or Nature herself — is shown as some mysterious supernatural force, very powerful but half-blind, impulsive and uncaring to the individual's will, hope, passion or suffering. It likes to play practi-

cal jokes upon human beings by producing a series of mistimed actions and unfortunate coincidences. Man proves impotent before Fate, however he tries, and he seldom escapes his ordained destiny.

17/10 | This pessimistic view of life predominates most of Hardy's later works and earns him a reputation as a naturalistic writer.

17/10 | Though Naturalism seems to have played an important part in Hardy's works, there is also bitter and sharp criticism and even open challenge of the irrational, hypocritical and unfair Victorian institutions, conventions and morals which strangle the individual will and destroy natural human emotions and relationships. The conflicts between the traditional and the modern, between the old rural value of respectability and honesty and the new utilitarian commercialism, between the old, false social moral and the natural human passion, etc. are all closely set in a realistic background true to the very time and the very place.

17/10 | And yet, Hardy is not an analyst of human life or nature like George Eliot, but a meditative story-teller or romancer. He tells very good stories about very interesting people but seldom stops to ask why. He is a great painter of nature. In his hand, nature assumes the form of life and becomes a most powerful, forbidding force with its own life and will. His heroes and heroines, those unfortunate young men and women in their desperate struggle for personal fulfillment and happiness, are all vividly and realistically depicted. They all seem to possess a kind of exquisitely sensuous beauty. They are not only individual cases but also of universal truth. Their plight is not just their own; it applies to any one, any age. And finally, all the works of Hardy are noted for the rustic dialect and a poetic flavor which fits well into their perfectly designed architectural structures. They are the product of a conscientious artist.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter XIX of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*

(Tess is a beautiful, innocent peasant girl. The poverty of the family forces her to claim kinship with the sham but rich d'Urbervilles. Alec, the young master of the d'Urbervilles, a dandy, seduces Tess and impregnates her. Tess returns home and later gives birth to a baby, who dies soon. People's opinion forces Tess to leave home to work on a dairy farm. There she meets Angel Clare, son of a clergyman. The two fall in love with each other. On their wedding night, Angel makes a confession about his past dissipation and is readily forgiven by Tess, but when Tess reveals her own past, Angel just wouldn't forgive her and deserts her that very night. Helpless and hopeless, Tess has to wander from place to place, doing the hardest work and bearing the harshest insult. When her father's death transfers the whole burden of the family on her, she is forced to go back to Alec, now a preacher. Before long, the repentant Angel returns from abroad. Tess, putting all the blames of her unhappiness on Alec, kills him. She flees with Angel but is caught by the police and hanged.)

This novel is one of the best and most popular work by Hardy. It is a fierce attack on the hypocritical morality of the bourgeois society and the capitalist invasion into the country and destruction of the English peasantry towards the end of the century. Tess, as a pure woman brought up with the traditional idea of womanly virtues, is abused and destroyed by both Alec and Angel, agents of the destructive force of the society. And the misery, the poverty and the heartfelt pain she suffers and her final tragedy give rise to a most bitter cry of protest and denunciation of the society. Of course, naturalistic tendency is also strong in the novel. In a way,

Tess seems to be led to her final destruction step by step by Fate. Coincidence adds one "wrong" to another until she is caught up in a dead-end. As Hardy says at the end of the novel: "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess." To fully understand the novel, one has to take into consideration both its critical realist and naturalistic significance.

The following excerpt is taken from Chapter XIX, Phase Three, The Rally. Now some time after she leaves her home to work as a dairymaid at Talbothays Dairy, Tess gradually rides off her recent misfortune and unconsciously gives herself up to the attraction of Angel Clare.)

In general the cows were milked as they presented themselves, without fancy or choice. But certain cows will show a fondness for a particular pair of hands, sometimes carrying this predilection(1) so far as to refuse to stand at all except to their favourite, the pail of a stranger being unceremoniously kicked over.

It was Dairyman Crick's rule to insist on breaking down these partialities and aversions by constant interchange since, otherwise, in the event of a milkman or maid going away from the dairy, he was placed in a difficulty. The maids' private aims, however, were the reverse of the dairyman's rule, the daily selection by each damsel of the eight or ten cows to which she had grown accustomed rendering the operation on their willing udders surprisingly easy and effortless.

Tess, like her compeers, soon discovered which of the cows had a preference for her style of manipulation, and her fingers having become delicate from the long domiciliary imprisonments to which she had subjected herself at intervals during the last two or three years, she would have been glad to meet the milcher's views in

this respect. Out of the whole ninety-five there were eight in particular — Dumpling, Fancy, Lofty, Mist, Old Pretty, Young Pretty, Tidy, and Loud — who, though the teats of one or two were as hard as carrots, gave down to her with a readiness that made her work on them a mere touch of the fingers. Knowing, however, the dairyman's wish, she endeavoured conscientiously to take the animals just as they came, excepting the very hard yielders, which she could not yet manage.

But she soon found a curious correspondence between the ostensibly chance position of the cows and her wishes in this matter, till she felt that their order could not be the result of accident. The dairyman's pupil had lent a hand in getting the cows together of late, and at the fifth or the sixth time she turned her eyes, as she rested against the cow, full of sly(2) inquiry upon him.

"Mr. Clare, you have ranged the cows!" she said, blushing; and in making the accusation, symptoms of a smile gently lifted her upper lip in spite of her, so as to show the tips of her teeth, the lower lip remaining severely still.

"Well, it makes no difference," said he. "You will always be here to milk them."

"Do you think so? I *hope* I shall! But I don't *know*."

She was angry with herself afterwards, thinking that he, unaware of her grave reasons for liking this seclusion, might have mistaken her meaning. She had spoken so earnestly to him, as if his presence were somehow a factor in her wish. Her misgiving(3) was such that at dusk, when the milking was over, she walked in the garden alone, to continue her regrets that she had disclosed to him her discovery of his considerateness.

It was a typical summer evening in June, the atmosphere being in such delicate equilibrium(4) and so transmissive(5) that inani-

mate objects seemed endowed with two or three senses, if not five. There was no distinction between the near and the far; and an auditor felt close to everything within the horizon. The soundlessness impressed her as a positive entity rather than the mere negation of noise. It was broken by the strumming of strings(6).

Tess had heard those notes in the attic above her head. Dim, flattened, constrained by their confinement, they had never appealed to her as now, when they wandered in the still air with a stark quality like that of nudity. (7) To speak absolutely, both instrument and execution were poor; but the relative is all, and as she listened Tess, like a fascinated bird, could not leave the spot. Far from leaving, she drew up towards the performer, keeping behind the hedge that he might not guess her presence.

The outskirt of the garden in which Tess found herself had been left uncultivated for some years, and was now damp and rank with juicy grass, which sent up mists of pollen at a touch, and with tall, blooming weeds emitting offensive smells — weeds whose red and yellow and purple hues formed a polychrome as dazzling as that of cultivated flowers. She went stealthily as a cat through this profusion of growth, gathering cuckoo-spittle on her skirts, cracking snails that were underfoot, staining her hands with thistle-milk and slug-slime, and rubbing off upon her naked arms sticky blights which, though snow-white on the apple-tree trunks, made madder stains on her skin; thus she drew quite near to Clare, still unobserved of him. (8)

Tess was conscious of neither time nor space. The exaltation which she had described as being producible at will by gazing at a star came now without any determination of hers; she undulated upon the thin notes of the second-hand harp, and their harmonies passed like breezes through her, bringing tears into her eyes. The

floating pollen seemed to be his notes made visible; and the dampness of the garden the weeping of the garden's sensibility. Though near nightfall, the rank-smelling weed-flowers glowed as if they would not close for intentness, and the waves of colour mixed with the waves of the sound.

The light which still shone was derived mainly from a large hole in the western bank of the cloud; it was like a piece of day left behind by accident, dusk having closed in elsewhere. He concluded his plaintive melody, a very simple performance, demanding no great skill; and she waited, thinking another might be begun. But, tired of playing, he had desultorily come round the fence, and was rambling up behind her. Tess, her cheeks on fire, moved away furtively, as if hardly moving at all.

Angel, however, saw her light summer gown, and he spoke; his low tones reaching her, though he was some distance off.

"What makes you draw off in that way, Tess?" said he. "Are you afraid?"

"Oh no, sir... not of outdoor things; especially just now, when the apple-bloom is falling, and everything so green."

"But you have your indoor fears — eh?"

"Well — yes, sir."

"What of?"

"I couldn't quite say."

"The milk turning sour?"

"No."

"Life in general?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah — so have I, very often. This hobble(9) of being alive is rather serious, don't you think so?"

"It is — now you put it that way."

"All the same, I shouldn't have expected a young girl like you to see it so just yet. How is it you do?"

She maintained a hesitating silence.

"Come, Tess, tell me in confidence."

She thought that he meant what were the aspects of things to her, and replied shyly —

"The trees have inquisitive eyes, haven't they? That is, seem as if they had. And the river says, — 'Why do ye trouble me with your looks?' And you seem to see numbers of tomorrows just all in a line, the first of them the biggest and the clearest, the others getting smaller and smaller as they stand farther away; but they all seem very fierce and cruel as if they said, 'I'm coming! Beware of me!'... But you, sir, can raise up dreams with your music, and drive all such horrid fancies away!"

He was surprised to find this young woman — who though but a milkmaid had just that touch of rarity about her which might make her the envied of her housemates — shaping such sad imaginings. She was expressing in her own native phrases — assisted a little by her Sixth Standard (10) training — feelings which might almost have been called those of the age: the ache of modernism. The perception arrested him less when he reflected that what are called advanced ideas are really in great part but the latest fashion in definition — a more accurate expression, by words in *logy* and *ism*, of sensations which men and women have vaguely grasped for centuries.

Still, it was strange that they should have come to her while yet so young; more than strange; it was impressive, interesting, pathetic. Not guessing the cause, there was nothing to remind him that experience is as to intensity, and not as to duration. Tess's passing corporeal blight had been her mental harvest. (11)

Tess, on her part, could not understand why a man of clerical family and good education, and above physical want, should look upon it as a mishap(12) to be alive. For the unhappy pilgrim herself there was very good reason. But how could this admirable and poetic man ever have descended to the Valley of Humiliation, have felt with the man of Uz(13) — as she herself had felt two or three years ago — “My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than my life. I loathe it; I would not live always.”(14)

It was true that he was at present out of his class. But she knew that was only because, like Peter the Great (15) in a shipwright’s yard, he was studying what he wanted to know. He did not milk cows because he was obliged to milk cows, but because he was learning how to be a rich and prosperous dairyman, landowner, agriculturist, and breeder of cattle. He would become an American or Australian Abraham (16), commanding like a monarch his flocks and his herds, his spotted and his ring-streaked, his men-servants and his maids. At times, nevertheless, it did seem unaccountable to her that a decidedly bookish, musical, thinking young man should have chosen deliberately to be a farmer, and not a clergyman, like his father and brothers.

Thus, neither having the clue to the other’s secret, they were respectively puzzled at what each revealed, and awaited new knowledge of each other’s character and moods without attempting to pry into each other’s history.

Every day, every hour, brought to him one more little stroke of her nature, and to her one more of his. Tess was trying to lead a pressed life, but she little divined the strength of her

Notes:

(1) predilection: a special liking th

- (2) sly: secret.
- (3) misgiving: feelings of doubt and fear.
- (4) equilibrium: state of balance in mind; calmness.
- (5) transmissive: being able to send or pass from one thing to another.
- (6) strumming of strings: here referring to the music played on the harp by Angel Clare.
- (7) The sentence means that in the quietness the music sounds very clear and free of any obstruction.
- (8) In A. Alvarez's Introduction to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, he said, "The intense eroticism of the writing . . . is not in the people but in the details of the scene It is as though the vegetation itself contained all the secret smells and juices of the act of physical passion. Hardy's version of the Paradise Garden was closer to Gauguin's than to that of the Book of Genesis."
- (9) hobble: difficult situation.
- (10) Sixth Standard: the educational level Tess has achieved in the National School.
- (11) 安吉尔不知(苔丝内心痛苦的)原因,他没能想到(对生活的)体验在于其强烈的程度,而与年龄大小无关。苔丝曾遭受的肉体上的摧残使她在精神上早早成熟。
- (12) mishap: tune.
- (13) the referring to Job who has undergone various tests from God, from Uz.
- (14) Bible.
- (15) czar (emperor) of Russia.
- (16) He is the forefather of Jews. Here Tess
- (17) or America to start his own farm.

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own vitality.
a re-

act has become a habit.

Chapter 5 The Modern Period

In the second half of the 19th century and the early decades of the 20th century, both natural and social sciences in Europe had enormously advanced. Their rapid development led to great gains in material wealth. But when capitalism came into its monopoly stage, the sharpened contradictions between socialized production and the private ownership caused frequent economic depressions and mass unemployment. The gap between the rich and the poor was further deepened. To crown it all, the catastrophic First World War tremendously weakened the British Empire and brought about great sufferings to its people as well. The postwar economic dislocation and spiritual disillusion produced a profound impact upon the British people, who came to see the prevalent wretchedness in capitalism. The Second World War marked the last stage of the disintegration of the British Empire. Britain suffered heavy losses in the war: thousands of people were killed; the economy was ruined; and almost all its former colonies were lost. The once sun-never-set Empire finally collapsed.

All these radical changes gave rise to all kinds of philosophical ideas in Western Europe. In the mid-19th century, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels put forward the theory of scientific socialism, which not only provided a guiding principle for the working people, but also inspired them to make dauntless fights for their own emancipation. Darwin's theory of evolution exerted a strong influence upon the people, causing many to lose their religious faith. The social Darwinism, under the cover of "survival of the fittest," vehemently advocated colonialism or jingoism. Einstein's theory of relativity provided entirely new ideas for the concepts of time and space. Freud's analytical psychology drastically altered our conception of

human nature. Arthur Schopenhauer, a pessimistic philosopher, started a rebellion against rationalism, stressing the importance of will and intuition. Having inherited the basic principles from Schopenhauer, Friedrich Nietzsche went further against rationalism by advocating the doctrines of power and superman and by completely rejecting the Christian morality. Based on the major ideas of his predecessors, Henry Bergson established his irrational philosophy, which put the emphasis on creation, intuition, irrationality and unconsciousness. The irrationalist philosophers exerted immense influence upon the major modernist writers in Britain.

Modernism rose out of skepticism and disillusion of capitalism. The appalling shock of the First World War severely destroyed people's faith in the Victorian values; and the rise of the irrational philosophy and new science greatly incited writers to make new explorations on human natures and human relationships.

The French symbolism, appearing in the late 19th century, heralded modernism. After the First World War, all kinds of literary trends of modernism appeared: expressionism, surrealism, futurism, Dadaism, imagism and stream of consciousness. Towards the 1920s, these trends converged into a mighty torrent of modernist movement, which swept across the whole Europe and America. The major figures that were associated with this movement were Kafka, Picasso, Pound, Webern, Eliot, Joyce and Virginia Woolf. Modernism was somewhat curbed in the 1930s. But after the Second World War, a variety of modernism, or post-modernism, like existentialist literature, theater of the absurd, new novels and black humor, rose with the spur of the existentialist idea that "the world was absurd, and the human life was an agony."

Modernism takes the irrational philosophy and the theory of psycho-analysis as its theoretical base. The major themes of the

modernist literature are the distorted, alienated and ill relationships between man and nature, man and society, man and man, and man and himself. The modernist writers concentrate more on the private than on the public, more on the subjective than on the objective. They are mainly concerned with the inner being of an individual. Therefore, they pay more attention to the psychic time than the chronological one. In their writings, the past, the present and the future are mingled together and exist at the same time in the consciousness of an individual.

Modernism is, in many aspects, a reaction against realism. It rejects rationalism, which is the theoretical base of realism; it excludes from its major concern the external, objective, material world, which is the only creative source of realism; by advocating a free experimentation on new forms and new techniques in literary creation, it casts away almost all the traditional elements in literature such as story, plot, character, chronological narration, etc., which are essential to realism. As a result, the works created by the modernist writers are often labeled as anti-novel, anti-poetry and anti-drama.

The 20th century has witnessed a great achievement in English poetry. In the early years of this century, Thomas Hardy and the war poets of the younger generation were important realistic poets. Hardy expressed his strong sympathies for the suffering poor and his bitter disgusts at the social evils in his poetry as in his novels. The soldiers-poets of World War I revealed the appalling brutality of the war in a most realistic way. The early poems of Pound and Eliot and Yeats's matured poetry marked the rise of "modern poetry," which was, in some sense, a revolution against the conventional ideas and forms of the Victorian poetry. The modernist poets fought against the romantic fuzziness and self-indulged emotionalism, advocating

new ideas in poetry-writing such as to use the language of common speech, to create new rhythms as the expression of a new mood, to allow absolute freedom in choosing subjects, and to use hard, clear and precise images in poems.

The 1930s witnessed great economic depressions, mass unemployment, and the rise of the Nazis. Facing such a severe situation, most of the young intellectuals started to turn to the left. And therefore the period was known as "the red thirties." A group of young poets during this period expressed in their poetry a radical political enthusiasm and a strong protest against fascism.

With the coming of the 1950s, there was a return of realistic poetry again. By advocating reason, moral discipline, and traditional forms, a new generation of poets started "The Movement," which explicitly rejected the modernist influence. There was no significant poetic movement in the 1960s. A multiplicity of choices opened to both the poet and the reader. Poets gradually moved into more individual styles.

The realistic novels in the early 20th century were the continuation of the Victorian tradition, yet its exposing and criticizing power against capitalist evils had been somewhat weakened both in width and depth. The outstanding realistic novelists of this period were John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett. The three trilogies of Galsworthy's Forsyte novels are masterpieces of critical realism in the early 20th century, which revealed the corrupted capitalist world. In his novels of social satire, H. G. Wells made realistic studies of the aspirations and frustrations of the "Little Man;" whereas Bennett presented a vivid picture of the English life in the industrial Midlands in his best novels.

Realism was, to a certain extent, eclipsed by the rapid rise of modernism in the 1920s. But with the strong swing of leftism in the

1930s, novelists began to turn their attention to the urgent social problems. They also enriched the traditional ways of creation by adopting some of the modernist techniques. However, the realistic novels of this period were more or less touched by a pessimistic mood, preoccupied with the theme of man's loneliness, and shaped in different forms: social satires by Aldous Huxley (*Brave New World*, 1932) and George Orwell (*Nineteen Eighty-Four*, 1949); comic satires on the English upper class by Evelyn Waugh (*A Handful of Dust*, 1934); and Catholic novels by Graham Greene (*The Power and the Glory*, 1940). Another important aspect of realistic novels in this period is the fact that there rose a few working-class writers, who gave a direct portrayal of the working-people's poverty and sufferings, by singing highly of the heroic struggles against capitalism waged by the working class. Among this group, the Scottish writer Lewis Grassie Gibbon was the most outstanding. His trilogy: *Sunset Song* (1932), *Cloud Howe* (1933), and *Grey Granite* (1934) present the social changes and the working-people's life on farms, in towns and cities through the personal experience of Chris Guthrie.

In the mid-1950s and early 1960s, there appeared a group of young novelists and playwrights with lower-middle-class or working-class background, who were known as "the Angry Young Men." They demonstrated a particular disillusion over the depressing situation in Britain and launched a bitter protest against the outmoded social and political values in their society. Kingsley Amis, John Wain, John Braine and Alan Sillitoe were the major novelists in this group. Amis was the first to start the attack on middle-class privileges and power in his novel *Lucky Jim* (1954). Both Braine and Sillitoe came from working-class families. They portrayed unadorned working-class life in their novels with great freshness and vigor of the

working-class language.

Having been merged and interpenetrated with modernism in the past several decades, the realistic novel of the 1960s and 1970s appeared in a new face with a richer, more vigorous and more diversified style.

The first three decades of this century were golden years of the modernist novel. In stimulating the technical innovations of novel creation, the theory of the Freudian and Jungian psycho-analysis played a particularly important role. With the notion that multiple levels of consciousness existed simultaneously in the human mind, that one's present was the sum of his past, present and future, and that the whole truth about human beings existed in the unique, isolated, and private world of each individual, writers like Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf concentrated all their efforts on digging into the human consciousness. They had created unprecedented stream-of-consciousness novels such as *Pilgrimage* (1915-1938) by Richardson, *Ulysses* (1922) by Joyce, and *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925) by Woolf. One of the remarkable features of their writings was their continuous experimentation on new and sophisticated techniques in novel writing, which made tremendous impacts on the creation of both realistic and modernist novels in this century. James Joyce is the most outstanding stream-of-consciousness novelist; in *Ulysses*, his encyclopedia-like masterpiece, Joyce presents a fantastic picture of the disjointed, illogical, illusory, and mental-emotional life of Leopold Bloom, who becomes the symbol of everyman in the post-World-War-I Europe.

In the works of E. M. Forster and D. H. Lawrence, old traditions are still there, but their subject matter about human relationships and their symbolic or psychological presentations of the novel are entirely modern. Forster's masterpiece, *A Passage to India*

(1924), is a novel of decidedly symbolist aspirations, in which the author set up, within a realistic story, a fable of moral significance that implies a highly mystical, symbolic view of life, death, human relationship, and the relationship of man with the infinite universe. D. H. Lawrence is regarded as revolutionary as Joyce in novel writing; but unlike Joyce, he was not concerned with technical innovations; his interest lay in the tracing of the psychological development of his characters and in his energetic criticism of the dehumanizing effect of the capitalist industrialization on human nature. He believed that life impulse was the primacy of man's instinct, and that any conscious repression of such an impulse would cause distortion or perversion of the individual's personality. In his best novels like *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Women in Love* (1920), Lawrence made a bold psychological exploration of various human relationships, especially those between men and women, with a great frankness. Lawrence claimed that the alienation of the human relationships and the perversion of human nature in the modern society were caused by the desires for power and money, by the shams and frauds of middle-class life, and, above all, by the whole capitalist mechanical civilization, which turned men into inhuman machines.

Modernist novels came to a decline in the 1930s, though Joyce and Woolf continued their experiments. After the Second World War, modernism had another upsurge with the rise of existentialism; but it was reflected mainly in drama.

The most celebrated dramatists in the last decade of the 19th century were Oscar Wilde and George Bernard Shaw, who, in a sense, pioneered the modern drama, though they did not make so many innovations in techniques and forms as modernist poets or novelists. Wilde expressed a satirical and bitter attitude towards the upper-class people by revealing their corruption, their snobbery, and

their hypocrisy in his plays, especially in his masterpiece, *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895). Shaw is a more important figure in drama than Wilde. He is considered to be the best-known English dramatist since Shakespeare. His works are examples of the plays inspired by social criticism. John Galsworthy carried on this tradition of social criticism in his plays. By dramatizing social and ethical problems, Galsworthy made considerable achievements in his plays. *The Silver Box* (1906) and *Strife* (1910) are such examples, in which Galsworthy presents not only realistic pictures of social injustice, but also the workers' heroic struggles against their employers.

With their joint efforts, the Irish playwrights like W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge brought about the Irish National Theater Movement in the early 20th century, thus starting an Irish dramatic revival. Yeats, a prominent poet of this century, was the leader of this movement. He was a verse playwright who desired to restore lyrical drama to popularity. With the heroic portrayal of spiritual truth as his main concern, Yeats wrote a number of verse plays, introducing Irish myths and folk legends; but the plot in his plays was seldom very dramatic. As a result, none of his plays was among the best of his poetical achievement. J. M. Synge was the most gifted dramatist of the Movement. By adopting the vivid figurative language of the Irish peasantry, Synge brought vigor, ironic humour, and dramatic pathos to the Irish stage. His most popular play is the comedy, *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907). Another original and distinguished artist that the Abbey Theater produced was Sean O'Casey, who dealt in his work with political and social themes of the Irish Nationalist Movement, and with the suffering of the Irish townspeople. By combining "richness" with "reality," O'Casey presented an urban drama of Dublin slum life to the Irish audience in plays like *Juno and the Paycock*

(1925), and *The Plough and the Stars* (1926).

The 1930s witnessed a revival of poetic drama in England. One of the early experimenters was T. S. Eliot who regarded drama as the best medium of poetry. Eliot wrote several verse plays and made a considerable success. *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935), with its purely dramatic power, remains the most popular of his verse plays, in spite of its primarily religious purpose. After Eliot, Christopher Fry gained considerable successes in poetic drama. His exuberant though poetically commonplace verse drama, *The Lady's Not For Burning* (1948), attracted delighted audience.

The English dramatic revolution came in the 1950s under various European and American influences. This revolution developed in two directions: the working-class drama and the Theater of Absurd.

The working-class drama was started by a group of young writers from the lower-middle class, or working class, who presented a new type of plays which expressed a mood of restlessness, anger and frustration, a spirit of rebelliousness, and a strong emotional protest against the existing social institutions. John Osborne was the man who started the first change in drama by presenting his play, *Look Back in Anger*, in 1956. In a fresh, unadorned working-class language, the play angrily, violently and unrelentingly condemned the contemporary social evils. With an entirely new sense of reality, Osborne brought vitality to the English theater and became known as the first "Angry Young Man."

The most original playwright of the Theater of Absurd is Samuel Beckett, who wrote about human beings living a meaningless life in an alien, decaying world. His first play, *Waiting for Godot* (1955), is regarded as the most famous and influential play of the Theater of Absurd.

I . George Bernard Shaw

Bernard Shaw (1856-1950), a brilliant dramatist, was born in Dublin, Ireland, of English parentage. With an unhappy childhood, Shaw did not do well at school but he showed much interest in literature. He left school at the age of 14 and started to work in a land-agent's office. His job was to collect rents in the local districts. Through his work he had much contact with the poor people in Dublin and came to know their miserable life. This experience surely enriched his understanding of the society and the sufferings of the people.

In 1876 Shaw gave up his job and went to London, where he devoted much of his time to self-education by widely reading in the libraries. Between 1879 and 1883, he wrote 5 novels, but none of them brought him profit or fame.

Later Shaw came under the influence of Henry George and William Morris and took an interest in socialist theories. He started to attend all kinds of public meetings and to read Karl Marx in the British Museum. In 1884 Shaw joined the Fabian Society and became one of its most influential members. Together with his fellow Fabians, he regarded the establishment of socialism by the emancipation of land and industrial capital from individual and class ownership as the final goal. But on how to achieve it, he differed greatly from the Marxists. He was against the means of violent revolution or armed struggle in achieving the goal of socialism; he also had a distrust of the uneducated working class in fighting against capitalists. He held that only those superior intellects could have the ability to shoulder this task. And it was his ideal to bring about evolutionary socialism by legal and democratic means, by revealing the evil capitalists and by educating the common people. This reformist view

of his caused him a painful, often conscious, inner conflict between his sincere desire for the new world and his inability to break out of the snobbish intellectual isolation throughout his life and work.

Shaw began his literary career by writing novels soon after his settling down in London. With great efforts, he wrote five novels in all. The best known is *Cashel Byron's Profession* (1886), which is about a world-famous prize fighter marrying a priggishly refined lady of property. But on the whole the novel proved not to be his medium, though his efforts in the form were apprenticeship for his later dramatic writing.

In a period of ten years from 1885, Shaw served as a critic of music and drama for a number of magazines and newspapers. Being a drama critic, Shaw directed his attacks on the Neo-Romantic tradition and the fashionable drawing-room drama. His criticism was witty, biting, and often brilliant. Those articles were later published in a collection entitled *Our Theaters in the Nineties* (1931). Shaw was strongly against the credo of "art for art's sake" held by those decadent aesthetic artists. In his critical essays, he vehemently condemned the "well made" but cheap, hollow plays which filled the English theater of the late 19th century to meet the low taste of the middle class. Shaw held that art should serve social purposes by reflecting human life, revealing social contradictions and educating the common people.

His career as a dramatist began in 1892, when his first play *Widowers' Houses* (1892) was put on by the Independent Theater Society. Following this success, his wonderful plays came out one after another. Shaw's play, *Candida* (1895), was produced in New York in 1903; and since then, Shaw's position as the leading playwright of his time was established.

In his long dramatic career, Shaw wrote more than 50 plays,

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touching upon a variety of subjects. His early plays were mainly concerned with social problems and directed towards the criticism of the contemporary social, economic, moral and religious evils. As he wrote in his preface to the "Plays Pleasant", he could "no longer be satisfied with fictitious morals and fictitious good conduct, shedding fictitious glory on robbery, starvation, disease, crime, drink, war, cruelty, and all the other commonplaces of civilization which drive men to the theater to make foolish pretenses that such things are progress, science, morals, religion, patriotism, imperial supremacy, national greatness and all the other names the newspaper calls them." The mission of his drama was to reveal the moral, political and economic truth from a radical reformist point of view.

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1710
Widowers' House is a grotesquely realistic exposure of slum landlordism; Mrs. Warren's Profession, written in 1893 but published 5 years later, is a play about the economic oppression of women.

These two can be regarded as the typical representatives of Shaw's early plays. Shaw wrote quite a few history plays, in which he kept an eye on the contemporary society. The important plays of this group are Caesar and Cleopatra (1898) and St. Joan (1923).

1710
Shaw also produced several plays, exploring his idea of "Life Force," the power that would create superior beings to be equal to God and to solve all the social, moral, and metaphysical problems of human society. The typical examples of this group are Man and Superman (1904) and Back to Methuselah (1921).

Besides, Shaw wrote plays on miscellaneous subjects: for instance, The Apple Cart (1929) is about politics; John Bull's Other Island (1904) is about racial problems; Pygmalion (1912) is about culture and art; Getting Married (1908), Misalliance (1910) and Fanny's First Play (1911) are about the problem of family and marriage; and The Doctor's Dilemma (1906) is about the ignorance, incompetence, ar-

rogance and bigotry of the medical profession. In the 1930s, Shaw continued his dramatic career and wrote several plays, but his satire became weaker and less effectual. *Too True to Be Good* (1932) is a better play of the later period, with the author's almost nihilistic bitterness on the subjects of the cruelty and madness of World War I and the aimlessness and disillusion of the young.

Structurally and thematically, Shaw followed the great traditions of realism. As a realistic dramatist, he took the modern social issues as his subjects with the aim of directing social reforms. Most of his plays are concerned with political, economic, moral, or religious problems, and, thus, can be termed as problem plays. And his plays have one passion, and one only, i.e. indignation, "indignation against oppression and exploitation, against hypocrisy and lying, against prostitution and slavery, against poverty, dirt and disorder."

One feature of Shaw's characterization is that he makes the trick of showing up one character vividly at the expense of another. Usually he would take an unconventional character, a person with the gift of insight and freedom, and impinge it upon a group of conventional social animals, so as to reveal at every turn stock notions, prejudices and dishonesties. Another feature is that Shaw's characters are the representatives of ideas, points of view, that shift and alter during the play, for Mr. Shaw is primarily interested in doctrines.

Much of Shavian drama is constructed around the inversion of a conventional theatrical situation. The inversion, a device found in Shaw from beginning to end, is an integral part of an interpretation of life. In *Widowers' Houses*, the hero who has nobly refused to live on his fiancée's tainted dowry only discovers that his own income is equally tainted. One of the most typical inversions is in *How He*

Lied to Her Husband, where the “deceived” husband is not outraged by his wife’s extra-curricular friendship with a youthful poet, but is outraged instead by the poet’s feigned indifference to the charms of his wife, thus producing a strong effect of irony. Inversion is also used in character portrayal to achieve comic effects. By presenting a conventional hero as a villain, or a conventional villain as a hero, Shaw intends to give a shocking impression to his audience and challenge the conventional way of thinking.

(Shaw’s plays have plots, but they do not work by plots. The plot is usually the disregarded backbone to one long, unbroken conversation. It is the vitality of the talk that takes primacy over mere story. Action is reduced to a minimum, while the dialogue and the interplay of the minds of the characters maintain the interest of the audience.) The forward motion consists not in the unrolling of plot but in the operation of the spirit of discourse.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Act II of *Mrs. Warren’s Profession*

MRS. WARREN. [*resigning herself to*(1) *an evening of boredom now that the men are gone*] Did you ever in your life hear anyone rattle on so? Isn’t he a tease? [*She sits at the table*] Now that I think of it, dearie, don’t you go on encouraging him. I’m sure he’s a regular(2) good-for-nothing.

VIVIE. [*rising to fetch more books*] I’m afraid so. Poor Frank! I shall have to get rid of him; but I shall feel sorry for him, though he’s not worth it. That man Crofts does not seem to me to be good for much either: is he? [*She throws the books on the table rather roughly*].

MRS. WARREN. [*galled (3) by Vivie's indifference*] What do you know of men, child, to talk that way about them? You'll have to make up your mind to see a good deal of Sir George Crofts, as he's a friend of mine.

VIVIE. [*quite unmoved*] Why? [*She sits down and opens a book*] Do you expect that we shall be much together? You and I, I mean?

MRS. WARREN. [*staring at her*] Of course: until you're married. You're not going back to college again.

VIVIE. Do you think my way of life would suit you? I doubt it.

MRS. WARREN. Y o u r way of life! What do you mean?

VIVIE. [*cutting a page of her book with the paper knife on her chatelaine(4)*] Has it really never occurred to you, mother, that I have a way of life like other people?

MRS. WARREN. What nonsense is this you're trying to talk? Do you want to shew your independence, now that you're a great little person at school? Don't be a fool, child.

VIVIE. [*indulgently*] That's all you have to say on the subject, is it, mother?

MRS. WARREN. [*puzzled, then angry*] Don't you keep on asking me questions like that. [*violently*] Hold your tongue. [*Vivie works on, losing no time, and saying nothing*] You and your way of life, indeed! What next? [*She looks at Vivie again. No reply*] Your way of life will be what I please, so it will. [*Another pause*] I've been noticing these airs in you ever since you got that trip(5) or whatever you call it. If you think I'm going to put up with them you're mistaken; and the sooner you find it out, the better. [*muttering*] All I have to say on the subject, indeed! [*again raising her voice angrily*] Do you know who you're speaking to, Miss?

VIVIE. [*looking across at her without raising her head from her book*] No. Who are you? What are you?

MRS. WARREN. [*rising breathless*] You young imp!

VIVIE. Everybody knows my reputation, my social standing, and the profession I intend to pursue. I know nothing about you.

What is that way of life which you invite me to share with you and Sir George Crofts, pray?

MRS. WARREN. Take care. I shall do something I'll be sorry for after, and you too.

VIVIE. [*putting aside her books with cool decision*] Well, let us drop the subject until you are better able to face it. [*looking critically at her mother*] You want some good walks and a little lawn tennis to set you up. You are shockingly out of condition: you were not able to manage twenty yards uphill today without stopping to pant; and your wrists are mere rolls of fat. Look at mine. [*She holds out her wrists*]

MRS. WARREN. [*after looking at her helplessly, begins to whimper*] Vivie —

VIVIE. [*springing up sharply*] Now pray don't begin to cry. Anything but that. I really cannot stand whimpering. I will go out of the room if you do.

MRS. WARREN. [*piteously*] Oh, my darling, how can you be so hard on me? Have I no rights over you as your mother?

VIVIE. Are you my mother?

MRS. WARREN. [*appalled*] Am I your mother! Oh, Vivie!

VIVIE. Then where are our relatives? my father? our family friends? You claim the rights of a mother: the right to call me fool and child; to speak to me as no woman in authority over me at college dare speak to me; to dictate my way of life; and to force on me the acquaintance of a brute whom anyone can see

to be the most vicious sort of London man about town. Before I give myself the trouble to resist such claims, I may as well find out whether they have any real existence.

MRS. WARREN. [*distracted (6), throwing herself on her knees*]

Oh no, no. Stop, stop. I am your mother: I swear it. Oh, you cant mean to turn on me — my own child! It's not natural. You believe me, dont you? Say you believe me.

VIVIE. Who was my father?

MRS. WARREN. You dont know what youre asking. I can't tell you.

VIVIE. [*determinedly*] Oh yes you can, if you like. I have a right to know; and you know very well that I have that right. You can refuse to tell me, if you please; but if you do, you will see the last of me tomorrow morning.

MRS. WARREN. Oh, it's too horrible to hear you talk like that.

You wouldnt — you c o u l d n t leave me.

VIVIE. [*ruthlessly*] Yes, without a moment's hesitation, if you trifle with(7) me about this. [*shivering with disgust*] How can I feel sure that I may not have the contaminated blood of that brutal waster in my veins?

MRS. WARREN. No, no. On my oath it's not he, nor any of the rest that you have ever met. I'm certain of that, at least.

Vivie's eyes fasten sternly on her mother as the significance of this flashes on her.

VIVIE. [*slowly*] You are certain of that, a t l e a s t. Ah! You mean that that is all you are certain of. [*thoughtfully*] I see. [*Mrs. Warren buries her face in her hands*] Dont do that, mother: you know you dont feel it a bit. [*Mrs. Warren takes down her hands and looks up deplorably at Vivie, who takes out her watch and says*] Well, that is enough for tonight. At

what hour would you like breakfast? Is half-past eight too early for you?

MRS. WARREN. [*wildly*] My God, what sort of woman are you?

VIVIE. [*coolly*] The sort the world is mostly made of, I should hope. Otherwise I dont understand how it gets its business done. Come [*taking her mother by the wrist, and pulling her up pretty resolutely*]: pull yourself together. (8) Thats right.

MRS. WARREN. [*querulously*] Youre very rough with me, Vivie.

VIVIE. Nonsense. What about bed? It's past ten.

MRS. WARREN. [*passionately*] Whats the use of my going to bed? Do you think I could sleep?

VIVIE. Why not? I shall.

MRS. WARREN. You! youve no heart. [*She suddenly breaks out vehemently in her natural tongue — the dialect of a woman of the people — with all her affectations of maternal authority and conventional manners gone, and an overwhelming inspiration of true conviction and scorn in her*] Oh, I wont bear it: I wont put up with the injustice of it. What right have you to set yourself up above me like this? You boast of what you are to me— to m e, who gave you the chance of being what you are. What chance had I! Shame on you for a bad daughter and a stuck-up prude!

VIVIE. [*sitting down with a shrug, no longer confident; for her replies, which have sounded sensible and strong to her so far, now begin to ring rather woodenly and even priggishly against the new tone of her mother*] Dont think for a moment I set myself above you in any way. You attacked me with the conventional authority of a mother: I defended myself with the

conventional superiority of a respectable woman. Frankly, I am not going to stand any of your nonsense; and when you drop it I shall not expect you to stand any of mine. I shall always respect your right to your own opinions and your own way of life.

MRS. WARREN. My own opinions and my own way of life! Listen to her talking! Do you think I was brought up like you? able to pick and choose my own way of life? Do you think I did what I did because I liked it, or thought it right, or wouldnt rather have gone to college and been a lady if I'd had the chance?

VIVIE. Everybody has some choice, mother. The poorest girl alive may not be able to choose between being Queen of England or Principal of Newnham; but she can choose between ragpicking and flower-selling, according to her taste. People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I dont believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and, if they cant find them, make them.

MRS. WARREN. Oh, it's easy to talk, very easy, isnt it? Here! would you like to know what my circumstances were?

VIVIE. Yes; you had better tell me. Wont you sit down?

MRS. WARREN. Oh, I'll sit down; dont you be afraid. [*She plants her chair farther forward with brazen energy, and sits down. Vivie is impressed in spite of herself.*] D'you know what your gran'mother was?

VIVIE. No.

MRS. WARREN. No, you dont. I do. She called herself a widow and had a fried-fish shop down by the Mint, and kept herself and four daughters out of it. Two of us were sisters: that was me and Liz; and we were both good-looking and well made. I suppose our father was a well-fed man; mother pretended he

was a gentleman; but I dont know. The other two were only half sisters: undersized, ugly, starved looking, hard working, honest poor creatures: Liz and I would have half-murdered them if mother hadnt half-murdered us to keep our hands off them. They were the respectable ones. Well, what did they get by their respectability? I'll tell you. One of them worked in a whitelead factory twelve hours a day for nine shillings a week until she died of lead poisoning. She only expected to get her hands a little paralyzed; but she died. The other was always held up to us as a model because she married a Government laborer in the Deptford victualling yard, and kept his room and the three children neat and tidy on eighteen shillings a week — until he took to drink. That was worth being respectable for, wasnt it?

VIVIE. [*now thoughtfully attentive*] Did you and your sister think so?

MRS. WARREN. Liz didnt, I can tell you: she had more spirit (9). We both went to a church school — that was part of the ladylike airs we gave ourselves to be superior to the children that knew nothing and went nowhere — and we stayed there until Liz went out one night and never came back. I know the school-mistress thought I'd soon follow her example; for the clergyman was always warning me that Lizzie'd end by jumping off Waterloo Bridge. Poor fool: that was all he knew about it! But I was more afraid of the whitelead factory than I was of the river; and so would you have been in my place. That clergyman got me a situation as a scullery (10) maid in a temperance restaurant where they sent out for anything you liked. Then I was waitress; and then I went to the bar at Waterloo station: fourteen hours a day serving drinks and washing glasses for four

shillings a week and my board. That was considered a great promotion for me. Well, one cold, wretched night, when I was so tired I could hardly keep myself awake, who should come up for a half of Scotch but Lizzie, in a long fur cloak, elegant and comfortable, with a lot of sovereigns in her purse.

VIVIE. [*grimly*] My aunt Lizzie!

MRS. WARREN. Yes; and a very good aunt to have, too. She's living down at Winchester now, close to the cathedral, one of the most respectable ladies there. Chaperones girls at the county ball, if you please. No river for Liz, thank you! You remind me of Liz a little: she was a first-rate business woman — saved money from the beginning — never let herself look too like what she was — never lost her head or threw away a chance. When she saw I'd grown up good-looking she said to me across the bar "What are you doing there, you little fool? wearing out your health and your appearance for other people's profit!" Liz was saving money then to take a house for herself in Brussels; and she thought we two could save faster than one. So she lent gave me a start; and I saved steadily and first paid her back, and then went her partner. Why shouldn't I have done it? The house in Brussels was real high class; a much better place for a woman to be in than the factory where Anne Jane got poisoned. None of our girls were ever treated as I was treated in the scullery of that temperance place, or at the Waterloo bar, or at home. Would you have had me stay in them and become a worn out old drudge(11) before I was forty?

VIVIE. [*intensely interested by this time*] No; but why did you choose that business? Saving money and good management will succeed in any business.

MRS. WARREN. Yes, saving money. But where can a woman get

the money to save in any other business? Could you save out of four shillings a week and keep yourself dressed as well? Not you. Of course, if you're a plain woman and can't earn anything more; or if you have a turn for music, or the stage, or newspaper-writing; that's different. But neither Liz nor I had any turn for such things: all we had was our appearance and our turn for pleasing men. Do you think we were such fools as to let other people trade in our good looks by employing us as shopgirls, or barmaids, or waitresses, when we could trade in them ourselves and get all the profits instead of starvation wages? Not likely.

VIVIE. You were certainly quite justified — from the business point of view.

MRS. WARREN. Yes; or any other point of view. What is any respectable girl brought up to do but to catch some rich man's fancy and get the benefit of his money by marrying him? — as if a marriage ceremony could make any difference in the right or wrong of the thing! Oh! the hypocrisy of the world makes me sick! Liz and I had to work and save and calculate just like other people; elseways we should be as poor as any good-for-nothing drunken waster of a woman that thinks her luck will last for ever. [*with great energy*] I despise such people: they've no character; and if there's a thing I hate in a woman, it's want of character.

VIVIE. Come now, mother: frankly! Isn't it part of what you call character in a woman that she should greatly dislike such a way of making money?

MRS. WARREN. Why, of course. Everybody dislikes having to work and make money; but they have to do it all the same. I'm sure I've often pitied a poor girl; tired out and in low spirits,

having to try to please some man that she doesnt care two straws for — some half-drunken fool that thinks he's making himself agreeable when he's teasing and worrying and disgusting a woman so that hardly any money could pay her for putting up with it. But she has to bear with disagreeables and take the rough with the smooth, just like a nurse in a hospital or anyone else. It's not work that any woman would do for pleasure, goodness knows; though to hear the pious people talk you would suppose it was a bed of roses.

VIVIE. Still, you consider it worth while. It pays.

MRS. WARREN. Of course it's worth while to a poor girl, if she can resist temptation and is good-looking and well conducted and sensible. It's far better than any other employment open to her. I always thought that oughtnt to be. It c a n t be right, Vivie, that there shouldnt be better opportunities for women. I stick to that: it's wrong. But it's so, right or wrong; and a girl must make the best of it. But of course it's not worth while for a lady. If you took to it you'd be a fool; but I should have been a fool if I'd taken to anything else.

VIVIE. [*more and more deeply moved*] Mother; suppose we were both as poor as you were in those wretched old days, are you quite sure that you wouldnt advise me to try the Waterloo bar, or marry a laborer, or even go into the factory?

MRS. WARREN. [*indignantly*] Of course not. What sort of mother do you take me for! How could you keep your self-respect in such starvation and slavery! And whats a woman worth? whats life worth! without self-respect! Why am I independent and able to give my daughter a first-rate education, when other women that had just as good opportunities are in the gutter(12)? Because I always knew how to respect myself

and control myself. Why is Liz looked up to in a cathedral town? The same reason. Where would we be now if we'd minded the clergyman's foolishness? Scrubbing floors for one and sixpence a day and nothing to look forward to but the workhouse infirmary. Dont you be led astray by people who dont know the world, my girl. The only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her. If she's in his own station of life, let her make him marry her; but if she's far beneath him she cant expect it: why should she? it wouldnt be for her own happiness. Ask any lady in London society that has daughters; and she'll tell you the same, except that I tell you straight and she'll tell you crooked(13). Thats all the difference.

VIVIE. [*fascinated, gazing at her*] My dear mother; you are a wonderful woman: you are stronger than all England. And are you really and truly not one wee bit doubtful — or — or — ashamed?

MRS. WARREN. Well, of course, dearie, it's only good manners to be ashamed of it; it's expected from a woman. Women have to pretend to feel a great deal that they dont feel. Liz used to be angry with me for plumping out the truth about it. She used to say that when every woman could learn enough from what was going on in the world before her eyes, there was no need to talk about it to her. But then Liz was such a perfect lady! She had the true instinct of it; while I was always a bit of a vulgarian (14). I used to be so pleased when you sent me your photos to see that you were growing up like Liz: youve just her ladylike, determined way. But I cant stand saying one thing when everyone knows I mean another. Whats the use in such hypocrisy? If people arrange the world that way for women, theres no good

pretending its arranged the other way. No: I never was a bit ashamed really. I consider I had a right to be proud of how we managed everything so respectably, and never had a word against us, and how the girls were so well taken care of. Some of them did very well: one of them married an ambassador. But of course now I darent talk about such things: whatever would they think of us ! [*She yawns*] Oh dear! I do believe I'm getting sleepy after all. [*She stretches herself lazily, thoroughly relieved by her explosion, and placidly (15) ready for her night's rest*]

VIVIE. I believe it is I who will not be able to sleep now. [*She goes to the dresser and lights the candle. Then she extinguishes the lamp, darkening the room a good deal*] Better let in some fresh air before locking up. [*She opens the cottage door, and finds that it is broad moonlight*] What a beautiful night! Look! [*She draws aside the curtains of the window. The landscape is seen bathed in the radiance of the harvest moon rising over Blackdown*]

MRS. WARREN. [*with a perfunctory (16) glance at the scene*] Yes, dear; but take care you dont catch your death of cold from the night air.

VIVIE. [*contemptuously*] Nonsense.

MRS. WARREN. [*querulously*] Oh yes: everything I say is nonsense, according to you.

VIVIE. [*turning to her quickly*] No: really that is not so, mother. You have got completely the better of me tonight, though I intended it to be the other way. Let us be good friends now.

MRS. WARREN. [*shaking her head a little ruefully*] So it has been the other way. But I suppose I must give in to it. I always got the worst of it from Liz; and now I suppose it'll be

the same with you.

VIVIE. Well, never mind. Come: goodnight, dear old mother.

[*She takes her mother in her arms*]

MRS. WARREN. [*fondly*] I brought you up well, didnt I, dearie?

VIVIE. You did.

MRS. WARREN. And youll be good to your poor old mother for it, wont you?

VIVIE. I will, dear. [*kissing her*] Goodnight.

MRS. WARREN. [*with unction* (17)] Blessings on my own dearie darling! a mother's blessing!

She embraces her daughter protectingly, instinctively looking upward for divine sanction.

Notes:

- (1) resigning herself to: be ready to accept or endure uncomplainingly.
- (2) regular: (colloq) thorough; complete.
- (3) gall: hurt the feelings of; humiliate.
- (4) chatelaine: (陈旧用法)系于妇人腰带上悬挂钥匙等之链子。
- (5) tripos: (剑桥大学的)荣誉学位考试。
- (6) distracted: with the mind confused, bewildered.
- (7) trifle with: play idly with, behave insincerely towards (戏弄)。
- (8) pull yourself together: get control of yourself, your feelings, etc.
- (9) spirit: courage.
- (10) scullery: 洗碗碟的地方。
- (11) drudge: person who must work hard and long at unpleasant tasks.
- (12) the gutter: (fig.) poor or debased state of life.
- (13) crooked: dishonest, not straight-forward.
- (14) vulgarian: person of bad taste, esp. a rich person whose manners and taste are bad.
- (15) placidly: calmly.

(16) perfunctory: done as a duty or routine but without care or interest.

(17) unction: (pretended, insincere) earnestness, smoothness in speech or manner.

II . John Galsworthy

John Galsworthy (1867-1933) was born into an upper-middle-class family. He was educated first at Harrow and then at Oxford. Later he was trained to be a lawyer, but he did not like it. So after practising the law for a short time, he turned to literature. Galsworthy published his first book, *From the Four Winds* (a volume of short stories), in 1897 under the pseudonym of John Sinjohn. And in 1905 he married Ada, the divorced wife of his cousin, whose unhappy life of the first marriage aroused his deep sympathy. These experiences were reflected in *The Man of Property* (1906), which, together with his first play, *The Silver Box* (1906), established him as a prominent novelist and playwright in the public mind. Other novels and plays followed, but it was not until after the First World War that he completed *The Forsyte Saga*, his first trilogy: *The Man of Property*, *In Chancery* (1920) and *To Let* (1921). His second Forsyte trilogy, *A Modern Comedy*, appeared in 1929, and the third, *End of the Chapter*, posthumously in 1934.

Galsworthy was essentially a bourgeois liberal, a reformist. Throughout his life, he was preoccupied with the social injustice in his time. He regarded human life as a struggle between the rich and the poor. And his sympathy always went out to the suffering poor. In his works, the two classes often appear in contrast: a dull, parasitic and inhuman class of the rich, which is against any kind of change; and an oppressed, but rebellious and unyielding class of the poor, which is bent on reforming things. He battled for many liberal

causes, from women's suffrage to the abolition of censorship. He was also a moralist and a critic whose primary aim as a writer was not to create a new society but to criticize the existing one, though his final aim was to keep a balance between the rich and the poor. His works were designed to help improve the status quo; there was no suggestion in them that society should be radically and painfully reconstructed if social enemies were to be reconciled and social ills remedied.

Galsworthy was a conventional writer, having inherited the fine traditions of the great Victorian novelists of the critical realism such as Dickens and Thackeray. He was also influenced by the continental novelists; he admired Maupassant for the vigor, economy and clarity of writing, Turgenev for the wisdom and naturalness, and Tolstoy for the depth of insight and the breadth of character drawing. He thought that he himself had learned more about the essentials of style from them than from any other writer. Technically, he was more traditional than adventurous, focusing on plot development and character portrayal. With an objective observation and a naturalistic description, Galsworthy had tried his best to make an impartial presentation of the social life in a documentary precision. By emphasizing the critical element in his writing, he dauntlessly laid bare the true features of the good and the evil of the bourgeois society. He was also successful in his attempt to present satire and humor in his writing. He wrote in a clear and unpretentious style with a clear and straightforward language.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter 13 of *The Man of Property*

(*The Man of Property* is the first novel of the Forsyte trilogies)

which tell the ups and downs of the Forsyte family from 1886 to 1926. This novel centers itself on the Soames-Irene-Bosinney triangle. Soames Forsyte, a typical Forsyte, represents the essence of the principle that the accumulation of wealth is the sole aim of life, for he considers everything in terms of one's property. Irene, his young and beautiful wife, on the contrary, loves art and cherishes noble ideals of life. But Soames never pays any attention to her thoughts and feelings; he takes her merely as part of his own property. Thus, Irene is not happy about her marriage. In order to please his wife, Soames asks Bosinney, a young architect, to build a country house for them. Like Irene, Bosinney is also interested in art and not in practical things in life. During the designing and building of the house, the two come to enjoy a great deal of each other's company and finally fall in love with each other. Rumors arise and Soames wants his revenge. He sues Bosinney at the court for spending more money than stipulated. The conflict of the triangle ends tragically with Bosinney's death in a car accident and Irene's leaving Soames for good.

The theme of this novel is that of the predominant possessive instinct of the Forsytes and its effects upon the personal relationships of the family with the underlying assumption that human relationships of the contemporary English society are merely an extension of property relationships. The harsh satire on this inhuman sense of property is brought out very effectively in the early chapters of the novel. But in the later part of the novel, the harsh tone gradually changes into a more tolerant one, and finally it becomes a distinctly sentimental one, thus weakening the effect of the novel.)

"One mockturtle(1), clear; one oxtail; two glasses of port."

In the upper room at French's(2), where a Forsyte could still get heavy English food, James and his son were sitting down to lunch.

Of all eating-places James liked best to come here; there was something unpretentious, well-flavoured, and filling about it, and though he had been to a certain extent corrupted by the necessity for being fashionable, and the trend of habits keeping pace with an income that *would* increase, he still hankered(3) in quiet City(4) moments after the tasty flesh-pots of his earlier days. Here you were served by hairy English waiters in aprons; there was sawdust on the floor, and three round gilt looking-glasses hung just above the line of sight. They had only recently done away with the cubicles(5), too, in which you could have your chop, prime chump, with a floury potato, without seeing your neighbours, like a gentleman.

He tucked the top corner of his napkin behind the third button of his waistcoat, a practice he had been obliged to abandon years ago in the West End(6). He felt that he should relish his soup — the entire morning had been given to winding up the estate of an old friend.

After filling his mouth with household bread, stale, he at once began: "How are you going down to Robin Hill? You going to take Irene? You'd better take her. I should think there'll be a lot that'll want seeing to."

Without looking up, Soames answered: "She won't go."

"Won't go? What's the meaning of that? She's going to live in the house, isn't she?"

Soames made no reply.

"I don't know what's coming to women nowadays," mumbled James; "I never used to have any trouble with them. She's had too much liberty. She's spoiled—"

Soames lifted his eyes: "I won't have anything said against her," he said unexpectedly.

The silence was only broken now by the supping of James's soup.

The waiter brought the two glasses of port, but Soames stopped him.

"That's not the way to serve port," he said; "take them away, and bring the bottle."

Rousing himself from his reverie over the soup, James took one of his rapid shifting surveys of surrounding facts.

"Your mother's in bed," he said; "you can have the carriage to take you down. I should think Irene'd like the drive. This young Bosinney'll be there, I suppose, to show you over?"

Soames nodded.

"I should like to go and see for myself what sort of a job he's made finishing off," pursued James. "I'll just drive round and pick you both up."

"I am going down by train," replied Soames. "If you like to drive round and see, Irene might go with you, I can't tell."

He signed to the waiter to bring the bill, which James paid.

They parted at St. Paul's, Soames branching off to the station, James taking his omnibus westwards.

He had secured the corner seat next the conductor, where his long legs made it difficult for anyone to get in, and at all who passed him he looked resentfully, as if they had no business to be using up his air.

He intended to take an opportunity this afternoon of speaking to Irene. A word in time saved nine; and now that she was going to live in the country there was a chance for her to turn over a new leaf! He could see that Soames wouldn't stand very much more of

her goings-on(7)!

It did not occur to him to define what he meant by her "goings on"; the expression was wide, vague, and suited to a Forsyte. And James had more than his common share of courage after lunch.

On reaching home, he ordered out the barouche(8), with special instructions that the groom was to go too. He wished to be kind to her, and to give her every chance.

When the door of No. 62 was opened he could distinctly hear her singing, and said so at once, to prevent any chance of being denied entrance.

Yes, Mrs. Soames was in, but the maid did not know if she was seeing people.

James, moving with the rapidity that ever astonished the observers of his long figure and absorbed expression, went forthwith into the drawing-room without permitting this to be ascertained. He found Irene seated at the piano with her hands arrested on the keys, evidently listening to the voices in the hall. She greeted him without smiling.

"Your mother-in-law's in bed," he began, hoping at once to enlist her sympathy. "I've got the carriage here. Now, be a good girl, and put on your hat and come with me for a drive. It'll do you good!"

Irene looked at him as though about to refuse, but, seeming to change her mind, went upstairs, and came down again with her hat on.

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"We'll just go down to Robin Hill," said James, spluttering out his words very quick; "the horses want exercise, and I should like to see what they've been doing down there."

Irene hung back, but again changed her mind, and went out to

the carriage, James brooding over her closely, to make quite sure.

It was not before he had got her more than half way that he began: "Soames is very fond of you — he won't have anything said against you; why don't you show him more affection?"

Irene flushed, and said in a low voice: "I can't show what I haven't got."

James looked at her sharply; he felt that now he had her in his own carriage, with his own horses and servants; he was really in command of the situation. She could not put him off(9); nor would she make a scene(10) in public.

"I can't think what you're about," he said. "He's a very good husband!"

Irene's answer was so low as to be almost inaudible among the sounds of traffic. He caught the words: "You are not married to him!"

"What's that got to do with it? He's given you everything you want. He's always ready to take you anywhere, and now he's built you this house in the country. It's not as if you had anything of your own."

"No."

Again James looked at her; he could not make out the expression on her face. She looked almost as if she were going to cry, and yet —

"I'm sure," he muttered hastily, "we've all tried to be kind to you."

Irene's lips quivered; to his dismay James saw a tear steal down her cheek. He felt a choke rise in his own throat.

"We're all fond of you," he said, "if you'd only" — he was going to say, "behave yourself", but changed it to — "if you'd only be more of a wife to him."

Irene did not answer, and James, too, ceased speaking. There was something in her silence which disconcerted him; it was not the silence of obstinacy, rather that of acquiescence in all that he could find to say. And yet he felt as if he had not had the last word. He could not understand this.

He was unable, however, to long keep silence.

"I suppose that young Bosinney," he said, "will be getting married to June now?"

Irene's face changed. "I don't know," she said; "you should ask *her*."

"Does she write to you?"

"No."

"How's that?" said James. "I thought you and she were such great friends."

Irene turned on him. "Again," she said, "you should ask *her*!"

"Well," flustered James, frightened by her look, "it's very odd that I can't get a plain answer to a plain question, but there it is."

He sat ruminating over his rebuff, and burst out at last:

"Well, I've warned you. You won't look ahead. Soames, he doesn't say much, but I can see he won't stand a great deal more of this sort of thing. You'll have nobody but yourself to blame, and, what's more, you'll get no sympathy from anybody."

Irene bent her head with a little smiling bow. "I am very much obliged to you."

James did not know what on earth to answer.

The bright hot morning had changed slowly to a grey, oppressive afternoon; a heavy bank of clouds, with the yellow tinge of coming thunder, had risen in the south, and was creeping up. The branches of the trees drooped motionless across the road without the

smallest stir of foliage. A faint odour of glue from the heated horses clung in the thick air; the coachman and groom, rigid and unbending, exchanged stealthy murmurs on the box, without ever turning their heads.

To James's great relief they reached the house at last; the silence and impenetrability of this woman by his side, whom he had always thought so soft and mild, alarmed him.

The carriage put them down at the door, and they entered.

The hall was cool, and so still that it was like passing into a tomb; a shudder ran down James's spine. He quickly lifted the heavy leather curtains between the columns into the inner court.

He could not restrain an exclamation of approval.

The decoration was really in excellent taste. The dull ruby tiles that extended from the foot of the walls to the verge of a circular clump of tall iris plants, surrounding in turn a sunken basin of white marble filled with water, were obviously of the best quality. He admired extremely the purple leather curtains drawn along one entire side, framing a huge white-tiled stove. The central partitions of the skylight had been slid back, and the warm air from outside penetrated into the very house.

He stood, his hands behind him, his head bent back on his high, narrow shoulders, spying the tracery on the columns and the pattern of the frieze which ran round the ivory-coloured walls under the gallery. Evidently, no pains had been spared. It was quite the house of a gentleman. He went up to the curtains, and, having discovered how they were worked, drew them asunder and disclosed the picture-gallery, ending in a great window taking up the whole end of the room. It had a black oak floor, and its walls, again, were of ivory white. He went on throwing open doors, and peeping in. Everything was in apple-pie order, ready for immediate occupation.

He turned round at last to speak to Irene, and saw her standing over in the garden entrance, with her husband and Bosinney.

Though not remarkable for sensibility, James felt at once that something was wrong. He went up to them, and, vaguely alarmed, ignorant of the nature of the trouble, made an attempt to smooth things over.

"How are you, Mr. Bosinney?" he said, holding out his hand. "You've been spending money pretty freely down here, I should say!"

Soames turned his back, and walked away. James looked from Bosinney's frowning face to Irene's, and, in his agitation, spoke his thoughts aloud: "Well, I can't tell what's the matter. Nobody tells me anything!" And, making off after his son, he heard Bosinney's short laugh, and his "well, thank God! You look so —" Most unfortunately he lost the rest.

What had happened? He glanced back. Irene was very close to the architect, and her face not like the face he knew of her. He hastened up to his son.

Soames was pacing the picture-gallery.

"What's the matter?" said James. "What's all this?" Soames looked at him with his supercilious(11) calm unbroken, but James knew well enough that he was violently angry.

"Our friend," he said, "has exceeded his instructions again, that's all. So much the worse for him this time."

He turned round and walked back towards the door. James followed hurriedly, edging himself in front. He saw Irene take her finger from before her lips, heard her say something in her ordinary voice, and began to speak before he reached them:

"There's a storm coming on. We'd better get home. We can't take you, I suppose, Mr. Bosinney? No, I suppose not. Then,

good-bye!" He held out his hand. Bosinney did not take it, but, turning with a laugh, said:

"Good-bye, Mr. Forsyte. Don't get caught in the storm!" and walked away.

"Well," began James, "I don't know —"

But the sight of Irene's face stopped him. Taking hold of his daughter-in-law by the elbow, he escorted her towards the carriage. He felt certain, quite certain, they had been making some appointment or other....

Nothing in this world is more sure to upset a Forsyte than the discovery that something on which he has stipulated to spend a certain sum has cost more. And this is reasonable, for upon the accuracy of his estimates the whole policy of his life is ordered. If he cannot rely on definite values of property, his compass is amiss; he is adrift upon bitter waters without a helm.

After writing to Bosinney in the terms that have already been chronicled, Soames had dismissed the cost of the house from his mind. He believed that he had made the matter of the final cost so very plain that the possibility of its being again exceeded had really never entered his head. On hearing from Bosinney that his limit of twelve thousand pounds would be exceeded by something like four hundred, he had grown white with anger. His original estimate of the cost of the house completed had been ten thousand pounds, and he had often blamed himself severely for allowing himself to be led into repeated excesses. Over this last expenditure, however, Bosinney had put himself completely in the wrong. How on earth a fellow could make such an ass of himself Soames could not conceive; but he had done so, and all the rancour(12) and hidden jealousy that had been burning against him for so long was now focused in rage at this crowning piece of extravagance. The attitude of the confident and

friendly husband was gone. To preserve property — his wife — he had assumed it, to preserve property of another kind he lost it now.

"Ah!" he had said to Bosinney when he could speak, "and I suppose you're perfectly contented with yourself. But I may as well tell you that you've altogether mistaken your man!"

What he meant by those words he did not quite know at the time, but after dinner he looked up the correspondence between himself and Bosinney to make quite sure. There could be no two opinions about it — the fellow had made himself liable for(13) that extra four hundred, or, at all events, for three hundred and fifty of it, and he would have to make it good.

He was looking at his wife's face when he came to this conclusion. Seated in her usual seat on the sofa, she was altering the lace on a collar: She had not once spoken to him all the evening.

He went up to the mantelpiece, and contemplating his face in the mirror, said: "Your friend the Buccaneer had made a fool of himself; he will have to pay for it!"

She looked at him scornfully, and answered: "I don't know what you are talking about!"

"You soon will. A mere trifle, quite beneath your contempt — four hundred pounds."

"Do you mean that you are going to make him pay that towards this hateful house?"

"I do."

"And you know he's got nothing?"

"Yes."

"Then you are meaner than I thought you."

Soames turned from the mirror, and unconsciously taking a china cup from the mantelpiece, clasped his hands around it, as though praying. He saw her bosom rise and fall, her eyes darkening with

anger, and taking no notice of the taunt(14), he asked quietly:

"Are you carrying on a flirtation with Bosinney?"

"No, I am not!"

Her eyes met his, and he looked away. He neither believed nor disbelieved her, but he knew that he had made a mistake in asking; he never had known, never would know, what she was thinking. The sight of her inscrutable(15) face, the thought of all the hundreds of evenings he had seen her sitting there like that, soft and passive, but so unreadable, unknown, enraged him beyond measure.

"I believe you are made of stone," he said, clenching his fingers so hard that he broke the fragile cup. The pieces fell into the grate. And Irene smiled.

"You seem to forget," she said, "that cup is not!"(16)

Soames gripped her arm. "A good beating," he said, "is the only thing that would bring you to your senses," but turning on his heel, he left the room.

Notes:

- (1) mockturtle: made to imitate turtle soup.
- (2) at French's: at the French restaurant.
- (3) hankered: had a strong desire.
- (4) City: the oldest part of London, now the commercial and financial centre.
- (5) cubicles: 大房间内以墙或幕隔成的小室。
- (6) the West End: 伦敦西区。
- (7) goings-on: (colloq) behavior.
- (8) barouche: 一种四轮大马车。
- (9) put him off: hinder, distract him.
- (10) make a scene: give an emotional outburst.
- (11) supercilious: showing contemptuous indifference.
- (12) rancour: deep and long-lasting feeling of bitterness; spitefulness.

(13) liable for: responsible according to law.

(14) taunt: remark intended to hurt sb's feelings.

(15) inscrutable: mysterious, that cannot be understood.

(16) i. e. the cup is not made of stone.

III. William Butler Yeats

W. B. Yeats (1865-1939) was born into an Anglo-Irish Protestant family in Dublin. His childhood was largely spent between school in London and his mother's native county of Sligo, where old Irish way of life and folklore were still very strong. After high school, Yeats entered the School of Art in Dublin where he met many artists and writers who encouraged him to be a poet. With a strong passion for Celtic legends, he read Irish poetry and the Gaelic sagas in translation. His youth was spent during the high tide of the Irish Nationalist Movement led by Parnell. Yeats met Lady Gregory and John Synge in 1896. With the common cultural ideals of reviving the Irish literature, they organized the Irish National Dramatic Society and opened the Abbey Theater in 1904. Yeats served as its director and wrote more than 20 plays for the theater. In 1923, he was awarded Nobel Prize for literature.

Toward the Irish Nationalist Movement, Yeats's attitude went through several different stages. When he was young, he took an active interest in nationalist politics. Later, when his love affair with Maud Gonne, a beautiful Irish actress and a fiery freedom fighter, turned out to be fruitless and when his plays were denounced by the Dublin middle class as being anti-religious, and therefore anti-Irish, he was apparently disillusioned with the state of the Irish Nationalist Movement and turned to praise the refinement of the aristocratic life. But when he heard the Easter Rising of

1916, Yeats was again inspired. Fairly speaking, Yeats was a moderate nationalist. Surely he had his national pride and his hatred for English oppression. But Yeats never showed any enthusiasm towards the violent, heroic mass actions taken by the people for their national cause.

Not content with any dogma in any of the established religious institutions, Yeats built up for himself a mystical system of beliefs. In choosing the mystical belief of cyclical history over the modern conception of progress, Yeats owed a great deal to the Italian philosopher Vico and the German philosopher Nietzsche. He believed that history, and life, followed a circular, spiral pattern consisting of long cycles which repeated themselves over and over on different levels. And symbols like "winding stairs," "spinning tops," "gyres" and "spirals" were part of his elaborate theory of history, which had obviously become the central core of order in his great poems. Yeats later disagreed with the idea of "art for art's sake." He came to see that literature should not be an end in itself but the expression of conviction and the garment of noble emotion. To write about Ireland for an Irish audience and to recreate a specifically Irish literature — these were the aims that Yeats was fighting for as a poet and a playwright. Starting from his twenties, he had been active in promoting the movement known as the Irish Literary Revival. He believed that the Irish art, poetry, drama, and legend would fill the people with national aspirations in striving for a new Ireland, and that only by "expressing primary truths in ways appropriate to this country" could artists hope to restore to the modern Ireland the "unity of culture" that was needed to bring an end to his country's internal division and suffering. //

Yeats is considered to be one of the greatest poets in the English language, and his poetic achievement stands at the center of

modern literature. He had a very long poetic career, stretching from the 1880s to the 1930s, and had experienced a slow and painful change in his poetic creation, starting in the romantic tradition and finishing as a matured modernist poet. Generally, his poetic career can be divided into three periods according to the contents and style of his poetry.

As a young man in the last decades of the 19th century, Yeats began his poetic career in the romantic tradition. The major themes are usually Celtic legends, local folktales, or stories of the heroic age in Irish history. Many of his early poems have a dreamy quality, expressing melancholy, passive and self-indulgent feelings. But in a number of poems, Yeats has achieved suggestive patterns of meaning by a careful counterpointing of contrasting ideas or images like human and fairy, natural and artificial, domestic and wild, and ephemeral and permanent. "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" is just a popular representative of such poems; around a "fairyland" background, the poem is closely woven, easy, subtle and musical; the clarity and control of the imagery give the poem a haunting quality. In "The Man Who Dreamed of Faeryland," Yeats has made something peculiarly effective out of the contrast between human activities and the strangeness of nature. The overall style of his early poetry is very delicate with natural imagery, dream-like atmosphere and musical beauty. ||

The first two decades of the 20th century were a period of transition to Yeats, during which his attitude towards politics, life and poetry had experienced a great change. His disgust at the bourgeois philistinism soured his political optimism, leaving him a disillusioned patriotic sentiment. His long-cherished but hopeless love for Gonne brought him only suffering and bitterness. Gradually, Yeats turned from the traditional poetry to a modernist one. Ideologically, he re-

sponded to Nietzsche's works with great excitement; artistically, he came under the influence of French Symbolism and John Donne's metaphysical poetry; and poetically, he accepted the modernist ideas in poetry writing advocated by Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot.

Now Yeats began to write with realistic and concrete themes on a variety of subjects, exploring the profound and complicated human problems, such as life, love, politics, and religion. With the combination of his appreciation of beauty and a sense of tragedy in life, Yeats gave a significance to the ordinary events of life in his poetry. The new vigor of his verse is reflected in the precise and concrete imagery, the strong passion, and the active verb forms. The early passive and dreamy mood was replaced by anger, disillusion and bitter satire. His style is both simple and rich, colloquial and formal, with a quality of metaphysical wit and symbolic vision, which indicates that Yeats has already been on his way to modernist poetry. In his poem, "No Second Troy," Yeats expressed a strong feeling towards love and towards the Irish reality with scornful irony. In the poem, "September 1913," Yeats, with severe satire, assaulted the bourgeois philistines and their meanness of spirit and selfish materialism.

Yeats reached the last stage of his poetic creation when he was over fifty. The scorn so pervasive before was gone; but the loss of youth and the waste of life made him feel more bitter and more disillusioned. He yearned to move away from the sensual world of growth and change, and to enter the timeless, eternal world of art and intellect. Yeats came to realize that eternal beauty could only live in the realm of art. His concern has turned to the great subjects of dichotomy, such as, youth and age, love and war, vigor and wisdom, body and soul, and life and art. And this dichotomy has brought constant tensions in his works and revealed the human

predicament. In this last period, Yeats has developed a tough, complex and symbolical style.

In his famous poem, "Sailing to Byzantium," Yeats explored the problems of death, love, old age and art. Being at the junction of East and West, the city became a refuge from time, and, at once, purgatory and paradise, a haunt of spirit, symbolizing the unity of the opposites. "Once out of nature," or dead, the old man in "Sailing to Byzantium" will be gone into the "Monuments of unaging intellect," the "artifice of eternity," where art arrests change. His great works of art, which are needed now to carry him beyond the sensual world, to transform him into a golden bird, would sing of time, "Of what is past, or passing, or to come." "Leda and the Swan," his strange but powerful sonnet, expresses a tragic sense of history as a series of patterns of behavior and action. Leda, the beautiful Queen of Sparta, was raped by Zeus in the form of swan. Consequently Leda gave birth to two eggs, from one of which Helen was born. Helen, who was seduced by Paris, was the cause of the Trojan War. And this war caused the birth of Rome, which in its turn laid the foundation of modern Europe. . . , and so on. Here Yeats tries to say that Love and War, resulting from this act and symbolized by Helen, are the two primary passions of human beings and that they have caused bitter struggles and endless sufferings.

Yeats is also a dramatist, writing verse plays in most of the cases. He wrote more than 20 plays in a stretch of 48 years. Yeats has a deep and real feeling for the Irish tradition. The stories of his early plays all came from the Irish myth or legends. In 1892, Yeats wrote his first play, *The Countess Cathleen* to impress Maud Gonne. The play is an Irish myth about a noblewoman who sells her soul to the devil in order to save starving peasants; and Yeats considered it as an appropriate symbol of the activities to which Gonne had dedicated

her life. *Cathleen ni Houlihan* (1902), written largely in prose, is a forceful play of patriotism, in which Cathleen, a poor and mysterious old woman, who symbolizes Ireland, calls on the young people to assist her in recovering her land from strangers and promises glory to those who make sacrifice in their fight. The play was a great inspiration to the Irish nationalists who were fighting against the English government for their own freedom and independence. In addition to the above-mentioned, *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), *The Shadowy Waters* (1900) and *Purgatory* (1935) are also regarded as fairly good plays by Yeats.

In his later phase of dramatic career, in order to reflect "the deeps of the mind," Yeats began experimenting with techniques borrowed from the Japanese Nōh plays, such as the use of masks, of ritualized actions, and of symbolic languages together with the combination of music and dance. In a certain way, his experiments anticipated the abstract movement of modern theater. //

However, even in his plays Yeats has remained a lyrical poet. His plays are enjoyed more for the beauty of their language than for dramatic situations. As a matter of fact, his dramas are far less "dramatic" in force and in tension than his poetic works. Yeats is, first of all, remembered as a great poet.

Selected Readings:

1. The Lake Isle of Innisfree(1)

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade(2).

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings(3).

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core(4).

Notes:

- (1) The poem is written in 1893. Tired of the life of his day, Yeats sought to escape into an ideal "fairyland" where he could live calmly as a hermit and enjoy the beauty of nature. The poem consists of three quatrains of iambic pentameter, with each stanza rhymed *abab*. Innisfree is an inlet in the lake in Irish legends. Here the author is referring to a place for hermitage.
- (2) the bee-loud glade: an open place in the wood where bees buzz loudly.
- (3) full of the linnet's wings: Here it refers to the fact that lots of linnets (红雀) fly here and there.
- (4) in the deep heart's core: at the bottom of my heart.

2. Down by the Salley Gardens(1)

Down by the salley(2) gardens my love and I did meet;
 She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
 She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
 But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the
weirs(3);
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Notes:

- (1) Originally entitled "An Old Song Resung," with Yeats's footnote: "This is an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballysodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself."
- (2) salley: a variant of "sallow," a species of willow tree.
- (3) weirs: walls or barriers across a river to control the flow of water.

N. T. S. Eliot

Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-1965) was born at St. Louis, Missouri, USA. Eliot was first educated at Smith Academy in his hometown and then at Harvard where he concentrated his energies on studying philosophy and logic. Later Eliot studied literature and philosophy in France, Germany and at Oxford, England. He took interest in Elizabethan literature, the Italian Renaissance and Indian mystical philosophy of Buddhism. He was also attracted by the French symbolist poetry.

Eliot got married and settled down in London in 1915. After a year or two of teaching, he began to write. His first important poem, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," appeared in 1915. From 1917 to 1919, he served as the assistant editor of *The Egoist*, a magazine advocating Imagism. In 1922 he became the editor of *The Criterion*, which was one of the two most influential literary

reviews of this century. Eliot's most famous poem, *The Waste Land* (1922), appeared in the first number of *The Criterion*. In 1927, Eliot took English citizenship and became a devout member of the Anglican Church. In his later career, Eliot busied himself with different kinds of literary work such as writing, editing, publishing and lecturing. He won various awards, including the Nobel Prize and the Order of Merit in 1948. //

Eliot had a long poetic career, which was generally divided into two periods: the early one from 1915 to 1925, and the later one from 1927 onward. In his early period, Eliot produced a fairly large number of poems, which were mainly collected in *Poems 1909-25* (1925). He also published *Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917), *The Waste Land* and two other small volumes of poetry. As a young man with bitter disillusionment and with boldness in the handling of language, Eliot had explored in his early poetry various aspects of decay of culture in the modern Western world, expressing a sense of the disintegration of life. Most of his early poems are about a state of mind. There is little "action" in a physical sense; the action is totally psychological. The poems are dominated by the dark horror of an earthly hell. The more important poems of this period are: "Prufrock," "Gerontion," *The Waste Land*, and *The Hollow Men*. "Gerontion" is a poem of dramatic monologue in which an old man reminisces about his lost power to live and his lost hope of spiritual rebirth. The poem is heavily indebted to James Joyce in terms of the stream-of-consciousness technique, which has been largely employed in Eliot's later writings. The poem is also an advance over "Prufrock" and a prelude to *The Waste Land*, helping to point up the continuity of Eliot's thinking. *The Hollow Men*, which bears a strong thematic resemblance to *The Waste Land*, is generally regarded as the darkest of Eliot's poems. In this earthly

hell, the hollow men must wait for death to liberate them into a kind of purgatory. But even in the purgatory, there is no hope of salvation. // The Waste Land, Eliot's most important single poem, has been hailed as a landmark and a model of the 20th-century English poetry, comparable to Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*. With bold technical innovations in versification and style, the poem not only presents a panorama of physical disorder and spiritual desolation in the modern Western world, but also reflects the prevalent mood of disillusionment and despair of a whole post-war generation.

The poem is 433 lines long and is divided into five sections, which are not logically constructed or connected. Section I, "The Burial of the Dead," deals chiefly with the theme of death in life. The inhabitants in the modern Waste Land, who have lost the knowledge of good and evil, live a sterile, meaningless life. In the last passage of the section, Eliot connects the "unreal city" with the city of the dead, and modern London with Dante's Hell, claiming that those who have no faith of religion are actually living dead. To bury the dead is to bury a memory, which brings no hope of growth or renewal. Section II, "A Game of Chess," gives a rather concrete illustration of the sterile situation. A picture of spiritual emptiness is presented with the reproduction of a contemporary pub conversation between two cockney women. The discussion is constantly interrupted by the pub keeper's "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME." Section III, "The Fire Sermon," expresses a painfully elegiac feeling by juxtaposing the vulgarity and shallowness of the modern with the beauty and simplicity of the past. What was once ritualistic and meaningful is now despairing and empty. In section IV, "Death by Water," the drowned Phoenician Sailor is an emblem of futile worries over profit and loss, youth and age. With the curative and bap-

tismal power of the water images, the drowned Phoenician Sailor also recalls the rebirth of the drowned god of the fertility cults, thus giving an instance of the conquest of death. The title of Section V, "What the Thunder Said," appears to be derived from an Indian myth, in which the supreme Lord of the Creation speaks through the thunder. As the drought breaks and the thunder speaks, various elusive suggestions of hopes are given; but despite the thunder's advice "to give, to sympathize, and to control," which projects the possibility of regeneration, the issue is left uncertain at the end.

15.10 [The Waste Land is a poem concerned with the spiritual breakup of a modern civilization in which human life has lost its meaning, significance and purpose. The poem has developed a whole set of historical, cultural and religious themes; but it is often regarded as being primarily a reflection of the 20th-century people's disillusionment and frustration in a sterile and futile society.

In his later period, Eliot produced only two major volumes of poetic works: Ash Wednesday (1930) and Four Quartets (1944). Both clearly reflect his allegiance to the Church of England. The Four Quartets, based on the Christian dogmas of incarnation and resurrection, is concerned with the quest for the immortal element, the stillness within time or history. Man, disillusioned and hopeless in his early poetry, now finds reconciliation in God. Thus, the Four Quartets is characterized by a philosophical and emotional calm quite in contrast to the despair and suffering of the early works.

T. S. Eliot was one of the important verse dramatists in the first half of the 20th century. Besides some fragmentary pieces, Eliot had written in his lifetime five full-length plays: Murder in the Cathedral (1935), The Family Reunion (1939), The Cocktail Party (1950), The Confidential Clerk (1954), and The Elder Statesman (1959). All the plays have something to do with Chris-

tian themes. *Murder in the Cathedral*, which was written for the Canterbury Festival of June 1935, is concerned with the death and martyrdom of Thomas Becket. The focus of interest of the play lies not in the violent killing of St. Thomas but in his inner conflict with various temptations, of which the most serious is the temptation to accept his martyrdom for the wrong reason. For all its lack of action and convincing protagonist, the play is intensely moving. The dialogues are marked by the sharp, irregularly assorted stresses, four to a line, which closely mimic the versification of *Everyman*. (Generally speaking, *Murder in the Cathedral* is the best of his plays in the sense that it contains the best poetry and the most coherent drama. 17/0

The Family Reunion has a modern setting; the story is about a young nobleman who painfully comes to realize the truth about himself, his background and environment, and who, divested of all deception and distraction, sets out on a lonely journey towards union with the divine. Instead of the rich, highly colored language of the choruses in *Murder in the Cathedral*, Eliot is aiming at catching the tones, idioms, and rhythms of the contemporary speech in this play. His three later plays are also concerned with the subject of spiritual self-discovery but in the form of a sophisticated modern social comedy. Eliot's major achievement in play writing has been the creation of a verse drama in the 20th century to express the ideas and actions of modern society with new accents of the contemporary speech.

T. S. Eliot was also an important prose writer. During his literary career, he wrote a large number of essays, articles and book reviews. His essays are mainly concerned with cultural, social, religious, as well as literary issues. In his famous essay, "Tradition and Individual Talent," Eliot put great emphasis on the importance of tradition both in creative writing and in criticism. And in presenting

his doctrine of impersonality, Eliot argued that a poet's mind should remain "inert" and "neutral" towards his subject matter, keeping a gulf between the man who suffers and the mind which creates. It is not inappropriate to say that Eliot, as a critic, may have occupied today a position of distinction and influence equal in importance to his position as a poet. ~~##~~

Like Wordsworth, Eliot experienced a drastic change in his political attitude towards the world. When he was young, he was radical, pessimistic, satiric and explorative. His wasteland derogation of the civilized world was the precise expression of the young people after the First World War. The horror and menace, the anguish and dereliction, and the futility and sterility expressed in his poetry had been afflicting all sensitive members of the postwar generation.

When Eliot had himself well-established, his New England's religious background, his authoritative habit of mind, and his fears of the socialist revolution gradually turned him to the choice of conservatism and a hierarchic society. His conversion to Anglicanism in 1927 made him in favor of the divine order against the anarchic chaos. Eliot came to believe that the illness of the modern world was of the sum of individual souls, and that the cure could only be obtained by the change of the individual souls through the religious salvation. Thus, the quest for stability, for order, and for the maintaining of the bourgeois status quo became his primary concern in his later works. //

Selected Reading:

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

("The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is Eliot's most striking early achievement. It presents the meditation of an aging

young man over the business of proposing marriage. The poem is in a form of dramatic monologue, suggesting an ironic contrast between a pretended "love song" and a confession of the speaker's incapability of facing up to love and to life in a sterile upper-class world. Prufrock, the protagonist of the poem, is neurotic, self-important, illogical and incapable of action. He is a kind of tragic figure caught in a sense of defeated idealism and tortured by unsatisfied desires. The setting of the poem resembles the "polite society" of Pope's "The Rape of the Lock," in which a tea party is a significant event and a game of cards is the only way to stave off boredom. The poem is intensely anti-romantic with visual images of hard, gritty objects and evasive hellish atmosphere.)

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo(1).

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the windowpanes,

The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the windowpanes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the windowpanes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,

My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")

Do I dare

Disturb the universe?

In a minute there is time

For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all —

Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;

I know the voices dying with a dying fall

Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all —

The eyes that fix you in a formulated(2) phrase,

And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,

When I am pinned and wriggling(3) on the wall,

Then how should I begin

To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all —

Arms that are braceleted and white and bare

(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)

Is it perfume from a dress

That makes me so digress(4)?

Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.

And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas(5).

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers(6);
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in
upon a platter,

I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker(7),
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker(8),
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,

To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus(9), come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—

If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.

That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail
along the floor —

And this, and so much more? —

It is impossible to say just what I mean!

But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a
screen:

Would it have been worth while

If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,

And turning toward the window, should say:

"That is not it at all,

That is not what I meant, at all."

* * * * *

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;

Am an attendant lord, one that will do

To swell a progress(10), start a scene or two,

Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,

Deferential, glad to be of use,

Politic, cautious, and meticulous(11);

Full of high sentence, (12) but a bit obtuse(13);

At times, indeed, almost ridiculous —

Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves

Combing the white hair of the waves blown back

When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea

By sea-girls wreathed(14) with seaweed red and brown

Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Notes:

- (1) Michelangelo: 米开朗基罗, 文艺复兴时期意大利雕塑家。
- (2) formulated: clearly and exactly expressed.
- (3) wriggling: moving with quick, short, twistings.
- (4) digress: wander away.
- (5) Scuttling across the floors of silent seas: That is, he would have been better as a crab on the ocean bed; the motion of a crab suggests futility and growing old.
- (6) malingers: pretends to be ill, in order to escape duty or work.
- (7) flicker: flash back and forth.

- (8) snicker: snigger; secretly laugh.
- (9) Lazarus: cf. Luke 16.19-31, John 11.1-44.
- (10) progress: (old use) state journey.
- (11) meticulous: giving great attention to detail.
- (12) full of high sentence: sententious; in the habit of saying or writing things in a short and witty manner.
- (13) obtuse: stupid.
- (14) wreathed: encircled; surrounded.

V. D. H. Lawrence

David Herbert Lawrence (1885-1930) was born at a mining village in Nottinghamshire. His father was a coal-miner with little education; but his mother, once a school teacher, was from a somewhat higher class, who came to think that she had married beneath her and desired to have her sons well educated so as to help them escape from the life of coal miners. The conflict between the earthy, coarse, energetic but often drunken father and the refined, strong-willed and up-climbing mother is vividly presented in his autobiographical novel, *Sons and Lovers* (1913).

Lawrence is one of the greatest English novelists of the 20th century, and, perhaps, the greatest from a working-class family. During his life-long literary career, he had written more than ten novels, several volumes of short stories and a large number of poems.

Lawrence began his novel writing in his early twenties. His first novel, *The White Peacock* (1911), is a remarkable work of a talented young man, acutely observant of nature and delighting in story. His second novel is *The Trespasser* (1912). Its theme is about the failure of human contact and the lack of warmth between

people, which are to be further explored in his later novels. Lawrence was recognized as a prominent novelist only after he published his third novel, *Sons and Lovers*.

The following two novels, *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Women in Love* (1920), are generally regarded as his masterpieces. Symbolism and complex narrative are employed more richly in these works than in the earlier ones. *The Rainbow* is a story about the three generations of the Brangwen family on the Marsh farm. The first part is about the marriage and life of Tom Brangwen and Lydia Lensky, a Polish widow. They have a deep and loving understanding of each other in spite of the utter foreignness between them. They can also communicate with the mysterious natural world. Their relationship is presented as the model one in the novel. The second part of the novel is about Anna Lensky, Lydia's daughter by her first husband, and Will, Tom's nephew. They have physical passion for each other; but, in Lawrence's words, "their souls remain separate." Their relationship is fraught with conflicts, and their marriage fails to achieve the final fulfillment of the older generation. The last part of the novel deals with Ursula, the eldest daughter of Will and Anna, who carries the story on into the third generation. This part of the novel traces Ursula's life from childhood through adolescence up to adulthood. At the end of the novel, Ursula is left with much experience behind her, but still "uncreated" in face of the unknown future. In this novel, Lawrence illustrates a terrible social corruption that accompanies the progress of human civilization. In Lawrence's opinion, the mechanical civilization is responsible for the unhealthy development of human personalities, the perversion of love and the failure of human fulfillment in marital relationships. In reading the novel, the reader often feels the threatening shadows of the disintegration and destructiveness of the whole

civilized world which loom behind the emotional conflicts and psychological tensions of the characters. As a matter of fact, it is the first time for Lawrence to make a conscious attempt to combine social criticism with psychological exploration in his novel writing. //

As its title implies, Women in Love is a novel about two pairs of lovers, around whom a series of episodes are dramatically presented. The two heroines are Ursula Brangwen and her younger sister Gudrun; and the two chief male characters are Gerald Crich, a young coalmine owner, and Rupert Birkin, a school inspector. At the opening of the story, Ursula and Birkin strike an immediate kinship with each other, while Gudrun is attracted by Gerald's physical energy. The rest of the novel is a working out of the relationships of these four through interrelating events and conflicts of personalities. After a series of ups and downs, Birkin and Ursula have reached a fruitful relationship by maintaining their integrity and independence as individuals and decided to get married in the end. But the passionate love between Gudrun and Gerald experiences a process of tension and deterioration. As both of them have let their "will-power" and "ideals" interfere with their proper relations, their love turns out to be a disastrous tragedy. *Women in Love* is rich in its symbolic meanings. Gerald Crich, an efficient but ruthless coalmine owner, who makes the machine his god and establishes the inhuman mechanical system in his mining kingdom, is a symbolic figure of spiritual death, representing the whole set of bourgeois ethics. Whereas Birkin, a self-portrait of Lawrence, who fights against the cramping pressures of mechanized industrialism and the domination of any kind of dead formulas, is presented as a symbolic figure of human warmth, standing for the spontaneous Life Force. Women in Love is a remarkable novel in which the individual consciousness is subtly revealed and strands of themes are intricately wound up.

The structural pattern of the book derives from the contrast between the destinies of the two pairs of lovers and the subordinate masculine relationship between Birkin and Gerald. The two sisters, the two male friends, and the two couples are closely paralleled in ideas, actions and relations so that each is corresponding to and contrasting with the other. Thus, *Women in Love* is regarded to be a more profoundly ordered novel than any other written by Lawrence.

In the novels of his later period, Lawrence deals more extensively with themes of power, dominance, and leadership; the relationships that men form with one another, rather than with women, are also under exploration. By portraying, in *Aaron's Rod* (1922), a disillusioned man who attempts to save his integrity by running away again and again from his wife and children, Lawrence tries to show that every man is a sacred and holy individual whose integrity should never be violated or dominated. *Kangaroo* (1923), which is written out of Lawrence's trip to Australia, gives a rich portrayal of the Australian life and scenery; but the subject is about the struggle for leadership in marriage as well as in politics. *The Plumed Serpent* (1926), set in Mexico, shows that Lawrence tries to give symbolic fictional form to his preoccupation with the concept of "blood consciousness," a mystical religion of instinct, which is the product of his lifelong search for a new expression of life's meaning. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928), Lawrence has returned to his early subjects and background of Nottinghamshire. By presenting an old romantic story about a dissatisfied aristocratic lady who deserts her half-man, half-machine husband to find love with a man of nature, Lawrence not only condemns the civilized world of mechanism that distorts all natural relationships between men and women, but also advocates a return to nature.

Lawrence turns his eyes outward to human society in his short

stories. He is not only telling a story, but also using them to expose the bankruptcy of the mechanical civilization and to find an answer to it. Irony, humour and wit are the characteristic features of many of the stories. *St. Mawr*, *The Daughter of the Vicar*, *The Horse Dealer's Daughter*, *The Captain's Doll*, *The Prussian Officer*, and *The Virgin and the Gypsy* are generally considered to be Lawrence's best known stories.

Lawrence is also a proficient poet. He began his poetry writing very early and wrote quite a large number of poems in his whole career. His poems fall roughly into three categories: satirical and comic poems, poems about human relationships and emotions, and poems about nature. Lawrence does not care much about the conventional metrical rules; what he tries to do in poetry is to catch the instant life of the immediate present. In several of his best animal poems, Lawrence reveals the sheer unknowable otherness of the non-human life.

Lawrence was discovered to be an important playwright in 1968 with the efforts of Peter Gill who staged three plays known as "the Lawrence trilogy" at the Royal Court. These three plays: *A Collier's Friday Night* (1909), *The Daughter-in-Law* (1912) and *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyed* (1914), have in common the typical working-class environments set in Nottinghamshire. The main conflict is between the ignorant, drunken and brutish father or husband and the weary, frustrated mother or wife who tries to find emotional fulfillment in her children. What the plays focus on is the direct and violent emotions of the main characters in times of crisis in their married life. The plays are presented with a higher degree of objectivity and detachment than the novels by Lawrence.

In his writings, Lawrence has expressed a strong reaction against the mechanical civilization. As a working-class boy, Lawrence

was brought up in hardship. From his early time, Lawrence underwent a social dislocation which made him sensitive to the deadness of bourgeois civilization that caused the distortion of personality, the corruption of the will, and the dominance of sterile intellect over the authentic inward passions of man. In his opinion, the bourgeois industrial revolution, which made its realization at the cost of ravishing the land, had started the catastrophic uprooting of man from nature. Those profit-seeking capitalists frenziedly worshipped the filthy materialism and made use of the mechanisms of matter to inflict their exploitative will on the workman, the society and the earth. Under this mechanical control, human beings were turned into inanimated matter, while the inanimated matter should be animated to destroy both man and earth. It is this agonized concern about the dehumanizing effect of mechanical civilization on the sensual tenderness of human nature that haunts Lawrence's writing.

Lawrence was one of the first novelists to introduce themes of psychology into his works. He believed that the healthy way of the individual's psychological development lay in the primacy of the life impulse, or in another term, the sexual impulse. Human sexuality was, to Lawrence, a symbol of Life Force. By presenting the psychological experience of individual human life and of human relationships, Lawrence has opened up a wide new territory to the novel. But the writer's dilemma is that although those intimate feelings of love can be passionately experienced by individuals they can hardly articulate precisely in words without offending the authorities and middle-class readers who are narrow and bigoted in conventional moral ideas. To break the taboo, Lawrence defiantly makes a deliberate use of those "four-letter" words in his novels, especially in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lawrence declared that any repression of the sexual impulse based on social, religious, or moral values of the civi-

lized world would cause severe damages to the harmony of human relationships and the psychic health of the individual's personality. And this frank discussion of sex in his novel is the chief reason why Lawrence had been accused of pornographic writing.

17/6 / Lawrence's artistic tendency is mainly realism, which combines dramatic scenes with an authoritative commentary. And the realistic feature is most obviously seen in its detailed portraiture. With the working-class simplicity and directness, Lawrence can summon up all the physical attributes associated with the common daily objects. In presenting the psychological aspects of his characters, Lawrence makes use of poetic imagination and symbolism in his writing. By using sets of natural images as poetic symbols to embody the emotional states of the characters and to illustrate human situations, Lawrence endows the traditional realism with a fresh psychological meaning. Through a combination of traditional realism and the innovating elements of symbolism and poetic imagination, Lawrence has managed to bring out the subtle ebb and flow of his characters' subconscious life.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from chapter ten of Sons and Lovers

(The story of *Sons and Lovers* starts with the marriage of Paul's parents, Mrs. Morel, daughter of a middle-class family, is a strong-willed, intelligent and ambitious woman who is fascinated by a warm, vigorous and sensuous coal miner, Walter Morel, and married beneath her own class. After an initial stage of happiness in their marriage, the class difference between them starts to estrange them from each other. The disillusion in her husband makes her lavish all the affections upon her sons. She deter-

mines that her sons should never become miners ; they will be educated to realize her ideals of success , happiness and social esteem . Thus , the sons gradually come under the strong influence of the mother in affections , aspirations and mental habits , and see their father with their mother's eyes , despising their father whose personality degenerates step by step as he feels his exclusion .

In the second part of the novel , the closeness between Paul , the hero of the story , and his mother develops after the death of his elder brother , William , and his own illness . Paul's psychological development is traced with great subtlety , especially his emotional conflicts in the course of his early love affairs with Miriam and Clara . Paul depends heavily on his mother's love and help to make sense of the world around him ; but in order to become an independent man and a true artist he has to make his own decisions about his life and work , and has to struggle to become free from his mother's influence . However , Paul is proved to be incapable of escaping the overpowering emotional bond imposed by his mother's love , so he fails to achieve a fulfilling relationship with either girl . Finally , his mother has died and he is left alone , in despair . There is no one now to love him or to help him . But the book ends with Paul's rejection of despair and his determination to face the unknown future .)

When he was twenty-three years old Paul sent in a landscape to the winter exhibition at Nottingham Castle. Miss Jordan had taken a good deal of interest in him, had invited him to her house, where he met other artists. He was beginning to grow ambitious.

One morning the postman came just as he was washing in the scullery. Suddenly he heard a wild noise from his mother. Rushing into the kitchen, he found her standing on the hearthrug wildly

waving a letter and crying "Hurrah!" as if she had gone mad. He was shocked and frightened.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed.

She flew to him, flung her arms round him for a moment, then waved the letter, crying:

"Hurrah, my boy! I knew we should do it!"

He was afraid of her — the small, severe woman with greying hair suddenly bursting out in such frenzy. The postman came running back, afraid something had happened. They saw his tipped cap over the short curtains. Mrs. Morel rushed to the door.

"His picture's got first prize, Fred," she cried, "and is sold for twenty guineas."

"My word, that's something like!" said the young postman, whom they had known all his life.

"And Major Moreton has bought it!" she cried.

"It looks like meanin' something, that does, Mrs. Morel," said the postman, his blue eyes bright. He was glad to have brought such a lucky letter. Mrs. Morel went indoors and sat down, trembling. Paul was afraid lest she might have misread the letter, and might be disappointed after all. He scrutinized(1) it once, twice. Yes, he became convinced it was true. Then he sat down, his heart beating with joy.

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

"Didn't I say we should do it!" she said, pretending she was not crying.

He took the kettle off the fire and mashed the tea.

"You didn't think, mother —" he began tentatively.

"No, my son — not so much — but I expected a good deal."

"But not so much," he said.

"No — no — but I knew we should do it."

And then she recovered her composure, apparently at least. He sat with his shirt turned back, showing his young throat almost like a girl's, and the towel in his hand, his hair sticking up wet.

"Twenty guineas, mother! That's just what you wanted to buy Arthur out. Now you needn't borrow any. It'll just do."

"Indeed, I shan't take it all," she said.

"But why?"

"Because I shan't."

"Well — you have twelve pounds, I'll have nine."

They cavilled about sharing the twenty guineas. She wanted to take only the five pounds she needed. He would not hear of it. So they got over the stress of emotion by quarreling.

Morel came home at night from the pit, saying:

"They tell me Paul's got first prize for his picture, and sold it to Lord Henry Bentley for fifty pound."

"Oh, what stories people do tell!" she cried.

"Ha!" he answered. "I said I wor sure it wor a lie. But they said tha'd told Fred Hodgkisson."

"As if I would tell him such stuff!"

"Ha!" assented the miner.

But he was disappointed nevertheless.

"It's true he has got the first prize," said Mrs. Morel.

The miner sat heavily in his chair.

"Has he, beguy!" he exclaimed.

He stared across the room fixedly.

"But as for fifty pounds — such nonsense!" she was silent awhile. "Major Moreton bought it for twenty guineas, that's true."

"Twenty guineas! Tha niver says!" exclaimed Morel.

"Yes, and it was worth it."

"Ay!" he said. "I don't misdoubt it. But twenty guineas for a

bit of a paintin' as he knocked off(2) in an hour or two!"

He was silent with conceit of his son. Mrs. Morel sniffed, as if it were nothing.

"And when does he handle th' money?" asked the collier.

"That I couldn't tell you. When the picture is sent home, I suppose."

There was silence. Morel stared at the sugar-basin instead of eating his dinner. His black arm, with the hand all gnarled with work, lay on the table. His wife pretended not to see him rub the back of his hand across his eyes, nor the smear in the coal-dust on his black face.

"Yes, an' that other lad 'ud 'a done as much if they hadna ha' killed 'im,(3)" he said quietly.

The thought of William went through Mrs. Morel like a cold blade. It left her feeling she was tired, and wanted rest.

Paul was invited to dinner at Mr. Jordan's. Afterwards he said:

"Mother, I want an evening suit."

"Yes, I was afraid you would," she said. She was glad. There was a moment or two of silence. "There's that one of William's," she continued, "that I know cost four pounds ten and which he'd only worn three times."

"Should you like me to wear it, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, I think it would fit you—at least the coat. The trousers would want shortening."

He went upstairs and put on the coat and vest. Coming down, he looked strange in a flannel collar and a flannel shirt-front, with an evening coat and vest. It was rather large.

"The tailor can make it right," she said, smoothing her hand over his shoulder. "It's beautiful stuff. I never could find in my

heart to let your father wear the trousers, and very glad I am now."

And as she smoothed her hand over the silk collar she thought of her eldest son. But this son was living enough inside the clothes. She passed her hand down his back to feel him. He was alive and hers. The other was dead.

He went out to dinner several times in his evening suit that had been William's. Each time his mother's heart was firm with pride and joy. He was started now. The studs she and the children had bought for William were in his shirt-front; he wore one of William's dress shirts. But he had an elegant figure. His face was rough, but warm-looking and rather pleasing. He did not look particularly a gentleman, but she thought he looked quite a man.

He told her everything that took place, everything that was said. It was as if she had been there. And he was dying to introduce her to these new friends who had dinner at seven-thirty in the evening.

"Go along with you!" she said. "What do they want to know me for?"

"They do!" he cried indignantly. "If they want to know me — and they say they do — then they want to know you, because you are quite as clever as I am."

"Go along with you, child!" she laughed.

But she began to spare her hands. They, too, were work-gnarled now. The skin was shiny with so much hot water, the knuckles rather swollen. But she began to be careful to keep them out of soda. She regretted what they had been — so small and exquisite. And when Annie insisted on her having more stylish blouses to suit her age, she submitted. She even went so far as to allow a black velvet bow to be placed on her hair. Then she sniffed in her sarcastic manner, and was sure she looked a sight. But she

looked a lady(4), Paul declared, as much as Mrs. Major Moreton, and far, far nicer. The family was coming on. Only Morel remained unchanged, or rather, lapsed(5) slowly.

Paul and his mother now had long discussions about life. Religion was fading into the background. He had shoveled away all the beliefs that would hamper him, had cleared the ground, and come more or less to the bedrock of belief that one should feel inside oneself for right and wrong, and should have the patience to gradually realize one's God. Now life interested him more.

"You know," he said to his mother, "I don't want to belong to the well-to-do middle class. I like my common people best. I belong to the common people."

"But if anyone else said so, my son, wouldn't you be in a tear. You know you consider yourself equal to any gentleman."

"In myself," he answered, "not in my class or my education or my manners. But in myself I am."

"Very well, then. Then why talk about the common people?"

"Because — the difference between people isn't in their class, but in themselves. Only from the middle classes one gets ideas, and from the common people — life itself, warmth. You feel their hates and loves."

"It's all very well, my boy. But, then, why don't you go and talk to your father's pals?"

"But they're rather different."

"Not at all. They're the common people. After all, whom do you mix with now — among the common people? Those that exchange ideas, like the middle classes. The rest don't interest you."

"But — there's the life —"

"I don't believe there's a lot more life from Miriam than you could get from any educated girl — say Miss Moreton. It is you

who are snobbish about class."

She frankly *wanted* him to climb into the middle class, a thing not very difficult, she knew. And she wanted him in the end to marry a lady.

Now she began to combat him in his restless fretting. He still kept up his connexion with Miriam, could neither break free nor go the whole length of engagement. And this indecision seemed to bleed him of his energy. Moreover, his mother suspected him of an unrecognized leaning towards Clara, and, since the latter was a married woman, she wished he would fall in love with one of the girls in a better station of life. But he was stupid, and would refuse to love or even to admire a girl much, just because she was his social superior.

"My boy," said his mother to him, "all your cleverness, your breaking away from old things, and taking life in your own hands, doesn't seem to bring you much happiness."

"What is happiness!" he cried. "It's nothing to me! How *am* I to be happy?"

The plump(6) question disturbed her.

"That's for you to judge, my lad. But if you could meet some *good* woman who would *make* you happy — and you began to think of settling your life — when you have the means — so that you could work without all this fretting — it would be much better for you."

He frowned. His mother caught him on the raw of his wound of Miriam(7). He pushed the tumbled hair off his forehead, his eyes full of pain and fire.

"You mean easy, mother," he cried. "That's a woman's whole doctrine for life — ease of soul and physical comfort. And I do despise it."

"Oh, do you!" replied his mother. "And do you call yours a divine discontent?"

"Yes. I don't care about its divinity. But damn your happiness! So long as life's full, it doesn't matter whether it's happy or not. I'm afraid your happiness would bore me."

"You never give it a chance," she said. Then suddenly all her passion of grief over him broke out. "But it does matter!" she cried. "And you *ought* to be happy, you ought to try to be happy, to live to be happy. How could I bear to think your life wouldn't be a happy one!"

"Your own's been bad enough, mater, but it hasn't left you so much worse off than the folk who've been happier. I reckon you've done well. And I am the same. Aren't I well enough off?"

"You're not, my son. Battle — battle — and suffer. It's about all you do, as far as I can see."

"But why not, my dear? I tell you it's the best —"

"It isn't. And one *ought* to be happy, one *ought*."

By this time Mrs. Morel was trembling violently. Struggles of this kind often took place between her and her son, when she seemed to fight for his very life against his own will to die. He took her in his arms. She was ill and pitiful.

"Never mind, Little," he murmured. "So long as you don't feel life's paltry and a miserable business, the rest doesn't matter, happiness or unhappiness."

She pressed him to her.

"But I want you to be happy," she said pathetically.

"Eh, my dear — say rather you want me to live."

Mrs. Morel felt as if her heart would break for him. At this rate(8) she knew he would not live. He had that poignant carelessness about himself, his own suffering, his own life, which is a form

of slow suicide. It almost broke her heart. With all the passion of her strong nature she hated Miriam for having in this subtle way undermined(9) his joy. It did not matter to her that Miriam could not help it. Miriam did it, (10) and she hated her.

Notes:

- (1) scrutinized: carefully examined.
- (2) knocked off: finished rapidly.
- (3) an' that other lad 'ud 'a done as much if they hadna ha' killed 'im: if the boy, William, were still alive, he would have done just as well.
- (4) looked a lady: had the appearance of a lady.
- (5) lapsed: failed to keep his position as if disappearing.
- (6) plump: unqualified, direct.
- (7) caught him on the raw of his wound of Miriam: 碰到了他与玛丽亚姆关系的痛处。
- (8) at this rate: if this state continues.
- (9) undermined: gradually destroyed.
- (10) Miriam did it: Miriam undermined his joy.

VI. James Joyce

James Joyce (1882-1941) was born into a Catholic family in Dublin. When he was young, his family was quite well-off; but gradually it became impoverished. Joyce got his education at Catholic schools where he received very strict religious training. During his school days, Joyce passed through a phase of religious enthusiasm; but he finally rejected the Catholic Church and started a rebellion against the narrowness and bigotry of the bourgeois philistines in Dublin. When he studied modern languages at Dublin's University College, he read a lot of books forbidden by the Catholic Church. Influenced by Ibsen, Joyce finally decided to take the liter-

ary mission as his career. He refused to take any part in the nationalist activities of his fellow students. After his graduation, Joyce left Ireland for the continent. He lived and worked in France, Italy and Switzerland for the rest of his life except a few brief trips back to Ireland; for Joyce regarded exile as the only way to preserve his integrity and to enable him to recreate the life in Dublin truthfully, completely and objectively in his writings.

Joyce is not a commercial writer. In his lifetime, he wrote altogether three novels, a collection of short stories, two volumes of poetry, and one play. The novels and short stories are regarded as his great works, all of which have the same setting: Ireland, especially Dublin, and the same subject: the Irish people and their life.

Dubliners (1914), a collection of 15 short stories, is the first important work of Joyce's lifelong preoccupation with Dublin life. The stories have an artistic unity given by Joyce who intended "to write a chapter of the moral history of my country . . . under four of its aspects: childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life." The first three stories proceed roughly through childhood and adolescence in a kind of autobiography; the next seven are about people in their maturity; and the last four deal with public life. The stories progress from simple to complex. Each story presents an aspect of "dear dirty Dublin," an aspect of the city's paralysis — moral, political, or spiritual. Each story is an action, defining a frustration or defeat of the soul. And the whole sequence of the stories represents the entire course of moral deterioration in Dublin, ending in the death of the soul. *Dubliners* begins by presenting death as an inscrutable fact in a small boy's existence; it ends with a vision in which death is seen. To make the Irish see death and living dead in their life is perhaps the first step, in Joyce's opinion, to evoke the national spirit of the Irish people. The stories are also important as

examples of Joyce's theory of epiphany in fiction; each is concerned with a sudden revelation of truth about life inspired by a seemingly trivial incident.

In 1916, Joyce published his first novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The title of the novel suggests a character study with strong autobiographical elements. The novel can be read as a naturalistic account of the hero's bitter experiences and his final artistic and spiritual liberation. The story develops around the life of a middle-class Irish boy, Stephen Dedalus, from his infancy to his departure from Ireland some twenty years later. Stephen has an unhappy boyhood. At school, he is unfairly treated by his schoolmates and his masters. During his adolescence the sensitive boy gradually becomes conscious of the oppressive pressures from the moral, political and spiritual environment. He starts to rebel against the oppressive pressures. But rebellion would only result in frustrations. Thus, he turns to seek sensual pleasure as an outlet. Consequently he is tormented with his sense of moral sin and frightened by the terrors of the Last Judgment. To remove the restless agony from his mind, he devotes himself to religion; but finally he is repelled by the chilly church life and rejects the call to the priesthood. At a moment of revelation on the seashore, Stephen suddenly realizes that the artistic vocation is his true mission. To fulfill this mission, Stephen decides to leave Ireland, to cast off all those that try to tie him down — "his family, his religion, his country and his fleshly desire."

Ulysses (1922), Joyce's masterpiece, has become a prime example of modernism in literature. It is such an uncommon novel that there arises the question whether it can be termed as a "novel" at all; for it seems to lack almost all the essential qualities of the novel in a traditional sense: there is virtually no story, no plot, almost no action, and little characterization in the usual sense. Broadly speak-

ing, *Ulysses* gives an account of man's life during one day (16 June, 1904) in Dublin. The three major characters are: Leopold Bloom, an Irish Jew, his wife, Marion Tweedy Bloom, and Stephen Dedalus, the protagonist in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The whole novel is divided into 18 episodes in correspondence with the 18 hours of the day. The first three episodes are mainly concerned with Stephen Dedalus: he gets up at 8 o'clock on this specific day; he teaches a history class at a boy's school; and then he walks along the strand to town with random thoughts in mind. The next 14 episodes are largely about Leopold Bloom, who, after breakfast, goes about Dublin on his day's routine activities. In the morning, Bloom takes a Turkish bath, calls in at the National Library, attends the funeral of a friend, and shows up at the newspaper office where he sells advertising. After lunch, Bloom wanders about in the city, meeting people in streets, at pubs and in shops, worrying about his wife, his money, his daughter and his digestion, pursuing persistently his own ruminations over his past, the death of his father and his baby son, but at the same time cocking an alert ear for what is going on around him. Then he roams along a beach at twilight, sitting at a place to watch an unknown girl and having a day dream. In the evening he visits a maternity hospital to inquire about the birth of a friend's baby. During the course of the day, Stephen also wanders aimlessly in the town, propounding his theory on Shakespeare's *Hamlet* at the National Library, drinking at the students' common room of the hospital, visiting a brothel in the "Nighttown" where he is rescued in a drunken affray by Bloom. Subsequently Bloom invites Stephen back to his home for a late drink. Stephen leaves in the early hours of the morning and Bloom goes to bed. The novel ends with the famous monologue by Molly, who is musing in a half-awake state over her past experiences as a

woman. The events of the day seem to be trivial, insignificant, or even banal. But below the surface of the events, the natural flow of mental reflections, the shifting moods and impulses in the characters' inner world are richly presented in an unprecedentedly frank and penetrating way.

In *Ulysses*, Joyce intends to present a microcosm of the whole human life by providing an instance of how a single event contains all the events of its kind, and how history is recapitulated in the happenings of one day. With complete objectivity and minute details of man's everyday routines and his psychic processes, Joyce illustrates a symbolic picture of all human history, which is simultaneously tragic and comic, heroic and cowardly, magnificent and dreary. Like Eliot's masterpiece, *The Waste Land*, Joyce's *Ulysses* presents a realistic picture of the modern wasteland in which modern men are portrayed as vulgar and trivial creatures with splitting personalities, disillusioned ideals, sordid minds and broken families, who are searching in vain for harmonious human relationships and spiritual sustenance in a decaying world.

Joyce spent 17 years working on his last important book, *Finnegans Wake* (1939). In this encyclopedic work, Joyce ambitiously attempted to pack the whole history of mankind into one night's dream. In the dream experience, there is no self-conscious logic, no orderly associations, no established values, no limits of time or space; all the past, present and future are mingled and float freely in the mind. Thus, *Finnegans Wake* is regarded as the most original experiment ever made in the novel form, and also the most difficult book to read.

James Joyce is one of the most prominent literary figures of the first half of the 20th century. As a great artistic genius, Joyce has created a body of work worthy of comparison with the other master-

pieces of English literature. In Joyce's opinion, the artist, who wants to reach the highest stage and to gain the insights necessary for the creation of dramatic art, should rise to the position of a god-like objectivity; he should have the complete conscious control over the creative process and depersonalize his own emotion in the artistic creation. He should appear as an omniscient author and present unspoken materials directly from the psyche of the characters, or make the characters tell their own inner thoughts in monologues. This literary approach to the presentation of psychological aspects of characters is usually termed as "stream of consciousness." And Joyce is regarded as the most prominent stream-of-consciousness novelist, concentrating on revealing in his novels the psychic being of the characters. Another remarkable feature of Joyce's writings is his style. His own style is a straightforward one, lucid, logical and leisurely; subtlety, economy and exactness are his standards. But when he tries to render the so-called stream of consciousness, the style changes: incomplete, rapid, broken wording and fragmentary sentences are the typical features, which reflect the shifting, flirting, disorderly flow of thoughts in the major characters' mind. To create his modern Odyssey — Ulysses, Joyce adopts a kind of mock-heroic style. The essence of the mock-heroic lies in the application of apparently inappropriate styles. He achieves this mainly by elaborating his style into parody, pastiche, symbolic fantasy, and narration by question and answer from an omniscient narrator. Many critics think that Joyce is a great master of innovation. His radical experimentation ranges from "stream of consciousness" to his fantastic engagements with rhetoric, sentimental romance, historical stylistics, counterpoint and expressionist drama. His mastery of the English language and style is always highly praised.

Selected Reading:

"Araby" from *Dubliners*

("Araby" is the third of the fifteen stories in Dubliners. This tale of the frustrated quest for beauty in the midst of drabness is both meticulously realistic in its handling of details of Dublin life and the Dublin scene and highly symbolic in that almost every image and incident suggests some particular aspect of the theme. Joyce was drawing on his own childhood recollections, and the uncle in the story is a reminiscence of Joyce's father. But in all the stories in Dubliners dealing with childhood, the child lives not with his parents but with an uncle and aunt — a symbol of that isolation and lack of proper relation between "consubstantial" ("in the flesh") parents and children which is a major theme in Joyce's work.)

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. (1) An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot*, by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant* and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*. (2) I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's

rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gantlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I

kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a *come-all-you* (3) about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and features were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they

trembled, murmuring: "*O Love! O love!*" many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. (4) I forget whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said; she would love to go.

— And why can't you? I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat(5) that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

— It's well for you, she said.

— If I go, I said, I will bring you something.

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. (6) I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work

of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

— Yes, boy, I know.

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clench-

ing my fists. My aunt said:

— I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord.

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall-door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

— The people are in bed and after their first sleep now, he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

— Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is.

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." he asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed* (7). When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that

it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant*(8) were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

— Oh, I never said such a thing!

— O, but you did!

— O, but I didn't!

— Didn't she say that?

— yes, I heard her.

— O, there's a ... fib!

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

— No, thank you.

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

Notes:

- (1) The Joyce family moved to 17 North Richmond Street, Dublin, in 1894, and Joyce had earlier briefly attended the Christian Brothers' School a few doors away (the Christian Brothers is a Catholic religious community). The details of the house described here correspond exactly to those of No. 17.
- (2) François Eugène Vidocq (1775-1857) had an extraordinary career as soldier, thief, chief of the French detective force, and private detective. *The Abbot* is a historical novel dealing with Mary Queen of Scots, *The Devout Communicant* a Catholic religious manual.
- (3) come-all-you: street ballad, so called from its opening words. This one was about the 19th-century Irish nationalist Jeremiah Donovan, popularly known as O'Donovan Rossa.
- (4) The bazaar, described by its "official catalogue" as a "Grand Oriental Fête," was actually held in Dublin on May 14-19, 1894.
- (5) retreat: period of seclusion from ordinary activities that is devoted to religious exercises; "her convent" is, of course, her convent school.
- (6) His aunt shares her church's distrust of the Freemasons, an old European se-

secret society, reputedly anti-Catholic.

(7) *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed*: once-popular sentimental poem by Caroline Norton.

(8) Café Chantant: literally "singing café" (café providing musical entertainment, popular early in this century).

PART TWO: AMERICAN LITERATURE

Chapter 1 The Romantic Period

The Romantic Period, one of the most important periods in the history of American literature, stretches from the end of the 18th century to the outbreak of the Civil War. It started with the publication of Washington Irving's *The Sketch Book* and ended with Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Being a period of the great flowering of American literature, it is also called "the American Renaissance."

The development of the American society nurtured "the literature of a great nation." The young Republic, devoid of a heavy burden of the inherited past and history, was flourishing into a political, economically and culturally independent country. Historically, it was the time of westward expansion. The western boundary had reached to the Pacific by 1860; the number of its states had increased from the original thirteen at the time of its independence to twenty-one by the middle of the 19th century; its total population increased from four million people in 1790 to thirty million in 1860. Economically, the whole nation was experiencing an industrial transformation, which affected the rural as well as the urban life. The use of steam power in industry and agriculture, the erection of factories and textile mills, the demand of a large employment, and the technological inventions and innovations all helped restructure the economic life. In addition, the sudden influx of immigration gave a big push to the already booming industry. Politically, democracy and equality became the ideal of the new nation, and the two-party system came into being. Worthy of mention is the literary and cultural life of the country. With the founding of the American Independent Government, the nation felt an urge to have its own liter-

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ary expression, to make known its new experience that other nations did not have: the early Puritan settlement, the confrontation with the Indians, the frontiersmen's life, and the wild west. Besides, the nation's literary milieu was ready for the movement characterized with imagination as well. Newspapers, magazines, journals, and book reviews appeared in ever-increasing numbers, and a mature reading public constituted a great market. Thus, with a strong sense of optimism and the mood of "feeling good" of the whole nation, a spectacular outburst of romantic feeling was brought about in the first half of the 19th century. ||

Foreign literary masters, especially the English counterparts exerted a stimulating impact on the writers of the new world. Born of one common cultural heritage, the American writers shared some common features with the English Romanticists. Irving, Cooper, Poe, Freneau and Bryant revolted against the literary forms and ideas of the period of classicism by developing some relatively new forms of fiction or poetry. In most of the American writings in the period there was a new emphasis upon the imaginative and emotional qualities of literature, which included a liking for the picturesque, the exotic, the sensuous, the sensational, and the supernatural. The Americans also placed an increasing emphasis on the free expression of emotions and displayed an increasing attention to the psychic states of their characters. Heroes and heroines exhibited extremes of sensitivity and excitement. The strong tendency to exalt the individual and the common man was almost a national religion in America. Writers like Freneau, Bryant, and Cooper showed a great interest in external nature in their respective works. The literary use of the more colorful aspects of the past was also to be found in Freneau's use of the "ruins of empire" theme; in Bryant's fascination by the Mound Builders, in Irving's effort to exploit the legends of the Hud-

son River region, and in Cooper's long series of historical tales. In short, American Romanticism is, in a certain way, derivative. Although foreign influences were strong, the great works that demonstrate what American Romantic writings were are typically American. They revealed unique characteristics of their own in their works and they grew on the native lands. For example, the American national experience of "pioneering into the west" proved to be a rich source of material for American writers to draw upon. They celebrated America's landscape with its virgin forests, meadows, groves, endless prairies, streams, and vast oceans. The wilderness came to function almost as a dramatic character that symbolized moral law. The desire for an escape from society and a return to nature became a permanent convention of American literature. Such a desire is particularly evident in Cooper's *Leather-Stocking Tales*, in Thoreau's *Walden* and, later, in Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. With the growth of American national consciousness, American character types speaking local dialects appeared in poetry and fiction with increasing frequency, and literature began to celebrate American farmers, the poor, the unlettered, children, and, especially, the noble savages (red and white) untainted by society. Then the American Puritanism as a cultural heritage exerted great influences over American moral values. And this Puritan influence over American Romanticism was conspicuously noticeable. One of the manifestations is the fact that American romantic writers tended more to moralize than their English and European counterparts. Besides, a preoccupation with the Calvinistic view of original sin and the mystery of evil marked the works of Hawthorne, Melville and a host of lesser writers. The most clearly defined Romantic literary movement in this period is New England Transcendentalism. It was started by a group

of people who were members of an informal club, i.e. the Transcendental Club in New England in the 1830s. It was from the very beginning a local phenomenon restricted only to those people living in New England, who carried out the movement as a reaction against the cold, rigid rationalism of Unitarianism in Boston. Gradually its influence began to spread all over the country, especially among the intellectual and the literary men of the United States. This Transcendentalist group includes two of the most significant writers America has produced so far, Emerson and his young friend, Henry David Thoreau, whose writing has a strong impact on American literature. The main issues involved in the debate were generally philosophical, concerning nature, man and the universe. Basically, Transcendentalism has been defined philosophically as "the recognition in man of the capacity of knowing truth intuitively, or of attaining knowledge transcending the reach of the senses." Emerson once proclaimed in a speech, "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." Other concepts that accompanied Transcendentalism include the idea that nature is ennobling and the idea that the individual is divine and, therefore, self-reliant.

There emerged a great host of men of letters during this period, among whom the better-known are poets such as Philip Freneau, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wordsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Edgar Ellen Poe, and, especially, Walt Whitman, whose *Leaves of Grass* established him as the most popular American poet of the 19th century. The fiction of the American Romantic period is an original and diverse body of work. It ranges from the comic fables of Washington Irving to the Gothic tales of Edgar Allen Poe, from the frontier adventures of James Fenimore Cooper to the narrative quests of Herman Melville, from the psychological romances of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the so-

cial realism of Rebecca Harding Davis. American Romanticists also differed in their understanding of human nature. To the transcendentalists such as Emerson and Thoreau, man is divine in nature and therefore forever perfectible; but to Hawthorne and Melville, every body is potentially a sinner, and great moral courage is therefore indispensable for the improvement of human nature, as is shown in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*.

The writers yet to be discussed in this chapter include Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Melville.

I. Washington Irving

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was one of the first American writers to earn an international reputation, and regarded as an early Romantic writer in the American literary history and Father of the American short stories.

Washington Irving was born in New York City, the youngest of eleven children of a wealthy merchant. From a very early age he began to read widely and write juvenile poems, essays, and plays. In 1798, he concluded his education at private schools and entered a law office, but he loved writing more. In the years between 1802 and 1803, Irving contributed several letters under the name of "Jonathan Oldstyle" to *The Morning Chronicle*, a newspaper edited by his brother Peter, and these letters were published in 1803 as *The Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.*, a series of youthful satires on New York society. Irving, as Oldstyle, fashioned a style which reduces all to foolishness, including the author's persona. Five years later he joined with a brother and with his friends in another such series, *Salmagundi*, which commented on the phenomena of the day like waltzing, tea-drinking, and feminine nudity. His

contributions were signed "Anthony Evergreen."

Irving's hope, plan and dreams came to a crashing halt after the loss of his only love, Mitilda Hoffman, yet he found his refuge from the grief in the researches on *A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*, which, written under the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker, was a great success and won him wide popularity after it came out in 1809. The book is a parody of the Dutch colony, in which Irving ridicules the human activity by combining true history with imagination, with a good deal of reference to contemporary events and personalities, particularly political ones. With the publication of *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* in serials between 1819 and 1820, Irving won a measure of international fame on both sides of the Atlantic. The book contains familiar essays on the English life and Americanized versions of European folk tales like "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Geoffrey Crayon is a carefully contrived persona and behind Crayon stands Irving, juxtaposing the Old World and the New, and manipulating his own antiquarian interest with artistic perspectives.

Following *The Sketch Book*, Irving published *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), and *Tales of a Traveler* (1824), both of which lacked the creative energy and appeal of *The Sketch Book*. In 1826, he was sent to Spain as an American attaché; he was secretary of the United States Legation in London from 1829 to 1832; later on he made an adventurous trip to the Western frontier on horseback and wrote three books, which celebrated the adventure of exploring the West and the possibilities of developing it. Irving spent the rest of his life in "Sunnyside", his home on the Hudson River, except for a period of four years when he was away from home as Minister to Spain, living a life of leisure and comfort. During these years Irving never

stopped writing, yet none of them could acclaim the same admiration and recognition *The Sketch Book* did.

Irving's relationship with the Old World in terms of his literary imagination can hardly be ignored considering his success both abroad and at home. *A History of New York* is a patchwork of references, echoes, and burlesques. He parodies or imitates Homer, Cervantes, Fielding, Swift and many other favorites of his. He was also absorbed in what he called "the rich mine of German Literature" and got ideas from German legends for two of his famous stories "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." *The Alhambra* (1832) is usually regarded as Irving's "Spanish Sketch Book" simply because it has a strong flavor of Spanish culture. Most of the thirty-three essays in *The Sketch Book* were written in England, filled with English scenes and quotations from English authors and faithful to British orthography. Washington Irving brought to the new nation what its people desired most in a man of letters — the respect of the Old World. However exotic his tales are, everyone who reads "Rip Van Winkle" or "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" will know instantly that they are among the treasures of the American language and culture. These two stories easily trigger off American imagination with their focus on American subjects, American landscape, and, in Irving's case, the legends of the Hudson River region of the fresh young land. It is not the sketches about the Old World but the tales about America that made Washington Irving a household word and his fame enduring. //

But Irving's taste was essentially conservative. Like the two famous personae he created, Diedrich Knickerbocker and Geoffrey Crayon, Irving remained a conservative and always exalted a disappearing past. This social conservatism and literary preference for the past is revealed, to some extent, in his famous story "Rip Van Win-

kle." The story is a tale remembered mostly for Rip's 20-year sleep, set against the background of the inevitably changing America. In the story Irving skillfully presents to us paralleled juxtapositions of two totally different worlds before and after Rip's 20 years' sleep. By moving Rip back and forth from a noisy world with his wife on the farm to a wild but peaceful natural world in the mountains, and from a pre-Revolution village to a George Washington era, Irving describes Rip's response and reaction in a dramatic way, so that we see clearly both the narrator and Irving agree on the preferability of the past to the present, and the preferability of a dream-like world to the real one. //

Washington Irving has always been regarded as a writer who "perfected the best classic style that American Literature ever produced." We get a strong sense impression as we read him along, since the language he used best reveals what a Romantic writer can do with words. We hear rather than read, for there is musicality in almost every line of his prose. We seldom learn a moral lesson because he wants us amused and relaxed. So we often find ourselves lost in a world that is permeated with a dreaming quality. The Gothic elements and the supernatural atmosphere are manipulated in such a way that we could become so engaged and involved in what is happening in a seemingly exotic place. Yet Irving never forgets to associate a certain place with the inward movement of a person and to charge his sentences with emotion so as to create a true and vivid character. He is worth the honor of being "the American Goldsmith" for his literary craftsmanship.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt From "Rip Van Winkle"

("Rip Van Winkle" is not only well-known for Rip's 20-year

sleep but also considered a model of perfect English in American literature and in the English language as well. Rip, an indolent, good-natured Dutch-American, lives with his shrewish wife in a village on the Hudson during the years before the Revolution. One day, while hunting in the Catskills with his dog Wolf, he meets a dwarflike stranger dressed in the ancient Dutch fashion. He helps him to carry a keg, and with him joins a party silently playing a game of ninepins. After drinking of the liquor they provide, Rip falls into a sleep which lasts 20 years, during which the Revolutionary War takes place. He awakes as an old man and returns to his home village that has greatly altered. Upon entering the village, he is greeted by his old dog which dies of the excitement and then learns that his wife has long been dead. Rip is almost forgotten but he goes to live with his daughter, now the mother of a family, and is soon befriended with his generosity and cheerfulness.

The excerpt below is taken from the story, describing for us Rip's difficulties at home, which he often escapes by going to the local inn to spend his time with his friends and sometimes by going hunting in the woods with his dog, and then focusing on Rip's return from his 20 years' sleep to his greatly altered home village. Here, Irving's pervasive theme of nostalgia for the unrecoverable past is at once made unforgettable.)

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, which ever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his fami-

ly. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence(1). Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley(2) from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces(3), and take to the outside of the house(4) — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all — besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third(5). Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village

gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto(6) were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions, When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant(7) wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, call the members all to naught(8), nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet(9) with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dogs' life of it (10); but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

...

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone(11) party at nine-pins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout,

but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he arose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity (12). "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolick should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time (13) with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift (14) to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras (15), and witch hazel (16), and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a

heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none that he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for his old acquaintances, barked at him as he passed. The very village seemed altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — every thing was strange. His mind now began to misgive him, that both he and the world around him were bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly! (17)”

It was with some difficulty he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was

skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut(18) indeed — “My very dog, ” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears(19) — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the little village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore (20), there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on top that looked like a red night cap(21), and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes(22) — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George(23), under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat(24) was changed for one of blue and buff (25), a sword was stuck in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat(26), and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face,

double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth(27) the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's hill(28) — heroes of seventy-six(29) — and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon(30) to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and raising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat (31)." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo(32), the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory(33)! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with

great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured them that he meant no harm; but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well — who are they? — name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church yard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotted and gone too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the battle of Stoney Point(34) — others say he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony’s Nose(35). I don’t know — he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip’s heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — congress — Stoney Point; — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three, “Oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else, got into my shoes(36) — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief. At the very suggestion of which, the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh likely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the graybearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can

tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. — He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. — "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

...

Notes:

- (1) household eloquence: Dame Van Winkle keeps chiding Rip.
- (2) volley: number of questions directed at sb.
- (3) draw off his forces: give up.
- (4) take to the outside of the house: leave the home so as to avoid her chiding.
- (5) his majesty George the Third: the British King George the Third.
- (6) junto: ruling committee.
- (7) termagant: noisy, quarrelsome woman.
- (8) call the members all to naught: ruin and dismiss the party.
- (9) wallet: knapsack.
- (10) thy mistress ... of it: your mistress makes you live a wretched and unpleasant existence.
- (11) woe-begone: dismal-looking.

- (12) wanting in his usual activity: not as nimble as before.
- (13) blessed time: the tone here is ironical.
- (14) made shift: managed.
- (15) sassafras: 药材名(似黄樟)。
- (16) witch hazel: 植物名, 秋季叶落时开花。
- (17) ... has addled my poor head sadly: ... has made me confused completely.
- (18) unkind cut: a behavior which wounds a person's feeling.
- (19) connubial fears: fear towards his wife.
- (20) of yore: in the old days.
- (21) red night cap: close-fitting cap adapted during the French Revolution as a symbol of liberty.
- (22) stars and stripes: the American national flag.
- (23) King George: King George the Third.
- (24) red coat: uniform of the British Army.
- (25) blue and buff: colors of the Revolutionary Uniform. Irving's joke is that the new owner, being a Yankee, is so economical that he will only touch up the sign, not replace it with a true portrait of Washington.
- (26) cocked hat: 三角形帽。
- (27) doling forth: telling bit by bit.
- (28) Bunker's hill: a hill near Boston, Massachusetts, where the first pitched battle (1775) of the American War of Independence took place.
- (29) seventy-six: 1776. The Americans gained independence from Britain in this year.
- (30) Babylonish jargon: Genesis 11. 1-9, Babel being confused with Babylon.
- (31) Federal or Democrat: political parties which developed in George Washington's administration, Alexander Hamilton leading the Federalists and Thomas Jefferson the Democrats.
- (32) with one arm akimbo: with one arm on the hip.
- (33) tory: a colonist loyal to the British during the American Revolution.
- (34) Stoney Point: on the west bank of the Hudson, South of the West Point, captured by General Anthony Wayne (1745-1796) during the Revolution.
- (35) Antony's Nose: mountain near West Point.
- (36) got into my shoes: became me.

II . Ralph Waldo Emerson

Speaking of American Romanticism, we can never ignore New England Transcendentalism, which is unanimously agreed to be the summit of the Romantic period in the history of American literature. And the chief spokesman of this spiritual movement is Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882).

Emerson was a descendent of a long line of New England clergymen, son of a Unitarian minister. Though born of an impoverished family, Emerson never failed to receive some formal education. He was sent at nine to the Boston Public Latin School and at fourteen went to Harvard. His years at Harvard Divinity School were frugal, industrious, and undistinguished. While a student at Harvard he began keeping journals — records of his thoughts, a practice he continued throughout his life. He later drew on the journals for materials for his essays and poetry. After Harvard, he taught as a schoolmaster, which he soon gave up for the study of theology. He began preaching in 1826 and three years later he became a pastor in a church in Boston. Emerson was ardent at first in his service in religion, but gradually grew skeptical of the beliefs of the church; feeling Unitarianism intolerable, he finally left the ministry in 1832.

Soon after he resigned, Emerson embarked on a leisurely European tour, during the time of which he was greatly influenced by European Romanticism. He met some literary men of the time, such as Carlyle, and listened to some famous Romantic poets like Coleridge and Wordsworth. Through his acquaintance with these men he became closely involved with German idealism and Transcendentalism. After he was back from Europe, Emerson retreated to a quiet study at Concord, Massachusetts, where he began to pursue his

new path of "self-reliance." Emerson formed a club there at Concord with people like Henry David Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, which was later known as the Transcendental Club. And the unofficial manifesto for the Club was *Nature* (1836), Emerson's first little book, which established him ever since as the most eloquent spokesman of New England Transcendentalism. He also helped to found and edit for a time the Transcendental journal, *The Dial*. Emerson lived an intellectually active and significant life between the mid-1830s and the mid-1840s, lecturing all over the country, and occasionally, abroad. He preached his Transcendental pursuit and his reputation expanded dramatically with his lectures and his essays. Though the rest of Emerson's life was a slow anticlimax to his middle years, people continued to honor the most influential prophet and the intellectual liberator of their age, and his reputation as a family man of conventional life and a decent, solid citizen has remained always.

Emerson is generally known as an essayist. During all his life he worked steadily at a succession of essays, usually derived from his journals or lectures he had already given. *Nature* did not establish him as an important American writer. His lasting reputation began only with the publication of *Essays* (1841), which had been tried out in his lectures when he was traveling to preach his ideas in the United States, and Canada as well. Many of his famous essays are included in *Essays*, which convey the best of his philosophical discussions and transcendental pursuits, such as *The American Scholar*, *Self-Reliance*, *The Over-Soul*. The second collection of Emerson's essays, *Essays: Second Series* (1844) demonstrated even more thoroughly than the first that Emerson's intellect had sharpened in the years since *Nature*. *The Poet* and *Experience* are examples, the former a reflection upon the aesthetic problems in terms of the present state of literature in America and the latter a discussion

about the conflict between idealism and ordinary life. //

Emersonian Transcendentalism is actually a philosophical school which absorbed some ideological concerns of American Puritanism and European Romanticism, with its focus on the intuitive knowledge of human beings to grasp the absolute in the universe and the divinity of man. In his essays, Emerson put forward his philosophy of the over-soul, the importance of the Individual, and Nature. Emerson rejected both the formal religion of the churches and the Deistic philosophy; instead he based his religion on an intuitive belief in an ultimate unity, which he called the "over-soul." Emerson and other Transcendentalists believed that there should be an emotional communication between an individual soul and the universal "over-soul," since the over-soul is an all-pervading power from which all things come from and of which all are a part. Emerson's remarkable image of "a transparent eyeball" marks a paradoxical state of being, in which one is merged into nature, the over-soul, while at the same time retaining a unique perception of the experience. Emerson is affirmative about man's intuitive knowledge, with which a man can trust himself to decide what is right and to act accordingly. The ideal individual should be a self-reliant man. "Trust thyself," he wrote in *Self-Reliance*, by which he means to convince people that the possibilities for man to develop and improve himself are infinite. Emerson's nature is emblematic of the spiritual world, alive with God's overwhelming presence; hence, it exercises a healthy and restorative influence on human mind. "Go back to nature, sink yourself back into its influence and you'll become spiritually whole again." By employing nature as a big symbol of the Spirit, or God, or the over-soul, Emerson has brought the Puritan legacy of symbolism to its perfection.

Emerson is the most representative of the philosophical and lit-

erary school which is American Transcendentalism and it inspired in his lifetime a whole generation of famous authors like Thoreau, Whitman, and Dickinson, among whom Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) is most often mentioned. Emerson's junior by fourteen years, Thoreau embraced his master's ideas as a disciple. In 1845 he built a cabin on some land belonging to Emerson by Walden Pond and moved in to live there in a very simple manner for a little over two years, which gave birth to a great transcendentalist work *Walden* (1854). The book not only fully demonstrates Emersonian ideas of self-reliance but also develops and tests Thoreau's own transcendental philosophy. For Thoreau, nature is not merely symbolic, but divine in itself and human beings can receive precise communication from the natural world by way of pure senses. So he was often alone in the woods or by the pond, lost in spiritual communion with nature. Thoreau strongly believed in self-culture and was eager to identify himself with the Transcendental image of the self-reliant man. To achieve personal spiritual perfection, he thinks, the most important thing for men to do with their lives is to be self-sufficient, so he sought to reduce his physical needs and material comforts to a minimum to get spiritual richness. His positiveness about the importance of individual conscience was such that he even considered the society fetters of the freedom of individuals. Though Thoreau became more than Emerson's disciple eventually, his indebtedness to *Nature* and its author has never been overlooked.

Emerson's essays often have a casual style, for most of them were derived from his journals or lectures. They are usually characterized by a series of short, declarative sentences, which are not quite logically connected but will flower out into illustrative statements of truth and thoughts. Emerson's philosophical discussion is sometimes difficult to understand but he uses comparisons and

metaphors to make the general idea of his work clearly expressed. Well-read in the classics of Western European literature, Emerson often employed these literary sources to make and enrich his own points but never let them take the full reins of his discussion. In general, Emerson was showing to the world a distinctive American style, as he called for in *The American Scholar* in 1837.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from *Nature*

(Published anonymously in 1836, the essay contains an introduction and eight brief chapters, which discuss the love of nature, the uses of nature, the idealist philosophy in relation to nature, evidences of spirit in the material universe, and the potential expansion of human souls and works that will result from a general return to direct, immediate contact with the natural environment. In the essay Emerson clearly expresses the main principles of his Transcendentalist pursuit and his love for nature. In expressing his belief in the mystical "unity of Nature," Emerson develops his concept of the "Over-Soul" or "Universal Mind." This essay has become so important that most people consider it an unofficial manifesto for the "Transcendental Club." The following selection is from the introduction and the first chapter, in which Emerson's famous metaphor of "a transparent eyeball" is employed to illustrate his philosophical discussion.)

Nature

"Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul;

nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know."

— Plotinus(1)

Introduction

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchers of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past(2), or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

Undoubtedly we have not questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far, as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life, before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. let us interrogate the great apparition, that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire, to what end is nature?

All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote

approximation to an idea of creation. We are now so far from the road to truth, that religious teachers dispute and hate each other, and speculative men are esteemed unsound and frivolous. But to a sound judgment, the most abstract truth is the most practical. Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence. Its test is, that it will explain all phenomena. Now many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep, dreams, beasts, sex.

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which Philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME(3), that is, both nature and art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, NATURE. In enumerating the values of nature and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses; — in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature*, in its common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the river, the leaf. Art is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together are so insignificant, a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.

Chapter I

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds,

will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the woodcutter, from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning, is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their land-deeds give them no title(4).

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The

sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood(5). His intercourse with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, — he is my creature, and mau- gre (6) all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest mid- night. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourn- ing piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of spe- cial good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festi- val is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, — no disgrace, no calami- ty, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, — my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean egotism vanishes. I become a trans- parent eye-ball(7). I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the U- niversal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances, — master or servant, is then a

trifle and disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate (8) than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight, does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For, nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy today. nature always wears the colors of the spirit(9). To a man laboring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

Notes:

- (1) Emerson found the motto from the Roman philosopher Plotinus (205? - 270?) in his copy of Ralph Cudworth's *The True Intellectual System of the Universe* (1820).
- (2) ... among the dry bones of the past: an echo of Ezekiel 37. 1-14, esp. 37. 4, where God tells Ezekiel to "Prophecy upon these bones, and say unto

them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." Emerson had left the ministry but was still writing as a prophet.

- (3) the NOT ME: Emerson takes "NOT ME" from Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* (1833-1834), where it appears as a translation of the recent German philosophical term for everything but the self.
- (4) yet to this their land-deeds give them no title: compare the opening paragraphs of Thoreau's *Walden*, Chapter 2.
- (5) the era of manhood: An echo of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter 4, in which Coleridge defines the character and privilege of genius as the ability to carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.
- (6) maugre; despite.
- (7) a transparent eye-ball: the most famous phrase in the essay, endlessly ridiculed and explicated. As Sealts says in *The Composition of Nature*, Emerson is not "merely repeating what he had already said about the implications of the preceding sentence on the bare common." When the speaker leaves the village for the woods, "the level of discourse is significantly shifted along with the setting, and the ensuing episode takes place on what Emerson would later call another 'platform' of experience."
- (8) connate: related.
- (9) the colors of the spirit: see Emerson's maturer broodings on subjectivity in *Experience*.

III. Nathaniel Hawthorne

Imbued with an inquiring imagination, an intensely meditative mind, and unceasing interest in the "interior of the heart" of man's being, Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) remains one of the most interesting, yet most ambivalent writers in the American literary history.

In fact, Hawthorne's life story is totally without the exciting or at least unusual events which characterize the lives of so many Amer-

ican writers. He was born on the fourth of July, 1804 in Salem, Massachusetts, into a prominent Puritan family. His first American ancestor, William Hawthorne, as a magistrate of the Bay Colony, was active in the 1650's in persecution of the Quakers, while William's son, John, was a judge at the Salem witchcraft trials. However, the 17th century prominence of his family declined during the century that followed. Nathaniel's father, a sea captain, died of yellow fever in 1808 leaving at Salem a widow and three children in genteel poverty. With the financial support from his more prosperous maternal relations, Hawthorne passed a serene childhood in spite of his father's death and spent his adolescence reading some books of those literary master minds, especially Bunyan, Spenser and Shakespeare, which were essential for his formation as a writer. From 1821 to 1825, he attended Bowdoin College in Maine, where the decision to devote himself to writing was gradually taking shape and finally put into practice during those years when he was living with his mother in Salem. The solitary years proved to be fruitful, for in 1837, he published *Twice-Told Tales*, a collection of short stories which attracted critical attention.

After 1837, a series of salient events of Hawthorne's life happened that mattered a lot to his literary imagination and creation. He met Sophia Peabody, whom he ~~married later~~ and with whom he had three children; he worked in the United States Custom House in Boston and later in Salem, which definitely provided some authentic materials for his long works; he also stayed for some time at Concord and Lenox, where he met the principal literary figures of the time, Emerson and Thoreau and Melville. He was affected by the former's transcendentalist theory and struck up a very intimate relationship with the latter, and all the three people had played an indispensable role in Hawthorne's literary career. During these years,

Hawthorne wrote and published the best and the greatest of his works, which have doubtlessly become part of the American literary heritage. Among them, the tales collected in *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846) and *The Snow-Image and Other Twice-Told Tales* (1851) best demonstrate Hawthorne's early obsession with the moral and psychological consequences of pride, selfishness, and secret guilt that manifest themselves in human beings; *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), always regarded as the best of his works, tells a simple but very moving story in which four people living in a Puritan community are involved in and affected by the sin of adultery in different ways; *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851) was based on the tradition of a curse pronounced on the author's family when his great-grandfather was a judge in the Salem witchcraft trials; *The Blithedale Romance* (1852) is a novel he wrote to reveal his own experiences on the Brook Farm and his own methods as a psychological novelist. In the following years, Hawthorne went to Europe and worked as American consul to Liverpool, then traveled as a tourist in France and Italy, the experience of which helped him produce another book, *The Marble Faun* (1860). A romance set in Italy, the book is concerned about the dark aberrations of the human spirit. His last years were dramatic and frustrating, during which period Hawthorne tried but had never been able to finish four other different works. He died in 1864, while on a journey. //

As we can see, Hawthorne's literary world turns out to be a most disturbed, tormented and problematical one possible to imagine. This has much to do with his "black" vision of life and human beings. According to Hawthorne, "There is evil in every human heart, which may remain latent, perhaps, through the whole life; but circumstances may rouse it to activity." A piece of literary work should "show how we are all wronged and wrongers, and avenge one

another." So in almost every book he wrote, Hawthorne discusses sin and evil. In "Young Goodman Brown," he sets out to prove that everyone possesses some evil secret. "The Minister's Black Veil" goes further to suggest that everyone tries to hold the evil secret from one another in the way the minister tries to convince his people with his black veil. "The Birthmark" drives home symbolically Hawthorne's point that evil is man's birthmark, something he is born with.

One source of evil that Hawthorne is concerned most is overreaching intellect, which usually refers to someone who is too proud, too sure of himself. The tension between the head and the heart constitutes one of the dramatic moments when the evil of "overreaching intellect" would be fully revealed. Hawthorne's intellectuals are usually villains, dreadful because they are devoid of warmth and feeling. What's more, they tend to go beyond and violate the natural order by doing something impossible and reaching the ultimate truth, without a sober mind about their own limitations as human beings. Chillingworth, Dr. Rappaccini in "Rappaccini's Daughter" are but a few specimens of Hawthorne's chilling, cold-blooded human animals.

Hawthorne's view of man and human history originates, to a great extent, in Puritanism. He was not a Puritan himself, but he had Puritan ancestors who played an important role in his life and works. He believed that "the wrong doing of one generation lives into the successive ones," and often wondered if he might have inherited some of their guilt. This sensibility led to his understanding of evil being at the very core of human life, which is typical of the Calvinistic belief that human beings are basically depraved and corrupted, hence, they should obey God to atone for their sins. In many of Hawthorne's stories and novels, the Puritan concept of life

is condemned, or the Puritan past is shown in an almost totally negative light, especially in his *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter*. Hawthorne is attracted in every way to the Puritan world, even though he condemns its less humane manifestations. On the one hand, it provides him with a subject, and on the other, with the Puritan world or society as a historical background, he discusses some of the most important issues that concern the moral life of man and human history. //

Hawthorne's remarkable sense of the Puritan past, his understanding of the colonial history in New England, his apparent preoccupation with the moral issues of sin and guilt, and his keen psychological analysis of people are brought to full display in his masterpiece *The Scarlet Letter*. In this particular novel, Hawthorne does not intend to tell a love story nor a story of sin, but focuses his attention on the moral, emotional, and psychological effects or consequences of the sin on the people in general and those main characters in particular, so as to show us the tension between society and individuals. "The Custom-House" as an introductory note to *The Scarlet Letter* proves fruitful to Hawthorne's imagination. By relating his own experience of discovering a small package that contains a piece of red cloth shaped like "A" when he was a surveyor in the Custom-House in Salem, Hawthorne succeeds in giving his tale a sense of historical reality and an air of authenticity, and demonstrates fully his artistic pursuit and his theory about "Romance." //

As a man of literary craftsmanship, Hawthorne is extraordinary. The structure and the form of his writings are always carefully worked out to cater for the thematic concern. With his special interest in the psychological aspect of human beings, there isn't much action, or physical movement going on in his works and he is good at exploring the complexity of human psychology. So his drama is

Thought, full of mental activities. Thought propels action and grows organically out of the interaction of the characters, as we can find in *The Scarlet Letter*. Hawthorne is also a great allegorist and almost every story can be read allegorically, as is the case in "Young Goodman Brown." Whereas allegory is used to hold fast against the crushing blows of reality, the symbol serves as a weapon to attack and penetrate it. Hawthorne is a master of symbolism, which he took from the Puritan tradition and bequeathed to American literature in a revived form. The symbol can be found everywhere in his writing, and his masterpiece provides the most conclusive proof. By using Pearl as a thematic symbol, Hawthorne emphasizes the consequence the sin of adultery has brought to the community and people living in that community. With the scarlet letter A as the biggest symbol of all, Hawthorne proves himself to be one of the best symbolists. As a key to the whole novel, the letter A takes on different layers of symbolic meanings as the plot develops, but people come up with different interpretations and they do not know which one is definite. The scarlet letter A is ambiguous. And the ambiguity is one of the salient characteristics of Hawthorne's art.]

Selected Reading:

Young Goodman Brown

(Goodman Brown, a Puritan who lives in the village of Salem, leaves his wife Faith, who pleads him not to go, to attend a witches' Sabbath in the woods. There, he astonishingly finds lots of prominent people of the village and the church. When he is about to be confirmed into the group, he finds his wife Faith is also there beside him. He immediately cries out "look up to Heaven and resist the wicked one," only to find he is alone in the forest.

He returns to his home, but since then lives a dismal and gloomy life because he is never able to believe in goodness or piety again.

"Young Goodman Brown" is one of Hawthorne's most profound tales. In the manner of its concern with guilt and evil, it exemplifies what Melville called the "power of blackness" in Hawthorne's work. Its hero, a naive young man who accepts both society in general and his fellow men as individuals worth his regard, is confronted with the vision of human evil in one terrible night, and becomes thereafter distrustful and doubtful. Allegorically, our protagonist becomes an Everyman named Brown, a "young" man, who will be aged in one night by an adventure that makes everyone in this world a fallen idol. However, the story is manipulated in such a way that we as readers feel that Hawthorne poses the question of Good and Evil in man but withholds his answer, and he does not permit himself to determine whether the events of the night of trial are real or the mere figment of a dream.)

Young Goodman Brown came forth, at sunset, into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap, while she called to Goodman Brown.

'Dearest heart,' whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, 'pr'y thee, put off your journey until sunrise, and sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams and such thoughts, that she's afeard of herself, sometimes. Pray, tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year!'

'My love and my Faith,' replied young goodman Brown, 'of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done 'twixt now and sunrise. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married!'

'Then, God bless you!' said Faith, with the pink ribbons, 'and may you find all well, when you come back.'

'Amen!' cried goodman Brown. 'Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee.'

So they parted; and the young man pursued his way, until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked back, and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him, with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

'Poor little Faith!' thought he, for his heart smote him. 'What a wretch am I; to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought, as she spoke, there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done to-night. But, no, no! 't would kill her to think it. Well; she's a blessed angel on earth; and after this one night, I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to Heaven.'

With this excellent resolve for the future, goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a solitude, that the traveler knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that, with lonely footsteps, he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude(1).

...

Without more words, he threw his companion the maple stick, and was as speedily out of sight, as if he had vanished into the deepening gloom. The young man sat a few moments, by the roadside, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister, in his morning-walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old deacon(2) Gookin. And what calm sleep would be his, that very night, which was to have been spent so wickedly, but purely and sweetly now, in the arms of Faith! Amidst these pleasant and praiseworthy meditations, Goodman Brown heard the tramp of horses along the road, and deemed it advisable to conceal himself within the verge of the forest, conscious of the guilty purpose that had brought him thither, though now so happily turned from it.

On came the hoof-tramps and the voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. These mingled sounds appeared to pass along the road, within a few yards of the young man's hiding-place; but owing, doubtless, to the depth of the gloom, at that particular spot, neither the travelers nor their steeds were visible. Though their figures brushed the small boughs by the way-side, it could not be seen that they intercepted, even for a moment, the faint gleam from the strip of bright sky, athwart which they must have passed. Goodman Brown alternately crouched and stood on tip-toe, pulling aside the branches, and thrusting forth his head as far as he durst, without discerning so much as a shadow. It vexed him the more, because he could have sworn, were such a thing possible, that he recognized the voices of the minister and deacon Gookin, jogging along quietly, as they were wont to do, when bound to some ordination(3) or ecclesiastical(4) council. While yet within hearing, one of the riders stopped to pluck a switch.

'Of the two, reverend Sir,' said the voice like the deacon's, 'I

had rather miss an ordination-dinner than to-night's meeting. They tell me that some of our community are to be here from Falmouth (5) and beyond, and others from Connecticut and Rhode-Island; besides several of the Indian powows(6), who, after their fashion, know almost as much deviltry as the best of us. Moreover, there is a goodly young woman to be taken into communion.'

'Mighty well, deacon Gookin!' replied the solemn old tones of the minister. 'Spur up, or we shall be late. Nothing can be done, you know, until I get on the ground.'

The hoofs clattered again, and the voices, talking so strangely in the empty air, passed on through the forest, where no church had ever been gathered, nor solitary Christian prayed. Whither, then, could these holy men be journeying, so deep into the heathen wilderness? Young goodman Brown caught hold of a tree, for support, being ready to sink down on the ground, faint and overburthened with the heavy sickness of his heart. He looked up to the sky, doubting whether there really was a Heaven above him. Yet, there was the blue arch, and the stars brightening in it.

'With Heaven above, and Faith below, I will yet stand firm against the devil!' cried goodman Brown.

While he still gazed upward, into the deep arch of the firmament, and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud, though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith, and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once, the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accents of town's-people of his own, men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion-table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The

next moment, so indistinct were the sounds, he doubted whether he had heard aught but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine, at Salem village, but never, until now, from a cloud of night. There was one voice, of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps, it would grieve her to obtain. And all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward.

‘Faith!’ shouted goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying — ‘Faith! Faith!’ as if bewildered wretches were seeking her, all through the wilderness.

The cry of grief, rage, and terror, was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air, and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon.

‘My Faith is gone!’ cried he, after one stupefied moment. ‘There is no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil! for to thee is this world given.’

And maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate, that he seemed to fly along the forest-path, rather than to walk or run. The road grew wilder and drearier, and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward, with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds;

the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while, sometimes, the wind tolled like a distant church-bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveler, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors.

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ roared goodman Brown, when the wind laughed at him, ‘Let us hear which will laugh loudest! Think not to frighten me with your deviltry! Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powow, come devil himself! and here comes goodman Brown. You may as well fear him as he fear you!’

In truth, all through the haunted forest, there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of goodman Brown. On he flew, among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter, as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous, than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance, with the weight of many voices. He knew the tune; it was a familiar one in the choir of the village meeting-house. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted(7) wilderness, pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out; and his cry was lost to his own ear, by its unison with the cry of the desert.

In the interval of silence, he stole forward, until the light

glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space, hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines, their tops aflame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage, that had overgrown the summit of the rock, was all on fire, blazing high into the night, and fitfully illuminating the whole field. Each pendent twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once.

‘A grave and dark-clad company!’ quoth goodman Brown.

In truth, they were such. Among them, quivering to-and-fro, between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen, next day, at the council-board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm, that the lady of the governor was there. At least, there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls who trembled, lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light, flashing over the obscure field, bedazzled goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church-members of Salem village, famous for their especial sanctity. Good old deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his revered pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even

of horrid crimes. It was strange to see, that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints, Scattered, also, among their pale-faced enemies, were the Indian priests, or powows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations(8) than any known to English witchcraft.

‘But, where is Faith?’ thought goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled.

Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and solemn strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung, and still the chorus of the desert swelled between, like the deepest tone of a mighty organ. And, with the final peal of that dreadful anthem, there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconverted wilderness, were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man, in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke-wreaths, above the impious assembly. At the same moment, the fire on the rock shot redly forth, and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the apparition bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New-England churches.

‘Bring forth the converts!’ cried a voice, that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his

heart. He could have well nigh sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke-wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old deacon Gookin, seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she! And there stood the proselytes(9), beneath the canopy of fire.

'Welcome, my children,' said the dark figure, 'to the communion of your race! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!'

They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend-worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

'There,' resumed the sable form, 'are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their fathers' wealth; and how fair damsels — blush not, sweet ones! — have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for

sin, ye shall scent out all the places — whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field, or forest — where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood-spot. Far more than this! It shall be your's to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which, inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power — than my power, at its utmost! — can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other.'

They did so; and, by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

'Lo! there ye stand, my children,' said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad, with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race. 'Depending upon one another's hearts, ye had still hoped, that virtue were not all a dream. Now are ye undeceived! Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome, again, my children, to the communion of your race!'

'Welcome!' repeated the fiend-worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness, in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? or was it blood? or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the Shape of Evil dip his hand, and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance shew them to each

other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed and what they saw!

‘Faith! Faith!’ cried the husband. ‘Look up to Heaven, and resist the Wicked One!’

Whether Faith obeyed, he knew not. Hardly had he spoken, when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind, which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew.

The next morning, young goodman Brown came slowly into the street of Salem village, staring around him like a bewildered man. The good old minister was taking a walk along the graveyard, to get an appetite for breakfast and meditate his sermon, and bestowed a blessing, as he passed, on goodman Brown. He shrank from the venerable saint, as if to avoid an anathema. Old deacon Gookin was at domestic worship, and the holy words of his prayer were heard through the open window. ‘What God doth the wizard pray to?’ quoth goodman Brown. Goody Cloyse, that excellent old Christian, stood in the early sunshine, at her own lattice, catechizing a little girl, who had brought her a pint of morning’s milk. Goodman Brown snatched away the child, as from the grasp of the fiend himself. Turning the corner by the meeting-house, he spied the head of Faith, with the pink ribbons, gazing anxiously forth, and bursting into such joy at sight of him, that she skipt along the street, and almost kissed her husband before the whole village. But, goodman Brown looked sternly and sadly into her face, and passed on without a greeting.

Had goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest, and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch-meeting?

Be it so, if you will. But, alas! it was a dream of evil omen for

young goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man, did he become, from the night of that fearful dream. On the Sabbath-day, when the congregation were singing a holy psalm, he could not listen; because an anthem of sin rushed loudly upon his ear, and drowned all the blessed strain. When the minister spoke from the pulpit, with power and fervid eloquence, and, with his hand on the open bible, of the sacred truths of our religion, and of saint-like lives and triumphant deaths, and of future bliss or misery unutterable, then did goodman Brown turn pale, dreading, lest the roof should thunder down upon the gray blasphemer and his hearers. Often, awakening suddenly at midnight, he shrank from the bosom of Faith, and at morning or eventide, when the family knelt down at prayer, he scowled, and muttered to himself, and gazed sternly at his wife, and turned away. And when he had lived long, and was borne to his grave, a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grandchildren, a goodly procession, besides neighbors, not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tomb-stone; for his dying hour was gloom.

Notes:

- (1) multitude: a large number of people, referring to people attending the same congregation.
- (2) deacon: 新教执事。
- (3) ordination: 圣职授任; 按手礼。
- (4) ecclesiastical: 基督教会的。
- (5) Falmouth: a town on Cape Cod, about seventy miles from Salem.
- (6) Indian powows: medicine men, usually spelled "pow-pow" and later used to refer to any conference or gathering.
- (7) benighted: lost in moral darkness.
- (8) incantations: words used in magic.

(9) proselytes: people who have been converted to a religious group, different from the one to which they formerly belong.

IV. Walt Whitman

Leaves of Grass has always been considered a monumental work which commands great attention because of its uniquely poetic embodiment of American democratic ideals as written in the founding documents of both the Revolutionary War in the United States and the Civil War, and the author of the book is a giant of American letters. This man is Walt Whitman (1819-1892).

Whitman was born in 1819 into a working-class family and grew up in Brooklyn, New York. Son of a carpenter, Whitman left his schooling for good at eleven, and became an office boy. Later on he changed several jobs, one of which was in the printing office of a newspaper, which would be of great help in his literary career. By this early age he had already shown his strong love for literature, reading a great deal on his own, especially the works of Shakespeare and Milton, and developed his potential for the writing career in the future. Before he was 17 years old he had already had his poems printed on a paper, although these early works were not comparable to his later and mature ones. However, Whitman did not become a professional writer directly henceforth, until an opportunity came up which sent him back to New York City, where he formally took up journalism and indulged himself in the excitement of the fast-growing metropolis. It was during these years that Whitman began to show his democratic partisanship. And the ideas governing Whitman's poetry-writing gradually took shape. Feeling compelled to speak up for something new and vital he found in the air of the nation, Whitman turned to the manual work of carpentry around

1851 or 1852, as an experiment to familiarize himself with the reality and essence of the life of the nation. At the same time, he widened his reading to a new scale and made it more systematic. After enriching himself simultaneously by these two very different approaches, Whitman was able to put forward his own set of aesthetic principles. Leaves of Grass was just the expression of these principles.

Walt Whitman is a poet with a strong sense of mission, having devoted all his life to the creation of the "single" poem, Leaves of Grass. The work has nine editions and the first edition was published in 1855. In this giant work, openness, freedom, and above all, individualism are all that concerned him. His aim was nothing less than to express some new poetical feelings and to initiate a poetic tradition in which difference should be recognized. The genuine participation of a poet in a common cultural effort was, according to Whitman, to behave as a supreme individualist; however, the poet's essential purpose was to identify his ego with the world, and more specifically with the democratic "en-masse" of America, which is established in the opening lines of "Song of Myself." Two people, Whitman believed, could be "twain yet one;" their paths could be different, and yet they could achieve a kind of transcendent contact. Equally, many people could realize a community while remaining individuals. He repeated his philosophy again and again to ensure his fellow citizens a full participation in a series of reciprocal relationships in the course of reading his poetry.

As Whitman saw it, poetry could play a vital part in the process of creating a new nation. It could enable Americans to celebrate their release from the Old World and the colonial rule. And it could also help them understand their new status and to define themselves in the new world of possibilities. Hence, the abundance of themes in

his poetry voices freshness. He shows concern for the whole hard-working people and the burgeoning life of cities. To Whitman, the fast growth of industry and wealth in cities indicated a lively future of the nation, despite the crowded, noisy, and squalid conditions and the slackness in morality. The realization of the individual value also found a tough position in Whitman's poems in a particular way.

Most of the poems in *Leaves of Grass* sing of the "en-masse" and the self as well. In celebrating the self, Whitman gives emphasis to the physical dimension of the self and openly and joyously celebrates sexuality. Pursuit of love and happiness is approved of repeatedly and affectionately in his lines. Sexual love, a rather taboo topic of the time, is displayed candidly as something adorable. If two persons are really in love, "what is to us what the rest do or think?" The individual person and his desires must be respected. Obviously, Whitman's sexual themes are beyond the physical.

Some of Whitman's poems are politically committed. Before and during the Civil War, Whitman stood firmly on the side of the North and wrote a series of poems incorporating his emotions and feelings during the period, which were gathered as a collection under the title of *Drum-Taps* (1865). Not a lover of violence and bloodshed, Whitman expressed much mourning for the sufferings of the young lives in the battlefield and showed a determination to carry on the fighting dauntlessly until the final victory, as we may find in poems like "Cavalry Crossing a Ford." Another occasion which allowed Whitman to fill his lines with his political emotions was the death of Lincoln. He wrote down a great many poems to air his sorrow, and one of the famous is "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." Mournful as these poems are, a reader can still detect in them a thin trace of ecstasy for the victory of progress.

To dramatize the nature of these new poetical feelings, Whit-

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man employed brand-new means in his poetry, which would first be discerned in his style and language. Whitman's poetic style is marked, first of all, by the use of the poetic "I." Speaking in the voice of "I," Whitman becomes all those people in his poems, and yet still remains "Walt Whitman," hence a discovery of the self in the other with such an identification. Usually, the relationship Whitman is dramatizing is a triangular one: "I" the poet, the subject in the poem, and "you" the reader. In such a manner, Whitman invites us, as we read his lines, to participate in the process of sympathetic identification. Whitman is also radically innovative in terms of the form of his poetry. What he prefers for his new subject and new poetic feelings is "free verse," that is, poetry without a fixed beat or regular rhyme scheme. A looser and more open-ended syntactical structure is frequently favored. Lines and sentences of different lengths are left lying side by side just as things are, undisturbed and separate. There are few compound sentences to draw objects and experiences into a system of hierarchy. By means of "free verse," Whitman believed, he has turned the poem into an open field, an area of vital possibility where the reader can allow his own imagination to play. And, as the poet, Whitman can be conversational and casual, in the fluid, expansive, and unstructured style of talking, like one of the ordinary men. However, there is still a strong sense of the poems being rhythmical. Rather than giving a description of those concrete things, Whitman catalogues them. These details in the catalogue are not given as a separate event, but as one phase in the movement of feeling. Different things would mean a different wave of feeling. So when we read his poems, we can feel the rhythm of Whitman's thought and cadences of his feeling. Parallelism and phonetic recurrence at the beginning of the lines also contribute to the musicality of his poems.

Contrary to the rhetoric of traditional poetry, Whitman's is relatively simple and even rather crude. Most of the pictures he painted with words are honest, undistorted images of different aspects of America of the day. Unifying images of the body, the crowd, the sexuality are pervasive in his poems. The particularity about these images is that they are unconventional in the way they break down the social division based on religion, gender, class, and race. One of the most often-used methods in Whitman's poems is to make colors and images fleet past the mind's eye of the reader. This kaleidoscope was rather laughed at when it made its first appearance, but its effectiveness was acknowledged before long. Another characteristic in Whitman's language is his strong tendency to use oral English, which has a lot to do with his early career as a newspaperman and the Americans' traditional love for orations and orators. Whitman's vocabulary is amazing. He would use powerful, colorful, as well as rarely-used words, words of foreign origin and sometimes even wrong words.

Though he was attacked in his lifetime for his offensive subject matter of sexuality and for his unconventional style, Walt Whitman has proved a great figure in the literary history of the United States because he embodies a new ideal, a new world and a new life-style, and his influence over the following generations is significant and incredible. Love for Whitman and his poetry is bound to increase to an unprecedented height. //

Selected Readings:

1. There Was a Child Went Forth

(This poem was first published in the 1856 edition of *Leaves of Grass* as "Poem of the Child That Went Forth, and Always

Goes Forth, Forever and Forever," then subsequently published under other titles until the present one was reached in the 1871 edition. This poem describes the growth of a child who learned about the world around him and improved himself accordingly. In the poem Whitman's own early experience may well be identified with the childhood of a young, growing America.)

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part
of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass and white and red morning-glories, and white and
red clover, and the song of the phoebe-bird,

And the Third-month(1) lambs and the sow's pink-faint
litter(2), and the mare's foal and the cow's calf,

And the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the pond-
side,

And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there,
and the beautiful curious liquid(3),

And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads, all became
part of him.

The field-sprouts of Fourth-month(4) and Fifth-month(5) be-
came part of him,

Winter-grain sprouts and those of the light-yellow corn, and
the esculent(6) roots of the garden.

And the apple-trees cover'd with blossoms and the fruit after-

ward, and wood-berries and the commonest weeds by the
road,
And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse(7) of
the tavern whence(8) he had lately risen,
And the schoolmistress that pass'd on her way to the school,
And the friendly boys that pass'd, and the quarrelsome boys,
And the tidy and fresh-cheek'd girls, and the barefoot negro
boy and girl,
And all the changes of city and country wherever he went.

His own parents, he that had father'd him and she that had
conceiv'd him in her womb and birth'd him,
They gave this child more of themselves than that(9),
They gave him afterward every day, they became part of him.

The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the supper-
table,

The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown(10), a
wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she
walks by,

The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, anger'd, un-
just,

The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty
lure,

The family usages, the language, the company, the furniture,
the yearning and swelling heart,

Affection that will not be gainsay'd(11), the sense of what is
real, the thought if after all it should prove unreal(12),

The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time, the curi-
ous whether and how(13),

Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and specks(14)?

Men and women crowding fast(15) in the streets, if they are not flashes and specks what are they?

The streets themselves and the façades of houses, and goods in the windows.

Vehicles, teams(16), the heavy-plank'd wharves, the huge crossing at the ferries,

The village on the highland seen from afar at sunset, the river between,

Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and gables of white or brown two miles off,

The schooner near by sleepily dropping down the tide, the little boat slack-tow'd astern,

The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,

The strata of color'd clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint(17) away soli-tary by itself, the spread of purity(18) it lies motionless in,

The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt marsh and shore mud.

These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes, and will always go forth every day. (19)

Notes:

(1) the Third-month: March.

(2) litter: here this word refers to a group of newly born pigs.

(3) the beautiful curious liquid... : here refers to the water. The boy was admiring this scene, which to him was something entirely new.

(4) Fourth-month: April.

(5) Fifth-month: May.

- (6) esculent: eatable.
- (7) outhouse: an outside lavatory.
- (8) whence: (old use) where.
- (9) ... than that: The parents of the child had given him not only his physical life but also their influence upon his later growth.
- (10) clean her cap and gown: her clean cap and gown.
- (11) gainsay: deny.
- (12) ... prove unreal: As the child grew, some new feelings or questions began to arise irresistibly.
- (13) whether and how: different kinds of questions; be it day or night, the child's mind was full of questions.
- (14) specks: something of little importance. Are things really what we think they are? Although they may seem solid and real, aren't they something that disappears quickly? Do they have meaning?
- (15) fast: in quick succession; if people crowd fast they are very close to each other.
- (16) teams: two or more animals pulling the same vehicle.
- (17) maroon-tint: the color of sky near the horizon after the sunset.
- (18) the spread of purity: the pure and vast sky.
- (19) It is interesting to reexamine the sequence of the items listed in this poem which "became part of the child." They reflect the natural process of a boy's growth. At first, his world was limited within the barnyard. Later, he sought into fields and steets. Then, he became interested in something more mysterious — his fellow human beings. Finally, he was on the symbolic threshold of the outside world, the sea. He had grown into a young man from a baby.

2. Cavalry(1) Crossing a Ford

(This poem is grouped under the Drum-Taps section in the 1881 edition of Leaves of Grass, which reminds its readers of a picture, or a photo, of a scene of the American Civil War. All the movements described in this picture are frozen. And while sounds

are depicted, it's more likely that they come out of the watcher's imagination, rather than from the picture itself.)

A lime in long array where they wind betwixt (2) green islands,

They take a serpentine course (3), their arms flash in the sun
— hark (4) to the musical clank,

Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop
to drink,

Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person, a picture,
the negligent (5) rest on the saddles,

Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the
ford — while,

Scarlet and blue and snowy white,

The guidon (6) flags flutter gayly in the wind.

Notes:

- (1) cavalry: soldiers fighting on horseback.
- (2) betwixt: between.
- (3) a serpentine course: the line in which they moved forward wound like a snake.
- (4) hark: listen.
- (5) negligent: careless in a pleasant way.
- (6) guidon: flag of a military unit.

3. Song of Myself

(This poem first appeared in the 1855 edition Leaves of Grass without a title. In the 1856 edition, the title was "Poem of Walt Whitman, an American;" then it became "Walt Whitman" in 1860 and remained under that title until 1881, when it finally

became "Song of Myself." In this poem Whitman sets forth two principal beliefs: the theory of universality, which is illustrated by lengthy catalogues of people and things, and the belief in the singularity and equality of all beings in value. The following is the first section of the poem.)

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.
I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.
My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same,
And their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

In 1850, Melville moved to New York City, where he worked as a clerk in the Custom House. He was a member of the New York Club, and he was a friend of many of the leading writers of the time. He was a member of the New York Club, and he was a friend of many of the leading writers of the time. He was a member of the New York Club, and he was a friend of many of the leading writers of the time.

V. Herman Melville

One of the half-dozen major American literary figures of the

nineteenth century, Herman Melville (1819-1891) is best-known as the author of his mighty book, *Moby-Dick* (1851), which is one of the world's greatest masterpieces.

Herman Melville was born in 1819 in Lansingburgh, New York. Though both his parents came from well-to-do families, a family business failure and, soon after, the death of his father made it necessary for him to leave school at the age of 15. He worked as a bank clerk, a salesman, a farmer and a school teacher, and when all these failed to offer him a decent livelihood, he went to sea at about 20. The early sailing experiences were rewarding, for they gave him a love of the sea, and aroused his desire for adventure. In 1841, Melville went to the South Seas on a whaling ship, where he gained the first-hand information about whaling that he used later in *Moby-Dick*. In the following three years, Melville served on three different whalers, jumped ship, took part in a mutiny, lived among the natives, worked as a store clerk in Honolulu, and finally served for a year in the regular navy. Working as a sailor, he had experienced the most brutalizing life in his time for a man, yet years of adventures also furnished him with abundant raw materials for most of his major fictions and his imaginative visions of life. Thus his career as a writer began.

In 1850, Melville moved to a farm in Massachusetts, where he had Nathaniel Hawthorne as his neighbor. They became very good friends, exchanging visits, writing to one another, and discussing each other's works. Apart from Hawthorne, whose black vision regarding the evil of human beings had in some way changed Melville's outlook on life and the world and whose allegorical way of exposition had affected his writing technique, Shakespearean tragic vision and Emersonian Transcendentalism also produced some positive effects on his writing. *Moby-Dick* was published in 1851. After *Moby-Dick*

he continued writing fictions for a few years, but with less and less financial success. Gradually he turned to poetry writing, made some unsuccessful attempts at public lecturing, and in 1866 took a full-time position as Inspector of Customs at the Port of New York, a position he held for the next nineteen years. In his final years he turned again to prose fiction and wrote what is probably his second famous work, Billy Budd, not published, however, until 1924. ||

Melville's writings can be well divided into two groups, each with something in common in the light of the thematic concern and imaginative focus. His early works were written after he was back from the sea, chiefly between 1846 and 1852, when he was considered to be at his best. Books poured forth like a torrent. Among them are Typee (1846), Omoo (1847), and Mardi (1849), which drew from his adventures among the people of the South Pacific islands; Redburn (1849) is a semi-autobiographical novel, concerning the sufferings of a genteel youth among brutal sailors; in White Jacket (1850) Melville relates his life on a United States man-of-war. Of all these sea adventure stories, Moby-Dick proves to be the best. By writing such a book Melville reached the most flourishing stage of his literary creativity.

With the publication of Pierre (1852), a popular romance intended for the feminine market but provoking an outrageous repudiation, Melville's public fame was on the decline. He did not publish any more books until the late 1850s, when he wrote a series of short stories or novellas which attracted public attention again. Among them are "Bartleby, the Scrivener," a short story strikingly symbolizing the loneliness and anonymity and passivity of little men in big cities, "Benito Cereno," a novella about a ship whose black slave cargo mutiny holds their captain a terrorized hostage, The Confidence-Man (1857), in which the author uses the Confidence-man in

successive guises to explore the paradoxes of belief and the optimisms and hypocrisies of American life, and *Billy Budd* (posthumously 1924), which again deals with the sea and sailors and the theme of a conflict between innocence and corruption. This group of works is a little different from the early ones. In the early ones, Melville is more enthusiastic about setting out on a quest for the meaning of the universe, hence they are more metaphysical and the main characters are ardent and self-dramatizing "I," defying God, as best reflected in *Moby-Dick*; while in the late works, Melville becomes more reconciled with the world of man, in which, he admits, one must live by the rules. However, the purpose of Melville's fictional tales, exotic or philosophical, is to penetrate as deeply as possible into the metaphysical, theological, moral, psychological, and social truths of human existence.

Moby-Dick is regarded as the first American prose epic. Although it is presented in the form of a novel, at times it seems like a prose poem. It is difficult to read because much of the talk in the novel is sailor's talk and much of the language is purposely old-fashioned and Elizabethan. However, if we can say that there is such a thing as the Great American Novel, *Moby-Dick* can well qualify for that distinction. The story is not complicated, dealing with Ahab, a man with an overwhelming obsession to kill the whale which has crippled him, on board his ship *Pequod* in the chase of the big whale. The dramatic description of the hazards of whaling makes the book a very exciting sea narrative and builds a literary monument to an era of whaling industry in the nineteenth century. But *Moby-Dick* is not merely a whaling tale or sea adventure, considering that Melville is a great symbolist. It turns out to be a symbolic voyage of the mind in quest of the truth and knowledge of the universe, a spiritual exploration into man's deep reality and psychology.

Like Hawthorne, Melville is a master of allegory and symbolism. Instead of putting the battle between Ahab and the big whale into simple statements, he used symbols, that is, objects or persons who represent something else. Different people on board the ship are representations of different ideas and different social and ethnic groups; facts become symbols and incidents acquire universal meanings; the *Pequod* is the microcosm of human society and the voyage becomes a search for truth. The white whale, Moby Dick, symbolizes nature for Melville, for it is complex, unfathomable, malig-
nant, and beautiful as well. For the character Ahab, however, the whale represents only evil. Moby Dick is like a wall, hiding some unknown, mysterious things behind. Ahab wills the whole crew on the *Pequod* to join him in the pursuit of the big whale so as to pierce the wall, to root out the evil, but only to be destroyed by evil, in this case, by his own consuming desire, his madness. For the author, as well as for the reader and Ishmael, the narrator, Moby Dick is still a mystery, an ultimate mystery of the universe, inscrutable and ambivalent, and the voyage of the mind will forever remain a search, not a discovery, of the truth.

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Symbolism is not the only way in which Melville has articulated, shaped, and presented the mighty theme of the book. Melville's great gifts of language, invention, psychological analysis, speculative agility, and narrative power are fused to make *Moby-Dick* a world classic. The skillful use of Ishmael both as a character and a narrator gives the novel a moral magnitude; the manipulation of the whaling chapters for some philosophical speculation makes the novel more than symbolic; different levels of language use and styles turn the whole book into a symphony with all the musical instruments going on to form a melody; and moreover, Melville's knowledge of epic and tragedy, the highest literary genres, helps him pro-

duce a great tragic epic, with Ahab at the center as a tragic hero, who burns with a baleful fire, becoming evil himself in his thirst to destroy evil.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Moby-Dick

(The outcast youth Ishmael, feeling depressed, goes to New Bedford, where he signs for a voyage on the whaler Pequod and meets Queequeg, a Polynesian prince who later becomes his intimate friend. They board the Pequod and leave Nantucket on Christmas Day. The captain, Ahab, is a monomaniac whose single purpose is to capture the fierce, cunning white whale, Moby Dick, which had torn away his leg during their last encounter. Ahab doesn't appear on deck until sometime later when he finally declares his purpose and posts a doubloon on the mast as a reward for the man who first sights the white whale. People on board the ship react to the announcement differently. The chief mate, Starbuck, earnest, prudent, and fretful, dislikes it. Stubb, the second mate, is happy-go-lucky, and takes perils as they come. Flask, the third mate, is incapable of deep thought and for him killing whales is simply an occupation. Others in the crew include the mysterious Fedallah of Asian origin; the American Indian harpooner, Tashtego; the African, Daggoo; and the Negro cabin boy Pip. Intertwined with the plot of the Pequod voyage around the world, a comprehensive discussion is being carried on of the nature of the whale, the history of science and art relating to the animal, and the facts of the whaling industry. During the pursuit of the white whale, the Pequod captures some whales, but omens arise to indicate the disastrous end of Ahab: storms, lightning,

loss of the compass, the drowning of a man, and the insanity of Ahab's favorite, Pip. The white whale is finally sighted, and in the first day's chase he smashes a whaleboat. The second day, another boat is swamped, and the captain's ivory leg is snapped off. On the third day the whale is harpooned, but the rope from Ahab's harpoon coils around his neck and snatches him from his boat. The *Pequod* is sunk and the whole crew perish in the sea except Ishmael, who is rescued by Queequeg's canoe-coffin.

Moby-Dick is one of the few books in American literature that has produced an exciting effect upon readers; of which its author could not have dreamed. It is a mixture of fantasy and realism based upon the South Pacific whaling industry; it might be read as an initiation story about Ishmael, the outcast, finding himself in a real world of hard work and danger and an unreal world of speculation and mystery; moreover, it is a fabulous dramatization of Ahab's obsessed determination to revenge himself in the pursuit of one particular whale who has previously destroyed his boat and humiliated him by ripping off one of his legs. Nevertheless, the book has been so often interpreted in so many ways, allegorically and symbolically, that now we can safely conclude that *Moby-Dick* "means" almost as many things as it has readers who are deeply involved in the conflicts of life and sensitive enough to become involved in the spirit of conflict expressed in a work of art.

The following excerpt is from the last chapter of *Moby-Dick*, in which the great chase of the white whale is ending and we are close to the conclusion of the book. The *Pequod* has finally sighted *Moby-Dick*. The boats have been lowered in chase of the whale, which has already demolished two of them. Though Ahab kills the white whale, yet all the human beings involved, except the narrator, die in the process. At the end only nature, symbolized by the

sea, remains moving but unmoved.)

Chapter 135. The Chase — Third Day

Whether fagged by the three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming (1) in the knotted hamper(2) he bore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him; whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the unpitying sharks (3) accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat; and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed him not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on! — But who can tell" — he muttered — "whether these sharks swim to feast on the whale or on Ahab? — But pull on! Aye, all alive, now — we near him. The helm! take the helm; let me pass," — and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance — as the whale sometimes will — and Ahab was fairly within the smoky mountain mist, which, thrown off from the whale's spout, curled round his great Monadnock (4) hump; he was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both

arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby Dick sidewise writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without saving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen — who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects — these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly dropping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraduated, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks! — 'tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it — it may be — a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden, he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. "I grow blind;

hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is't night?"

"The whale! The ship!" cried the cringing oarsmen.

"Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea that ere it be for ever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! Will ye not save my ship?"

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew, trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's (5) mast-head hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half-wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own forward-flowing heart; while Starbuck and Stubb (6), standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"The whale, the whale! Up helm, up helm! Oh all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman's fainting fit. Up helm. I say — ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my lifelong fidelities? Ah, Ahab, Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! Up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!"

"Stand not by me, but stand under me, whoever you are that will now help Stubb; for Stubb, too, sticks here. I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Who ever helped Stubb, or kept Stubb awake,

but Stubb's own unwinking eye? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft; would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look ye, sun, moon, and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever spouted up his ghost. For all that, I would yet ring glasses with htee, would ye but hand the cup! Oh, oh, oh, oh! thou grinning whale, but there'll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not, O Ahab! For me, off shoes and jacket to it; let Stubb die in his drawers! A most moldy and over salted death, though; — cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh, Flask, (7) for one red cherry ere we die!"

"Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow. Oh, Stubb, I hope my poor mother's drawn my part-pay ere this; if not, few coppers will now come to her, for the voyage is up."

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semicircular foam before him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooners aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, the heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"The ship! The hearse! — the second hearse! (8)" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again,

far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego! let me hear thy hammer! Oh! ye three unsundered spires of mine; thou uncracked keel; and only god-bullied hull; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow, — death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest ship-wrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comb of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine, let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee though tied to thee, thou damned whale! *Thus*, I give up the spear!"

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line ran through the grooves; — ran foul. Ahab stooped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eye-splice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. "The ship? Great God, where is the ship?" Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana (9), only the uppermost masts out of water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their

once lofty perches, the pagan harpooners still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the Pequod out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermixingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar yet visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched; — at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the subsiding spar. A sky-hawk that tauntingly had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-gasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with archangelic shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan (10), would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

Notes:

(1) his swimming: "his" here refers to the White Whale's. All through the novel

the whale is personified and referred to as "he."

- (2) the knotted hamper: the involutions of the lines which the whale reeled around him during the second day of chase.
- (3) the un pitying sharks: the sharks that had been observed by the *Pequod* since the White Whale was sighted and used as omens to suggest the demonic nature of the chase, which was doomed to failure.
- (4) Monadnock : a mountain or rocky mass that has resisted erosion and stands isolated in a plain; taken from the name Mount Monadnock, an isolated peak in the state of New Hampshire.
- (5) Tashtego: one of the harpooners on board the *Pequod*. The other two are Dashtegoo and Queequeg.
- (6) Starbuck and Stubb: the former the chief mate on board the *Pequod* and the latter the second.
- (7) Flask: the third mate.
- (8) The hearse — the second hearse : Fadallah had prophesied that Ahab would die only after he had seen two strange hearses for carrying the dead upon the sea, one not built by mortal hands that was the whale, and the other made of wood grown in America, which turned out to be the *Pequod*.
- (9) Fata Morgana: 空中楼阁(特指西西里海岸上的海市蜃楼)。
- (10) Satan: the chief of the rebel angels and the personification of evil, the Devil.

Chapter 2 The Realistic Period

The period ranging from 1865 to 1914 has been referred to as the Age of Realism in the literary history of the United States, which is actually a movement or tendency that dominated the spirit of American literature, especially American fiction, from the 1850s onwards. Realism was a reaction against Romanticism or a move away from the bias towards romance and self-creating fictions, and paved the way to Modernism.

The American society after the Civil War provided rich soil for the rise and development of Realism. The fifty years between the end of the Civil War to the outbreak of the First World War is one of the periods in the American history characterized with changes, in relation to every aspect of American life, politically, economically, culturally, and religiously. The scale of the change was so vast that it indicated a fundamental redirection in the nature and ideology of the American society. First of all, the Civil War affected both the social and the value system of the country. America had transformed itself from a Jeffersonian agrarian community into an industrialized and commercialized society. Wilderness gave way to civilization. The War also brought some noticeable changes to the American economy. It had stimulated the technological development, and new methods of organization and management were tested to adapt to industrial modernization on a large scale. The first transcontinental railway was completed in 1869; electricity was introduced on a large scale; new means of communication such as the telephone revolutionized many aspects of daily life; various kinds of mineral wealth were discovered and extracted to help improve the national economy. As a result, capital invested in manufacturing industries more than quadrupled; factory employment nearly doubled; industrial

output grew at a geometric rate; and agricultural productivity increased dramatically. The burgeoning economy and industry stepped up urbanization. American cities grew fast, with one half of the American population concentrated in a dozen or so cities by the end of the First World War.

However, the changes were not all for the better. The industrialization and the urbanization were accompanied by the incalculable sufferings of the laboring people. In the countryside, increasing numbers of farmers were squeezed off the land to become city job-seekers, causing an oversupply of labor, which kept wages down and allowed the industrialists to maintain working conditions of notorious danger and discomfort for men, women and children. Therefore, polarization of the well-being started to show up, with the poor poorer and the rich richer. The concentration of power and wealth gave birth to buccaneers, tycoons and slums, and ghettos as well. As far as the ideology was concerned, people were on a shaking ground. They became dubious about the human nature and the benevolence of God; which the Transcendentalists cared most. Gone was the frontier and the spirit of the frontiersman, which is the spirit of freedom and human connection, and gone was a place to escape for the American Dream. In place of all this is what Mark Twain referred to as "The Gilded Age."

The literary scene after the Civil War proved to be quite different a picture. The harsh realities of life as well as the disillusion of heroism resulting from the dark memories of the Civil War had set the nation against the romance. The Americans began to be tired of the sentimental feelings of Romanticism. A new generation of writers, dissatisfied with the Romantic ideas in the older generation, came up with a new inspiration. This new attitude was characterized by a great interest in the realities of life. It aimed at the interpreta-

tion of the actualities of any aspect of life, free from subjective prejudice, idealism, or romantic color. Instead of thinking about the mysteries of life and death and heroic individualism, people's attention was now directed to the interesting features of everyday existence, to what was brutal or sordid, and to the open portrayal of class struggle. So writers who could describe the integrity of human character reacting under various circumstances and authors who could picture the pioneers of the Far West, the new immigrants and the struggles of the working classes began to gain the favor of the reading public. This literary interest in the so-called "reality" of life started a new period in the American literary writings known as the Age of Realism.

Their emphasis on the fidelistic reflection of human reality is most clearly expressed by William Dean Howells when he said in *Criticism and Fiction* (1891) that "I confess I do not care to judge any work of the imagination without first applying this test to it. We must ask ourselves before anything else, Is it true? — true to the motives, the impulses, the principles that shape the life of actual men and women?" Guided by this principle of adhering to the truthful treatment of life, the realists touched upon various contemporary social and political issues. In their works, instead of writing about the polite, well-dressed, grammatically correct middle-class young people who moved in exotic places and remote times, they introduced industrial workers and farmers, ambitious businessmen and vagrants, prostitutes and unheroic soldiers as major characters in fiction. They approached the harsh realities and pressures in the post-Civil War society either by a comprehensive picture of modern life in its various occupations, class stratifications and manners, or by a psychological exploration of man's subconsciousness.

The three dominant figures of the period are William Dean

Howells, Mark Twain, and Henry James. Together they brought to fulfillment native trends in the realistic portrayal of the landscape and social surfaces; brought to perfection the vernacular style, and explored and exploited the literary possibilities of the interior life. They recorded and made permanent the essential life of the eastern third of the continent as it was lived in the last half of the nineteenth century on the vanishing frontier, in the village, the small town, or the turbulent metropolis. They established the literary identity of distinctively American protagonists; specifically the vernacular hero and the "American Girl," the baffled and strained middle-class family, the businessman, the psychologically complicated citizens of a new international culture. Together, in short, they set the example and charted the future course for the subjects, themes, techniques and styles of fiction we still call modern.

Though the three prominent writers wrote more or less at the same time, they differed in their understanding of the "truth." While Mark Twain and Howells seemed to have paid more attention to the "life" of the Americans, Henry James had apparently laid a greater emphasis on the "inner world" of man. He came to believe that the literary artist should not simply hold a mirror to the surface of social life in particular times and places. In addition, the writer should use language to probe the deepest reaches of the psychological and moral nature of human beings. He is a realist of the inner life. Though Twain and Howells both shared the same concern in presenting the truth of the American society, they had each of them different emphasis. Howells focused his discussion on the rising middle class and the way they lived, while Twain preferred to have his own region and people at the forefront of his stories. This particular concern about the local character of a region came about as "local colorism," a unique variation of American literary realism.

Mark Twain is not the only one whose works are characterized with local colors. The other local colorists might include Sarah Orne Jewett, Joseph Kirkland and Hamlin Garland. Generally, their writings are concerned with the life of a small, well-defined region or province. The characteristic setting is the isolated small town. Local colorists were consciously nostalgic historians of a vanishing way of life, recorders of a present that faded before their eyes. Yet for all their sentimentality, they dedicated themselves to minutely accurate descriptions of the life of their regions. They worked from personal experience; they recorded the facts of a unique environment and suggested that the native life was shaped by the curious conditions of the locale. Their materials were necessarily limited and topics disparate, yet they had certain common artistic concerns.

The impact of Darwin's evolutionary theory on the American thought and the influence of the 19th century French literature on the American men of letters gave rise to yet another school of realism: American naturalism. Darwin, in his *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *Descent of Man* (1871), hypothesized that over the millennia man had evolved from lower forms of life. Humans were special, not because God had created them in His image, but because they had successfully adapted to changing environmental conditions and had passed on their survival-making characteristics genetically. The American naturalists accepted the more negative implications of this theory and used it to account for the behavior of those characters in literary works who were conceived as more or less complex combinations of inherited attributes, their habits conditioned by social and economic forces. And consciously or unconsciously the American naturalists followed the French novelist and theorist Émile Zola's call that the literary artist "must operate with characters, passions, human and social data as the chemist and the

physicist work on inert bodies, as the physiologist works on living bodies." They chose their subjects from the lower ranks of society, and portrayed misery and poverty of the "underdogs" who were demonstrably victims of society and nature. And one of the most familiar themes in American naturalism is the theme of human "bestiality," especially as an explanation of sexual desire. For example, Frank Norris, in his *McTeague* (1899), described the relations of a crude dentist, who is compared to a draft-horse, a dog, a bear, with a superficially refined German-American girl who, awakened by his desires, is drawn into an animalistic affection for her "bear" husband. Theodore Dreiser's forgiving treatment of the career of his heroine in *Sister Carrie* (1900) also drew heavily upon the naturalistic understanding of sexuality. Artistically naturalistic writings are usually unpolished in language, lacking in academic skills and unwieldy in structure. Philosophically, the naturalists believe that the real and true is always partially hidden from the eyes of the individual, or beyond his control. It is the very shape of a system that determines the basis of his being. Devoid of rationality and caught in a process in which he is but a part, man cannot fully understand, let alone control, the world he lives in; hence, he is left with no freedom of choice. In a word, naturalism is evolved from realism when the author's tone in writing becomes less serious and less sympathetic but more ironic and more pessimistic. It is no more than a different philosophical approach to reality, or to human existence.

Important writers to be introduced and discussed in this section are Mark Twain, Henry James, Emily Dickinson, and Theodore Dreiser.

I. Mark Twain

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Mark Twain (1835-1910) is a great literary giant of America, whom H. L. Mencken considered "the true father of our national literature." With works like *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884) and *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) Twain shaped the world's view of America and made a more extensive combination of American folk humor and serious literature than previous writers had ever done.

Mark Twain, pen name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was born on November 30, 1835, in Missouri, and grew up in the river town of Hannibal. After his father died, he began to seek his own fortune at the age of 12. Twain was restless when he was young and moved a lot, first eastward as a journeyman printer, up and down the Mississippi as a steamboat pilot, and then farther west into the gold and silver settlements of Nevada. Then he began to work as a newspaper columnist and as a deadpan lecturer. Twain's writing during these formative western years mainly took the form of humorous journalism of the time, and it enabled him to master the technique of narration. In 1865, he published his frontier tale "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," which brought him recognition from a wider public. But his full literary career began to blossom in 1869 with a travel book *Innocents Abroad*, an account of American tourists in Europe which pokes fun at the pretentious, decadent and undemocratic Old World in a satirical tone.

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Mark Twain's best works were produced when he was in the prime of his life. All these masterworks drew upon the scenes and emotions of his boyhood and youth. The first among these books is *Roughing It* (1872), in which Twain describes a journey that works its way farther and farther west through Nevada to San Fran-

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cisco and then to Hawaii. Life on the Mississippi tells a story of his boyhood ambition to become a riverboat pilot, ~~this time up and down the Mississippi~~. Two of the best books during this period are *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. The former is usually regarded as a classic book written for boys about their particular horrors and joys, while the latter, being a boy's book specially written for the adults, is Twain's most representative work, describing a journey down the Mississippi undertaken by two fugitives, Huck and Jim. Their episodic set of encounters presents a sample of the small-town world of America and a survey of the social world from the bank of the river that runs through the heart of the country.

A series of misfortunes happened to Twain's family that staggered him. His son and two daughters died in heartbreaking circumstances; the publishing house in which he was a partner collapsed; he had invested his money and it turned out to be disastrous. For whatever the reason, the high spirits of optimism in his works started to coexist with a caustic and increasingly bleak view of human nature. This transition can be traced long before in his social satire, *The Gilded Age* (1873), came out. Written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, the novel explored the scrupulous individualism in a world of fantastic speculation and unstable values, and gave its name to the get-rich-quick years of the post-Civil War era. Twain's dark view of the society became more self-evident in the works published later in his life. In *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889), a parable of colonialization, Twain follows the journey of a representative of modern technology and ideas into a historically backward, feudal society. Offering to develop the Arthurian world and rid it of superstition, Hank Morgan destroys it, instead of modernizing it. A similar mood of despair permeates

The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson (1894), which shows the disastrous effects of slavery on the victimizer and the victim alike and reveals to us a Mark Twain whose conscience as a white Southerner was tormented by fear and remorse. By the turn of the century, with the publication of *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg* (1900) and *The Mysterious Stranger* (1916), the change in Mark Twain from an optimist to an almost despairing pessimist could be felt and his cynicism and disillusionment with what Twain referred to regularly as the "damned human race" became obvious. In 1910, Twain died in Hartford, Connecticut, where he had lived permanently since he moved up to the north in 1870. ||

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and, especially, its sequence *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* proved themselves to be the milestone in American literature, and thus firmly established Twain's position in the literary world. The childhood of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn in the Mississippi is a record of a vanished way of life in the pre-Civil War Mississippi valley and it has moved millions of people of different ages and conditions all over the world; and the books are noted for their unpretentious, colloquial yet poetic style, their wide-ranging humor, and their universally shared dream of perfect innocence and freedom. ||

As a sequel to *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn* marks the climax of Twain's literary creativity. Hemingway once described the novel the one book from which "all modern American literature comes." And the book is significant in many ways. First of all, the novel is written in a language that is totally different from the rhetorical language used by Emerson, Poe, and Melville. It is not grand, pompous, but simple, direct, lucid, and faithful to the colloquial speech. This unpretentious style of colloquialism is best described as "vernacular." Speaking in vernacular, a wild and unedu-

cated Huck, running away from civilization for his freedom, is vividly brought to life. The great strength of the book also comes from the shape given to it by the course of the raft's journey down the Mississippi as Huck and Jim seek their different kinds of freedom. Twain, who knew the river intimately, uses it here both realistically and symbolically.

The profound portrait of Huckleberry Finn is another great contribution of the book to the legacy of American literature. The novel begins with a description of how Widow Douglas attempts to civilize Huck and ends with him deciding not to let it happen again at the hands of Aunt Sally. The climax arises with Huck's inner struggle on the Mississippi, when Huck is polarized by the two opposing forces between his heart and his head, between his affection for Jim and the laws of the society against those who help slaves escape. (Huck's final decision — to follow his own good-hearted moral impulse rather than conventional village morality — amounts to a vindication of what Mark Twain called "the damned human race," damned for its comfortable hypocrisies, its thoroughgoing dishonesties, and its pervasive cruelties. With the eventual victory of his moral conscience over his social awareness, Huck grows)

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Twain is also known as a local colorist, who preferred to present social life through portraits of the local characters of his regions, including people living in that area, the landscape, and other peculiarities like the customs, dialects, costumes and so on. Consequently, the rich material of his boyhood experience on the Mississippi became the endless resources for his fiction, and the Mississippi valley and the West became his major theme. Unlike James and Howells, Mark Twain wrote about the lower-class people, because they were the people he knew so well and their life was the one he himself had lived. Moreover he successfully used local color and his-

torical settings to illustrate and shed light on the contemporary society.

Another fact that made Twain unique is his magic power with language, his use of vernacular. His words are colloquial, concrete and direct in effect, and his sentence structures are simple, even ungrammatical, which is typical of the spoken language. And Twain skillfully used the colloquialism to cast his protagonists in their everyday life. What's more, his characters, confined to a particular region and to a particular historical moment, speak with a strong accent, which is true of his local colorism. Besides, different characters from different literary or cultural backgrounds talk differently, as is the case with Huck, Tom, and Jim. Indeed, with his great mastery and effective use of vernacular, Twain has made colloquial speech an accepted, respectable literary medium in the literary history of the country. His style of language was later taken up by his descendants, Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway, and influenced generations of letters.

Mark Twain's humor is remarkable, too. It is fun to read Twain to begin with, for most of his works tend to be funny, containing some practical jokes, comic details, witty remarks, etc., and some of them are actually tall tales. By considering his experience as a newspaperman, Mark Twain shared the popular image of the American funny man whose punning, facetious, irreverent articles filled the newspapers, and a great deal of his humor is characterized by puns, straight-faced exaggeration, repetition, and anti-climax, let alone tricks of travesty and invective. However, his humor is not only of witty remarks mocking at small things or of farcical elements making people laugh, but a kind of artistic style used to criticize the social injustice and satirize the decayed romanticism.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter 31 of *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

(This novel begins with Huck under the motherly protection of the Widow Douglas and her sister, Miss Watson. When his father comes to demand the boy's fortune, Huck pretends that he has transferred the money to Judge Thather, so his father catches him and puts him into a lonely cabin. One night, when his father is drunken, Huck escapes to Jackson's Island and meets Miss Watson's runaway slave, Jim. They start down the river on a raft. After several adventures, the raft is hit by a steamboat and the two are separated. Huck swims ashore and is saved by the Grangerford family, whose feud with the Sheperdsons causes bloodshed. Later, Huck discovers Jim and they set out again, giving refuge to a gang of frauds: the "Duke" and the "King," whose dramatic performances culminate in the fraudulent exhibition of the "Royal Nonesuch." Huck also witnesses the lynching and murder of a harmless drunkard by an Arkansas aristocrat on the shore. When he finds that some rogues intend to claim legacies as Peter Wilks's brothers, Huck interferes on behalf of the three daughters, and the scheme is failed by the arrival of the real brothers. Then he discovers that the "King" has sold Jim to Mrs. Phelps; Tom Sawyer's Aunt Sally. At the Phelps farm, Huck and Tom try to rescue Jim. In the rescue, Tom is accidentally shot and Jim is recaptured. Later, Tom reveals that the rescue is necessary only because he "wanted the adventure of it." It is also disclosed at the end of the novel that Huck's father has died, so Huck's fortune is safe.)

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn is best known for Mark Twain's wonderful characterization of "Huck," a typical Ameri-

can Boy whom its creator described as a boy with "a sound heart and a deformed conscience," and remarkable for the raft's journey down the Mississippi river; which Twain used both realistically and symbolically to shape his book into an organic whole. Through the eyes of Huck, the innocent and reluctant rebel, we see the pre-Civil War American society fully exposed and at the same time we are deeply impressed by Mark Twain's thematic contrasts between innocence and experience, nature and culture, wilderness and civilization.

In the selected chapter, Huck and Jim are with the frauds. They decide to leave them in their raft when Huck learns that Jim is sold by the "King" to Mrs. Phelps. There is a very important description here of Huck's inner conflict about whether or not he should write a letter to tell Miss Watson where Jim is.)

Chapter 31

We dasn't stop again at any town, for days and days; kept right along down the river. We was down south in the warm weather, now, and a mighty long ways from home. We begun to come to trees with Spanish moss(1) on them, hanging down from the limbs like long gray beards. It was the first I ever see it growing, and it made the woods look solemn and dismal. So now the frauds reckoned they was out of danger, and they begun to work the villages again.

First they done a lecture on temperance; but they didn't make enough for them both to get drunk on. Then in another village they started a dancing school; but they didn't know no more how to dance than a kangaroo does; so the first prance they made, the general public jumped in and pranced them out of town. Another time they tried a go at yellocution(2); but they didn't yellocute long till the audience got up and give them a solid good cussing and made

them skip out. They tackled missionarying, and mesmerizing, and doctoring, and telling fortunes, and a little of everything; but they couldn't seem to have no luck. So at last they got just about dead broke, and laid around the raft, as she floated along, thinking, and thinking, and never saying nothing, by the half a day at a time, and dreadful blue and desperate.

And at last they took a change, and begun to lay their heads together in the wigwam and talked low and confidential two or three hours at a time. Jim and me got uneasy. We didn't like the look of it. We judged they was studying up some kind of worse deviltry than ever. We turned it over and over, and at last we made up our minds they was going to break into somebody's house or store, or was going into the counterfeit-money business, or something. So then we was pretty scared, and made up an agreement that we wouldn't have nothing in the world to do with such actions, and if we ever got the least show we would give them the cold shake, and clear out and leave them behind. Well, early one morning we hid the raft in a good safe place about two mile below a little bit of a shabby village, named Pikesville, and the king he went ashore, and told us all to stay hid whilst he went up to town and smelt around to see if anybody had got any wind of the Royal Nonesuch there yet. ("House to rob, you *mean*," says I to myself; "and when you get through robbing it you'll come back here and wonder what's become of me and Jim and the raft — and you'll have to take it out in wondering.") And he said if he warn't back by midday, the duke and me would know it was all right, and we was to come along.

So we staid where we was. The duke he fretted and sweated around, and was in a mighty sour way. He scolded us for everything, and we couldn't seem to do nothing right; he found fault with very little thing. Something was a-brewing, sure. I was good

and glad when midday come and no king; we could have a change, anyway — and maybe a chance for *the* change, on top of it. So me and the duke went up to the village, and hunted around there for the king, and by-and-by we found him in the back room of a little low doggery(3), very tight, and a lot of loafers bullyragging him for sport, and he a cussing and threatening with all his might, and so tight he couldn't walk, and couldn't do nothing to them. The duke he begun to abuse him for an old fool, and the king begun to sass back; and the minute they was fairly at it, I lit out, and shook the reefs out(4) of my hind legs, and spun down the river road like a deer — for I see our chance; and I made up my mind that it would be a long day before they ever see me and Jim again. I got down there all out of breath but loaded up with joy, and sung out —

“Set her loose, Jim, we're all right, now!”

But there warn't no answer, and nobody come out of the wigwam. Jim was gone! I set up a shout — and then another — and then another one; and run this way and that in the woods, whooping and screeching; but it warn't no use — old Jim was gone. Then I set down and cried; I couldn't help it. But I couldn't set still long. Pretty soon I went out on the road, trying to think what I better do, and I run across a boy walking, and asked him if he'd seen a strange nigger, dressed so and so, and he says:

“Yes.”

“Whereabouts?” says I.

“Down to Silas Phelps's place, two mile below here. He's a runaway nigger, and they've got him. Was you looking for him?”

“You bet I ain't! I run across him in the woods about an hour or two ago, and he said if I hollered he'd cut my livers out — and told me to lay down and stay where I was; and I done it. Been there ever since; afeard to come out.”

"Well," he says, "you needn't be afraid no more, becuz they've got him. He run off f'm down South, som'ers."

"It's a good job they got him."

"Well, I *reckon*! There's two hundred dollars reward on him. It's like picking up money out'n the road."

"Yes, it is — and I could a had it if I'd been big enough; I see him *first*. Who nailed him?"

"It was an old fellow — a stranger — and he sold out his chance in him for forty dollars, becuz he's got to go up the river and can't wait. Think o' that, now! You bet *I'd* wait, if it was seven year."

"That's me, every time," says I. "But maybe his chance ain't worth no more than that, if he'll sell it so cheap. Maybe there's something ain't straight about it."

"But it *is*, though — straight as a string. I see the handbill myself. It tells all about him, to a dot — paints him like a picture, and tells the plantation he's frum, below Newrleans. No-siree-bob (5), they ain't no trouble 'bout *that* speculation, you bet you. Say, gimme a chaw tobacker, won't ye?"

I didn't have none, so he left. I went to the raft, and set down in the wigwag to think. But I couldn't come to nothing. I thought till I wore my head sore, but I couldn't see no way out of the trouble. After all this long journey, and after all we'd done for them scoundrels, here was it all come to nothing, everything all busted up and ruined, because they could have the heart to serve Jim such a trick as that, and make him a slave again all his life, and amongst strangers, too, for forty dirty dollars.

Once I said to myself it would be a thousand times better for Jim to be a slave at home where his family was, as long as he'd *got* to be a slave, and so I'd better write a letter to Tom Sawyer and tell

him to tell Miss Watson where he was. But I soon give up that notion, for two things: she'd be mad and disgusted at his rascality and ungratefulness for leaving her, and so she'd sell him straight down the river again; and if she didn't, everybody naturally despises an ungrateful nigger, and they'd make Jim feel it all the time, and so he'd feel ornery and disgraced. And then think of *me*! It would get all around, that Huck Finn helped a nigger to get his freedom; and if I was to ever see anybody from that town again, I'd be ready to get down and lick his boots for shame. That's just the way: a person does a low-down thing, and then he don't want to take no consequences of it. Thinks as long as he can hide it, it ain't no disgrace. That was my fix(6) exactly. The more I studied about this, the more my conscience went to grinding me, and the more wicked and low-down and ornery I got to feeling. And at last, when it hit me all of a sudden that here was the plain hand of Providence(7) slapping me in the face and letting me know my wickedness was being watched all the time from up there in heaven, whilst I was stealing a poor old woman's nigger that hadn't ever done me no harm, and now was showing me there's One that's always on the lookout, and ain't agoing to allow no such miserable doings to go only just so fur and no further, I most dropped in my tracks I was so scared. Well, I tried the best I could to kinder soften it up somehow for myself, by saying I was brung up wicked, and so I warn't so much to blame; but something inside of me kept saying; "There was the Sunday school, you could a gone to it; and if you'd a done it they'd a learnt you, there, that people that acts as I'd been acting about that nigger goes to everlasting fire."

It made me shiver. And I about made up my mind to pray; and see if I couldn't try to quit being the kind of a boy I was, and be better. So I kneeled down. But the words wouldn't come. Why

wouldn't they? It wasn't no use to try and hide it from Him. Nor from *me*, neither. I knowed very well why they wouldn't come. It was because my heart warn't right; it was because I warn't square; it was because I was playing double. I was letting *on* to give up sin, but away inside of me I was holding on to the biggest one of all. I was trying to make my mouth *say* I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write to that nigger's owner and tell where he was; but deep down in me I knowed it was a lie — and He knowed it. You can't pray a lie — I found that out.

So I was full of trouble, full as I could be; and didn't know what to do. At last I had an idea; and I says, I'll go and write the letter — and *then* see if I can pray. Why, it was astonishing, the way I felt as light as a feather, right straight off, and my troubles all gone. So I got a piece of paper and a pencil, all glad and excited, and set down and wrote:

Miss Watson your runaway nigger Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville and Mr.

Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send.

Huck Finn

I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now. But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking — thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me, all the time, in the day, and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a floating along, talking, and singing,

and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was; and such-like times; and would always call me honey, and pet me, and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had small-pox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the *only* one he's got now; and then I happened to look around, and see that paper.

It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

"All right, then, I'll go to hell" — and tore it up.

It was awful thoughts, and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head; and said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn't. And for a starter, I would go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might as well go the whole hog(8).

Then I set to thinking over how to get at it, and turned over considerable many ways in my mind; and at last fixed up a plan that suited me. So then I took the bearings of a woody island(9) that was down the river a piece, and as soon as it was fairly dark I crept out with my raft and went for it, and hid it there, and then turned

in. I slept the night through, and got up before it was light, and had my breakfast, and put on my store clothes, and tied up some others and one thing or another in a bundle, and took the canoe and cleared for shore. I landed below where I judged was Phelps's place, and hid my bundle in the woods, and then filled up the canoe with water, and loaded rocks into her and sunk her where I could find her again when I wanted her, about a quarter of a mile below a little stream sawmill that was on the bank.

Then I struck up the road, and when I passed the mill I see a sign on it, "Phelps's Sawmill," and when I come to the farmhouses two or three hundred yards further along, I kept my eyes peeled, but didn't see nobody around, though it was good daylight; now. But I didn't mind, because I didn't want to see nobody just yet — I only wanted to get the lay of the land. According to my plan, I was going to turn up there from the village, not from below. So I just took a look, and shoved along, straight for town. Well, the very first man I see, when I got there, was the duke. He was sticking up a bill for the Royal Nonesuch — three-night performance — like that other time. *They* had the cheek, them frauds! I was right on him, before I could shirk(10). He looked astonished, and says:

"Hel-lo! Where'd *you* come from?" Then he says, kind of glad and eager, "Where's the raft? — got her in a good place?"

I says:

"Why, that's just what I was agoing to ask your grace."

Then he didn't look so joyful — and says:

"What was your idea for asking *me*?" he says.

"Well," I says, "When I see the king in that doggery yesterday, I says to myself, we can't get him home for hours, till he's soberer; so I went a loafing around town to put in the time, and wait. A man up and offered me ten cents to help him pull a skiff

over the river and back to fetch a sheep, and so I went along; but when we was dragging him to the boat, and the man left me ahold of the rope and went behind him to shove him along, he was too strong for me, and jerked loose and run, and we after him. We didn't have no dog, and so we had to chase him all over the country till we tired him out. We never got him till dark, then we fetched him over, and I started down for the raft. When I got there and see it was gone, I says to myself, 'they've got into trouble and had to leave; and they've took my nigger, which is the only nigger I've got in the world, and now I'm in a strange country, and ain't got no property no more, nor nothing, and no way to make my living'; so I set down and cried. I slept in the woods all night. But what *did* become of the raft then? — and Jim, poor Jim!"

"Blamed if I know — that is, what's become of the raft. That old fool had made a trade and got forty dollars, and when we found him in the doggery the loafers had matched half dollars with him and got every cent but what he'd spent for whisky; and when I got him late last night and found the raft gone, we said, 'That little rascal has stole our raft and shook us, and run off down the river.'"

"I wouldn't shake my *nigger*, would I? — the only nigger I had in the world, and the only property."

"We never thought of that. Fact is, I reckon we'd come to consider him *our* nigger; yes, we did consider him so — goodness knows we had trouble enough for him. So when we see the raft was gone, and we flat broke, there warn't anything for it but to try the Royal Nonesuch another shake. And I've pegged along ever since, dry as a powderhorn. Where's that ten cents? Give it here."

I had considerable money, so I give him ten cents, but begged him to spend it for something to eat, and give me some, because it was all the money I had, and I hadn't had nothing to eat since yes-

terday. He never said nothing. The next minute he whirls on me and says:

"Do you reckon that nigger would blow on us? We'd skin him if he done that!"

"How can he blow? Hain't he run off?"

"No! That old fool sold him, and never divided with me, and the money's gone."

"Sold him?" I says, and begun to cry; "why, he was *my* nigger, and that was my money. Where is he? — I want my nigger."

"Well, you can't *get* your nigger, that's all — so dry up your blubbering. Looky here — do you think you'd venture to blow on us? Blamed if I think I'd trust you. Why, if you *was* to blow on us —"

He stopped, but I never see the duke look so ugly out of his eyes before. I went on a-whimpering, and says:

"I don't want to blow on nobody; and I ain't got no time to blow, nohow. I got to turn out and find my nigger."

he looked kinder bothered, and stood there with his bills fluttering on his arm, thinking, and wrinkling up his forehead. At last he says:

"I'll tell you something. We got to be here three days. If you'll promise you won't blow, and won't let the nigger blow, I'll tell you where to find him."

So I promised, and he says:

"A farmer by the name of Silas Ph —" and then he stopped. You see he started to tell me the truth; but when he stopped, that way, and begun to study and think again, I reckoned he was changing his mind. And so he was. He wouldn't trust me; he wanted to make sure of having me out of the way the whole three days. So pretty soon he says: "The man that bought him is named Abram

Foster — Abram G. Foster — and he lives forty mile back here in the country, on the road to Lafayette.”

“All right,” I says, “I can walk it in three days. And I’ll start this very afternoon.”

“No you won’t, you’ll start *now*; and don’t you lose any time about it, neither, nor do any gabbling by the way. Just keep a tight tongue in your head and move right along, and then you won’t get into trouble with *us*, d’ye hear?”

That was the order I wanted, and that was the one I played for. I wanted to be left free to work my plans.

“So clear out,” he says; “and you can tell Mr. Foster whatever you want to. Maybe you can get him to believe that Jim *is* your nigger — some idiots don’t require documents — leastways I’ve heard there’s such down South here. And when you tell the handbill and the reward’s bogus, maybe he’ll believe you when you explain to him what the idea was for getting ’em out. Go ’long, now, and tell him anything you want to; but mind you don’t work your jaw any *between* here and there.”

So I left, and struck for the back country. I didn’t look around, but I kinder felt like he was watching me. But I knowed I could tire him out at that. I went straight out in the country as much as a mile, before I stopped; then I doubled back through the woods towards Phelps’s. I reckoned I better start in on my plan straight off, without fooling around, because I wanted to stop Jim’s mouth till these fellows could get away. I didn’t want no trouble with their kind. I’d seen all I wanted to of them, and wanted to get entirely shut of them.

Notes:

- (1) Spanish moss: a plant with long, hanging, gray-green tufts that grows on

- trees in the southern United States. It is also known as "long-beard."
- (2) yellocution: from "elocution," the art of public speaking. Huck's version of the word suggests that the two frauds' elocution was mostly yelling.
 - (3) doggery: a cheap bar or saloon.
 - (4) shook the reefs out: let out sail on a boat to catch more wind and thus go faster.
 - (5) No-siree-bob: not at all.
 - (6) fix: difficult situation.
 - (7) Providence: God.
 - (8) go the while hog: do it thoroughly.
 - (9) So then I took the bearings of a woody island: so I looked round and tried to find the position of a woody island.
 - (10) shirk: sneak away.

II. Henry James

Henry James (1843-1916) was the first American writer to conceive his career in international terms. Today with the development of the modern novel and the common acceptance of the Freudian approach, his importance, as well as his wide influence as a novelist and critic, has been all the more conspicuous.

Henry James was born in New York City into a wealthy family, the son of the theological writer Henry James, Sr. and the younger brother of the distinguished philosopher and psychologist William James, who made a great contribution to the theory of the stream-of-consciousness technique. James was one of the few authors in the American literary history who was not obliged to work for a living. When he was very young James was taken back and forth across the Atlantic and the European education he received exposed him early to an international society. In 1862, James entered Harvard Law School, where he met William Dean Howells and devel-

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oped a lifelong friendship with the man. During his study at Harvard, James read intensively Balzac, Merimee and George Sand, and also studied earnestly the novels of George Eliot and Hawthorne. Later he toured England, France and Italy, and met Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola and Turgenev, who exerted a great influence on James. While Mark Twain and William Dean Howells satirized European manners at times, Henry James was an admirer of ancient European civilization. The materialistic bent of American life and its lack of culture and sophistication, he believed, could not provide him with enough materials for great literary works, so he settled down in London in 1876, and in 1915 he became a naturalized British citizen, largely in protest against America's failure to join England in the First World War. The following year James died in London shortly after receiving the Order of Merit from King George V for his services to the British nation. ||

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Henry James's literary achievement is remarkable. His literary writings are bulky and voluminous, ranging from book reviews, stories, travel accounts, autobiographies, novels, plays, to literary criticism. It is his novels and his literary essays that make him a fascinating case in the American literary history and a conspicuous figure in world literature.

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The literary career of Henry James is generally divided into three periods. In the first period (1865-1882), James took great interest in international themes. In almost all the stories and novels he wrote during this period, James treated with great care the clashes between two different cultures and the emotional and moral problems of Americans in Europe, or Europeans in America. Nearly every work is important in its own way in terms of James's cultivation of the theme. *The American* (1877) tells a story about a young and innocent American confronting the complexity of the European life;

Daisy Miller (1878), a novella about a young American girl who gets "killed" by the winter in Rome, brought James international fame for the first time. In The Europeans (1878), the scene is shifted back to America, where some Europeans, who are actually expatriated Americans, learn with difficulty to adapt themselves to the American life. The Portrait of A Lady (1881) is generally considered to be his masterpiece, which incarnates the clash between the Old World and the New in the life journey of an American girl in a European cultural environment.

James experimented with different themes and forms in his middle period. Novels like The Bostonians (1886), which satirized the women liberation movement that took place in Boston, and The Princess Casamassima (1886), which exposed the anarchist conspiracy in the slum of London, were written in a naturalistic mode and proved to be unsuccessful. He also tried writing for the theater, but gave it up soon because neither of the plays he produced made a hit. However, James did have a significant try in writing some short fictions during this period. The Private Life (1893), The Death of a Lion (1894) and The Middle Years (posthumously 1917) succeeded in exploring the relationship of the artist to the society only to prove that the artist would not sacrifice the truth for the passion no matter how troubled and isolated he feels. Another group of short fictions includes The Turn of the Screw (1898), a story about the troubled and abnormal psychology of oppressed children, in which a whole household is terrorized by "ghosts," and The Beast in the Jungle (1903), which focuses on the imaginative obsession of some haunted men and women with their personal disaster in future.

In his last and major period, James returned to his "international theme." From 1895 to 1900, he wrote some novellas and stories dealing with childhood and adolescence, the most famous of

which is *What Maisie Knows* (1897). After that, he successively created the following great books: *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), *The Ambassadors* (1903) and *The Golden Bowl* (1904). These demanding novels are widely considered to be James's most influential contribution to literature. The treatment of the international theme is characterized by the richness of syntax and characterization and the originality in point of view, symbolism, metaphoric texture, and organizing rhythm. James is now more mature as an artist, more at home in the craft of fiction.

James's fame generally rests upon his novels and stories with the international theme. These novels are always set against a larger international background, usually between Europe and America, and centered on the confrontation of the two different cultures with two different groups of people representing two different value systems. The typical pattern of the conflict between the two cultures would be that of a young American man or an American girl who goes to Europe and affronts his or her destiny. The unsophisticated boy or girl would be beguiled, betrayed, cruelly wronged at the hands of those who pretend to stand for the highest possible civilization. Marriage and love are used by James as the focal point of the confrontation between the two value systems, and the protagonist usually goes through a painful process of a spiritual growth, gaining knowledge of good and evil from the conflict. However, we may misinterpret Henry James if we think he makes an antithesis, in his international novels, of American innocence versus European corruption.

Henry James's literary criticism is an indispensable part of his contribution to literature. It is both concerned with form and devoted to human values. The theme of his essay "The Art of Fiction" clearly indicates that the aim of the novel is to present life, so it is

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not surprising to find in his writings human experiences explored in every possible form: illusion, despair, reward, torment, inspiration, delight, etc. He also advocates the freedom of the artist to write about anything that concerns him, even the disagreeable, the ugly and the commonplace. The artist should be able to "feel" the life, to understand human nature, and then to record them in his own art form.

Moreover, James's realism is characterized by his psychological approach to his subject matter. His fictional world is concerned more with the inner life of human beings than with overt human actions. His best and most mature works will render the drama of individual consciousness and convey the moment-to-moment sense of human experience as bewilderment and discovery. And we as readers observe people and events filtering through the individual consciousness and participate in his experience. This emphasis on psychology and on the human consciousness proves to be a big breakthrough in novel writing and has great influence on the coming generations. That is why James is generally regarded as the forerunner of the 20th-century "stream-of-consciousness" novels and the founder of psychological realism.

One of James's literary techniques innovated to cater for this psychological emphasis is his narrative "point of view." As the author, James avoids the authorial omniscience as much as possible and makes his characters reveal themselves with his minimal intervention. So it is often the case that in his novels we usually learn the main story by reading through one or several minds and share their perspectives. This narrative method proves to be successful in bringing out his themes. As to his language, James is not so easy to understand. He is often highly refined and insightful. With a large vocabulary, he is always accurate in word selection, trying to find the

best expression for his literary imagination. Therefore Henry James is not only one of the most important realists of the period before the First World War, but also the most expert stylist of his time.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from the First Part of Daisy Miller

(Published in 1878, the novella is one of James's early works that dealt with the international theme. Frederick Winterbourne, the narrator of the story, is an American expatriate. While visiting Vevey, Switzerland, he meets the newly rich Mrs. Miller from Schenectady, New York, her son Randolph and her daughter Daisy. The Millers come from a country that advocates freedom and individuality so when they live among the Europeans they do not pay any attention to the complex code that underlies behavior in European society. Winterbourne is shocked at Daisy's innocence and her mother's unconcern when Daisy accompanies him to the Castle of Chillon. Some months later, he meets the Millers in Rome, where Daisy has aroused suspicion by being seen constantly with Giovanelli, a third-rate Italian, without their being engaged. Daisy is abandoned by her former friends, because they think she has gone too far. Spending all the evenings in the Colosseum, Daisy is infected with Roman fever. She falls ill with malaria, and a week afterward dies. At her funeral Giovanelli tells Winterbourne that Daisy was "the most beautiful young lady I ever saw, and the most amiable . . . and the most innocent.")

With the publication of Daisy Miller, Henry James's reputation was firmly established on both sides of the Atlantic and Daisy Miller has ever since become the American Girl in Europe, a celebrated cultural type who embodies the spirit of the New World.

However, innocence, the keynote of her character, turns out to be an admiring but a dangerous quality and her defiance of social taboos in the Old World finally brings her to a disaster in the clash between two different cultures. In his book James's sympathy for Daisy could be easily felt when we think of a tender flower crushed by the harsh winter in Rome.

The whole book is divided into four parts and the following selection is the first part of the book, in which Daisy has just arrived at Switzerland with her family and meets Winterbourne for the first time. Two days later Daisy goes alone with Winterbourne on an excursion to an old castle, which is soon in the air among the upper class in Rome.)

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At a little town of Vevey, in Switzerland, there is a particularly comfortable hotel; there are indeed many hotels, since the entertainment of tourists is the business of the place, which, as many travelers will remember, is seated upon the edge of a remarkably blue lake (1) — a lake that it behoves every tourist to visit. The shore of the lake presents an unbroken array of establishments of this order, of every category, from the “grand hotel” of the newest fashion, with a chalk-white front, a hundred balconies, and a dozen flags flying from its roof, to the small Swiss pension(2) of an elder day, with its name inscribed in German-looking lettering upon a pink or yellow wall, and an awkward summer-house in the angle of the garden. One of the hotels at Vevey, however, is famous, even classical, being distinguished from many of its upstart neighbors by an air both of luxury and of maturity. In this region, through the month of June, American travelers are extremely numerous; it may be said indeed that Vevey assumes at that time some of the charac-

teristics of an American watering-place. There are sights and sounds that evoke a vision, an echo, of Newport and Saratoga(3). There is a flitting hither and thither of "stylish" young girls, a rustling of muslin flounces, a rattle of dance-music in the morning hours, a sound of high-pitched voices at all times. You receive an impression of these things at the excellent inn of the "Trois Couronnes(4)," and are transported in fancy to the Ocean House or to Congress Hall(5). But at the "Trois Couronnes," it must be added, there are other features much at variance with these suggestions; neat German waiters who look like secretaries of legation; Russian princesses sitting in the garden; little Polish boys walking about, held by the hand, with their governors; a view of the snowy crest of the Dent du Midi(6) and the picturesque towers of the Castle of Chillon(7).

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or the differences that were uppermost in the mind of a young American, who, two or three years ago, sat in the garden of the "Trois Couronnes," looking about him rather idly at some of the graceful objects I have mentioned. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in whatever fashion the young American looked at things they must have seemed to him charming. He had come from Geneva the day before, by the little steamer, to see his aunt, who was staying at the hotel — Geneva having been for a long time his place of residence. But his aunt had a headache — his aunt had almost always a headache — and she was now shut up in her room smelling camphor so that he was at liberty to wander about. He was some seven-and-twenty years of age; when his friends spoke of him, they usually said that he was at Geneva "studying." When his enemies spoke of him they said — but, after all he had no enemies: he was extremely amiable and generally liked. What I should say is simply that when certain persons spoke of him they conveyed that the reason of his spending so much time at

Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there — a foreign lady, a person older than himself. Very few Americans — truly I think none — had ever seen this lady, about whom there were some singular stories. But Winterbourne had an old attachment for the little capital of Calvinism (8); he had been put to school there as a boy and had afterwards even gone, on trial — trial of the gray old “Academy” (9) on the steep and stony hillside — to college there; circumstances which had led to his forming a great many youthful friendships. Many of these he had kept, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him.

After knocking at his aunt’s door and learning that she was indisposed(10) he had taken a walk about the town and then he had come in to his breakfast. He had now finished that repast, but was enjoying a small cup of coffee which had been served him on a little table in the garden by one of the waiters who looked like *attachés* (11). At last he finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. Presently a small boy came walking along the path — an urchin of nine or ten. The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance, a pale complexion and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers and had red stockings that displayed his poor little spindle-shanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into everything he approached — the flower-beds, the garden-benches, the trains of the ladies’ dresses. In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright, penetrating little eyes.

“Will you give me a lump of sugar?” he asked in a small sharp hard voice — a voice immature and yet somehow not young.

Winterbourne glanced at the light table near him, on which his coffee-service rested, and saw that several morsels of sugar re-

mained. "Yes, you may take one," he answered; "but I don't think too much sugar good for little boys."

This little boy stepped forward and carefully selected three of the coveted fragments, two of which he buried in the pocket of his knickerbockers, depositing the other as promptly in another place. He poked his alpenstock, lance-fashion, into Winterbourne's bench and tried to crack the lump of sugar with his teeth.

"Oh, blazes; it's har-r-d!" he exclaimed, divesting vowel and consonants, pertinently enough, of any taint of softness.

Winterbourne had immediately gathered that he might have the honor of claiming him as a countryman. "Take care you don't hurt your teeth," he said, paternally.

"I haven't got any teeth to hurt. They've all come out. I have only got seven teeth. Mother counted them last night, and one came out right afterwards. She said she'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it. It's this old Europe. It's the climate that makes them come out. In America they didn't come out. It's these hotels."

Winterbourne was much amused. "If you eat three lumps of sugar your mother will certainly slap you," he ventured.

"She's got to give me some candy then," rejoined his young interlocutor. "I can't get any candy here — any American candy. American candy's the best candy."

"And are American little boys the best little boys?" Winterbourne asked.

"I don't know. I'm an American boy," said the child.

"I see you're one of the best!" the young man laughed.

"Are you an American man?" pursued this vivacious infant. And then on his friend's affirmative reply, "American men are the best," he declared with assurance.

His companion thanked him for the compliment; and the child,

who had now got astride of his alpenstock, stood looking about him while he attacked another lump of sugar. Winterbourne wondered if he himself had been like this in his infancy, for he had been brought to Europe at about the same age.

"Here comes my sister!" cried his young compatriot. "She's an American girl, you bet!"

Winterbourne looked along the path and saw a beautiful young lady advancing. "American girls are the best girls," he thereupon cheerfully remarked to his visitor.

"My sister ain't the best!" the child promptly returned. "She's always blowing at me."

"I imagine that's your fault, not hers," said Winterbourne. The young lady meanwhile had drawn near. She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces and knots of pale-colored ribbon. Bareheaded, she balanced in her hand a large parasol with a deep border of embroidery; and she was strikingly, admirably pretty. "How pretty they are!" thought our friend, who straightened himself in his seat, as if he were ready to rise.

The young lady paused in front of his bench, near the parapet of the garden, which overlooked the lake. The small boy had now converted his alpenstock into a vaulting-pole, by the aid of which he was springing about in the gravel and kicking it up not a little. "Why Randolph," she freely began, "What *are* you doing?"

"I'm going up the Alps!" cried Randolph. "This is the way!" And he gave another extravagant jump, scattering the pebbles about Winterbourne's ears.

"That's the way they come down," said Winterbourne.

"He's an American man!" proclaimed Randolph, in his harsh little voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this circumstance, but looked

straight at her brother. "Well, I guess you'd better be quiet," she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner presented. He got up and stepped slowly towards the charming creature, throwing away his cigarette. "This little boy and I have made acquaintance," he said with great civility. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man wasn't at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady save under certain rarely-occurring conditions; but here at Vevey what conditions could be better than these? — a pretty American girl coming to stand in front of you in a garden with all the confidence in life. This pretty American girl, whatever that might prove, on hearing Winterbourne's observation simply glanced at him; she turned her head and looked over the parapet, at the lake and the opposite mountains. He wondered whether he had gone too far, but decided that he must gallantly advance rather than retreat. While he was thinking of something else to say the young lady turned again to the little boy, whom she addressed quite as if they were alone together. "I should like to know where you got that pole."

"I bought it!" Randolph shouted.

"You don't mean to say you're going to take it to Italy!"

"Yes, I am going to take it t'Italy!" the child rang out.

She glanced over the front of her dress, and smoothed out a knot or two of ribbon. Then she gave her sweet eyes to the prospect again. "Well, I guess you'd better leave it somewhere," she dropped after a moment.

"Are you going to Italy?" Winterbourne now decided very respectfully to inquire.

She glanced at him with lovely remoteness. "Yes, sir," she then replied. And she said nothing more.

"Are you — a — thinking of the Simplon(12)?" he pursued with a slight drop of assurance.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it's some mountain. Randolph, what mountain are we thinking of?"

"Thinking of?" — the boy stared.

"Why going right over."

"Going to where?" he demanded.

"Why right down to Italy" — Winterbourne felt vague emulations.

"I don't know," said Randolph. "I don't want to go t'Italy. I want to go to America."

"Oh, Italy's a beautiful place!" the young man laughed.

"Can you get candy there?" Randolph asked of all the echoes.

"I hope not," said his sister. "I guess you've had enough candy, and mother thinks so too."

"I haven't had any for ever so long — for a hundred weeks!" cried the boy, still jumping about.

The young lady inspected her flounces and smoothed her ribbons again; and Winterbourne presently risked an observation on the beauty of the view. He was ceasing to be in doubt; for he had begun to perceive that she was really not in the least embarrassed. She might be cold, she might be austere, she might even be prim; for that was apparently — he had already so generalized — what the most "distant" American girls did: they came and planted themselves straight in front of you to show how rigidly unapproachable they were. There hadn't been the slightest flush in her fresh fairness however; so that she was clearly neither offended nor fluttered. Only she was composed — he had seen that before too — of charming little parts that didn't match and that made no ensemble (13); and if she looked another way when he spoke to her, and seemed not

particularly to hear him, this was simply her habit, her manner, the result of her having no idea whatever of "form" (with such a tell-tale appendage as Randolph where in the world would she have got it?) in any such connexion. As he talked a little more and pointed out some of the objects of interest in the view, with which she appeared wholly unacquainted, she gradually, none the less, gave him more of the benefit of her attention; and then he saw that act unqualified by the faintest shadow of reserve. It wasn't however what would have been called a "bold" front that she presented, for her expression was as decently limpid as the very cleanest water. Her eyes were the very prettiest conceivable, and indeed Winterbourne hadn't for a long time seen anything prettier than his fair country-woman's various features — her complexion, her nose, her ears, her teeth. He took a great interest generally in that range of effects and was addicted to noting and, as it were, recording them; so that in regard to this young lady's face he made several observations. It wasn't at all insipid, (14) yet at the same time wasn't pointedly — what point, on earth, could she ever make? — expressive; and though it offered such a collection of small finenesses and neatnesses he mentally accused it — very forgivingly — of a want of finish. He thought nothing more likely than that its wearer would have had her own experience of the action of her charms, as she would certainly have acquired a resulting confidence; but even should she depend on this for her main amusement her bright sweet superficial little visage gave out neither mockery nor irony. Before long it became clear that, however these things might be, she was much disposed to conversation. She remarked to Winterbourne that they were going to Rome for the winter — she and her mother and Randolph. She asked him if he was a "real American;" she wouldn't have taken him for one: he seemed more like a German. — this flower was gath-

ered as from a large field of comparison — especially when he spoke. Winterbourne, laughing, answered that he had met Germans who spoke like Americans, but not, so far as he remembered, any American with the resemblance she noted. Then he asked her if she mightn't be more at ease should she occupy the bench which he had just quitted. She answered that she liked hanging round, but she none the less resignedly, after a little, dropped to the bench. She told him she was from New York State — "if you know where that is"; but our friend really quickened this current by catching hold of her small slippery brother and making him stand a few minutes by his side.

"Tell me your honest name, my boy." So he artfully proceeded.

In response to which the child was indeed unvarnished truth. "Randolph C. Miller. And I'll tell you hers." With which he leveled his alpenstock at his sister.

"You had better wait till you're asked!" said this young lady quite at her leisure.

"I should like very much to know *your* name," Winterbourne made free to reply.

"Her name's Daisy Miller!" cried the urchin. "But that ain't her real name; that ain't her name on her cards."

"It's a pity you haven't got one of my cards!" Miss Miller quite as naturally remarked.

"Her real name's Annie P. Miller," the boy went on.

It seemed, all amazingly, to do her good. "Ask him *his* now" — and she indicated their friend.

But to this point Randolph seemed perfectly indifferent; he continued to supply information with regard to his own family. "My father's name is Ezra B. Miller. My father ain't in Europe — he is

in a better place than Europe." Winterbourne for a moment supposed this the manner in which the child had been taught to intimate that Mr. Miller had been removed to the sphere of celestial rewards. But Randolph immediately added, "My father's in Schenectady. He's got a big business. My father's rich, you bet."

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Miller, lowering her parasol and looking at the embroidered border. Winterbourne presently released the child, who departed, dragging his alpenstock along the path. "He don't like Europe," said the girl as with an artless instinct for historic truth. "He wants to go back."

"To Schenectady, you mean?"

"Yes, he wants to go right home. He hasn't got any boys here. There's one boy here, but he always goes round with a teacher. They won't let him play."

"And your brother hasn't any teacher?" Winterbourne inquired.

It tapped, at a touch, the spring of confidence. "Mother thought of getting him one — to travel round with us. There was a lady told her of a very good teacher; an American lady — perhaps you know her — Mrs. Sanders. I think she came from Boston. She told her of this teacher, and we thought of getting him to travel round with us. But Randolph said he didn't want a teacher traveling round with us. He said he wouldn't have lessons when he was in the cars(15). And we are in the cars about half the time. There was an English lady we met in the cars — I think her name was Miss Featherstone; perhaps you know her. She wanted to know why I didn't give Randolph lessons — give him 'instruction,' she called it. I guess he could give me more instruction than I could give him. He's very smart."

"Yes," said Winterbourne; "he seems very smart."

"Mother's going to get a teacher for him as soon as we get t'Italy. Can you get good teachers in Italy?"

"Very good, I should think," Winterbourne hastened to reply.

"Or else she's going to find some school. He ought to learn some more. He's only nine. He's going to college." And in this way Miss Miller continued to converse upon the affairs of her family and upon other topics. She sat there with her extremely pretty hands, ornamented with very brilliant rings, folded in her lap, and with her pretty eyes now resting upon those of Winterbourne, now wandering over the garden, the people who passed before her and the beautiful view. She addressed her new acquaintance as if she had known him a long time. He found it very pleasant. It was many years since he had heard a young girl talk so much. It might have been said of this wandering maiden who had come and sat down beside him upon a bench that she chattered. She was very quiet, she sat in a charming tranquil attitude; but her lips and her eyes were constantly moving. She had a soft slender agreeable voice, and her tone was distinctly sociable. She gave Winterbourne a report of her movements and intentions, and those of her mother and brother, in Europe, (16) and enumerated in particular the various hotels at which they had stopped. "That English lady in the cars," she said — "Miss Featherstone — asked me if we didn't all live in hotels in America. I told her I had never been in so many hotels in my life as since I came to Europe. I have never seen so many — it's nothing but hotels." But Miss Miller made this remark with no querulous accent: she appeared to be in the best humor with everything. She declared that the hotels were very good when once you got used to their ways and that Europe was perfectly entrancing. She wasn't disappointed — not a bit. Perhaps it was because she had heard so much about it before. She had ever so many intimate friends that had been there ever

so many times. And then she had had ever so many dresses and things from Paris. Whenever she put on a Paris dress she felt as if she were in Europe.

"It was a kind of a wishing-cap(17)," Winterbourne smiled.

"Yes," said Miss Miller at once and without examining this analogy; "it always made me wish I was here. But I needn't have done that for dresses. I am sure they send all the pretty ones to America; you see the most frightful things here. The only thing I don't like," she proceeded, "is the society. There ain't any society; or if there is I don't know where it keeps itself. Do you? I suppose there's some society somewhere, but I haven't seen anything of it. I'm very fond of society and I've always had plenty of it. I don't mean only in Schenectady, but in New York. I used to go to New York every winter. In New York I had lots of society. Last winter I had seventeen dinners given me, and three of them were by gentlemen," added Daisy Miller. "I have more friends in New York than in Schenectady — more gentlemen friends; and more young lady friends too," she resumed in a moment. She paused again for an instant; she was looking at Winterbourne with all her prettiness in her frank gay eyes and in her clear rather uniform smile. "I've always had," she said, "a great deal of gentlemen's society."

Poor Winterbourne was amused, perplexed — above all he was charmed. He had never yet heard a young girl express herself in just this fashion; never at least save in cases where to say such things was to have at the same time some rather complicated consciousness about them. And yet was he to accuse Miss Daisy Miller of an actual or a potential *arrière-pensée* (18), as they said at Geneva? He felt he had lived at Geneva so long as to have got morally muddled; he had lost the right sense for the young American tone. Never indeed since he had grown old enough to appreciate things had he encountered a

young compatriot of so "strong" a type as this. Certainly she was very charming, but how extraordinarily communicative and how tremendously easy! Was she simply a pretty girl from New York State — were they all like that, the pretty girls who had had a good deal of gentlemen's society? Or was she also a designing, an audacious, in short an expert young person? Yes, his instinct for such a question had ceased to serve him, and his reason could but mislead. Miss Daisy Miller looked extremely innocent. Some people had told him that after all American girls *were* exceedingly innocent, and others had told him that after all they weren't. He must on the whole take Miss Daisy Miller for a flirt — a pretty American flirt. He had never as yet had any relations with representatives of that class. He had known here in Europe two or three women — persons older than Miss Daisy Miller and provided, for respectability's sake, with husbands — who were great coquettes; dangerous terrible women with whom one's light commerce might indeed take a serious turn. But this charming apparition wasn't a coquette in that sense; she was very unsophisticated; she was only a pretty American flirt. Winterbourne was almost grateful for having found the formula that applied to Miss Daisy Miller. He leaned back in his seat; he remarked to himself that she had the finest little nose he had ever seen; he wondered what were the regular conditions and limitations of one's intercourse with a pretty American flirt. It presently became apparent that he was on the way to learn.

"Have you been to that old castle?" the girl soon asked, pointing with her parasol to the far-shining walls of the Château de Chillon.

"Yes, formerly, more than once," said Winterbourne. "You too, I suppose, have seen it?"

"No; we haven't been there. I want to go there dreadfully. Of

course I mean to go there. I wouldn't go away from here without having seen that old castle."

"It's a very pretty excursion," the young man returned, "and very easy to make. You can drive, you know, or you can go by the little steamer."

"You can go in the cars," said Miss Miller.

"Yes, you can go in the cars," Winterbourne assented.

"Our courier(19) says they take you right up to the castle," she continued. "We were going last week, but mother gave out. She suffers dreadfully from dyspepsia. She said she couldn't any more go — !" But this sketch of Mrs. Miller's plea remained unfinished. "Randolph wouldn't go either; he says he don't think much of old castles. But I guess we'll go this week if we can get Randolph."

"Your brother isn't interested in ancient monuments?" Winterbourne indulgently asked.

He now drew her, as he guessed she would herself have said, every time. "Why no, he says he don't care much about old castles. He's only nine. He wants to stay at the hotel. Mother's afraid to leave him alone, and the courier won't stay with him; so we haven't been to many places. But it will be too bad if we don't go up there." And Miss Miller pointed again at the Château de Chillon.

"I should think it might be arranged," Winterbourne was thus emboldened to reply. "Couldn't you get some one to stay — for the afternoon — with Randolph?"

Miss Miller looked at him a moment; and then with all serenity, "I wish *you'd* stay with him!" she said.

He pretended to consider it. "I'd much rather go to Chillon with you."

"With me?" she asked without a shadow of emotion.

She didn't rise blushing, as a young person at Geneva would

have done; and yet, conscious that he had gone very far, he thought it possible she had drawn back. "And with your mother," he answered very respectfully:

But it seemed that both his audacity and his respect were lost on Miss Daisy Miller. "I guess mother wouldn't go — for *you*," she smiled. "And she ain't much *bent* on going, anyway. She don't like to ride round in the afternoon." After which she familiarly proceeded: "But did you really mean what you said just now — that you'd like to go up there?"

"Most earnestly I meant it," Winterbourne declared.

"Then we may arrange it. If mother will stay with Randolph, I guess Eugenio will."

"Eugenio?" the young man echoed.

"Eugenio's our courier. He doesn't like to stay with Randolph — he's the most fastidious man I ever saw. But he's a splendid courier. I guess he'll stay at home with Randolph if mother does, and then we can go to the castle."

Winterbourne reflected for an instant as lucidly as possible: "we" could only mean Miss Daisy Miller and himself. This prospect seemed almost too good to believe; he felt as if he ought to kiss the young lady's hand. Possibly he would have done so, — and quite spoiled his chance; but at this moment another person — presumably Eugenio — appeared. A tall handsome man, with superb whiskers and wearing a velvet morning-coat and a voluminous watch-guard, approached the young lady, looking sharply at her companion. "Oh Eugenio!" she said with the friendliest accent.

Eugenio had eyed Winterbourne from head to foot; he now bowed gravely to Miss Miller. "I have the honor to inform Mademoiselle that luncheon's on table."

Mademoiselle slowly rose. "See here, Eugenio, I'm going to

that old castle anyway."

"To the Château de Chillon, Mademoiselle?" the courier inquired. "Mademoiselle has made arrangements?" he added in a tone that struck Winterbourne as impertinent.

Eugenio's tone apparently threw, even to Miss Miller's own apprehension, a slightly ironical light on her position. She turned to Winterbourne with the slightest blush. "You won't back out?"

"I shall not be happy till we go!" he protested.

"And you're staying in this hotel?" she went on. "And you're really American?"

The courier still stood there with an effect of offense for the young man so far as the latter saw in it a tacit reflexion on Miss Miller's behavior and an insinuation that she "picked up" acquaintances. "I shall have the honor of presenting to you a person who'll tell you all about me," he said, smiling, and referring to his aunt.

"Oh well, we'll go some day," she beautifully answered; with which she gave him a smile and turned away. She put up her parasol and walked back to the inn beside Eugenio. Winterbourne stood watching her; and as she moved away, drawing her muslin furberows over the walk, he spoke to himself of her natural elegance.

Notes:

- (1) a remarkably blue lake: Lake Geneva.
- (2) pension: boarding-house at which fixed rates are charged by the week or month.
- (3) Newport and Saratoga: fashionable nineteenth-century American resorts.
- (4) Trois Couronnes: French expression, meaning "Three Crowns." Here, it is the name of an inn.
- (5) the Ocean House, Congress Hall: hotels at Newport and Saratoga.
- (6) the Dent du Midi: mountain peak in the Swiss Alps.

- (7) the Castle of Chillon: a thirteenth-century castle on Lake Geneva. It is famous, because it is the setting for Byron's poem "The Prisoner of Chillon."
- (8) the little metropolis of Calvinism: The Protestant reformer John Calvin (1509-1564), famous for his theological belief, Calvinism, lived at Geneva for a long time.
- (9) Academy: University of Geneva.
- (10) she was indisposed: she felt unwell.
- (11) attachés: people who are attached to the staff of an ambassador.
- (12) the Simplon: a mountain pass in the Alps between Switzerland and Italy.
- (13) ensemble: integrated whole.
- (14) It wasn't at all insipid: It was not the face which is lacking in spirit.
- (15) cars: railway cars.
- (16) She gave Winterbourne a report of . . . , in Europe: She told Winterbourne where they have been and what they will do in Europe.
- (17) wishing-cap: (in fairy tales) cap which secures to the wearer the fulfillment of any wish.
- (18) arrière-pensée: (French) mental reservation.
- (19) courier: a servant who accompanies travelers.

III . Emily Dickinson

Miss Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was born into a Calvinist family of Amherst, Massachusetts. Her father, a prominent lawyer and Congressman, played a big role in her life. Emily attended Amherst Academy from 1840 to 1847 and also spent a year at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. The school was strongly congregational, where she suffered serious religious crisis. After 1862, affected by an unhappy love affair with Reverend Charles Wadsworth, she became a total recluse, living a normal New England village life only with her family. Her private life was pretty much in order. She kept

the house, sent letters to her friends, wrote poetry, and read intensively by herself. Her favorite writers were Keats, the Brontës, the Brownings, and George Eliot; classic myths, the Bible, and Shakespeare were what Emily drew commonly on for allusions and references in her poetry and letters. Speaking of her contemporary American intellectual resources, Thoreau and Emerson, especially the latter, were the first and the foremost. In general, Dickinson wanted to live simply as a complete independent being, and so she did, as a spinster. //

Dickinson's poetry writing began in the early 1850s. Altogether, she wrote 1,775 poems, of which only seven had appeared during her lifetime. Dickinson called this stream of tiny, aphoristic poems a continuous fragmented "letter to the world," a way to bridge her private world with the public. After her death in 1886, her poems were discovered by her sister Lavinia. With the help of Mrs. M. L. Todd and Thomas Wentworth, the first volume of 115 poems appeared in 1890. Later, two more volumes of poetry and two volumes of letters were published, with much more to come out in 1914, which finally made Emily Dickinson, especially her withdrawn self, known to the outside world. As her poetry continues to be issued after its first appearance in 1890, her fame has kept rising. She is now recognized not only as a great poetess on her own right but as a poetess of considerable influence upon American poetry of the present century. //

Dickinson's poems are usually based on her own experiences, her sorrows and joys. But within her little lyrics Dickinson addresses those issues that concern the whole human beings, which include religion, death, immortality, love, and nature. In some of her poems she wrote about her doubt and belief about religious subjects. While she desired salvation and immortality, she denied the orthodox view

17/6 of paradise. Although she believed in God, she sometimes doubted His benevolence. Closely related to Dickinson's religious poetry are her poems concerning death and immortality, ranging over the physical as well as the psychological and emotional aspects of death. She looked at death from the point of view of both the living and the dying. She even imagined her own death, the loss of her own body, and the journey of her soul to the unknown. Perhaps Dickinson's greatest rendering of the moment of death is to be found in "I heard a Fly buzz — when I died —", a poem universally considered one of her masterpieces.

Love is another subject Dickinson dwelt on. One group of her love poems treats the suffering and frustration love can cause. These poems are clearly the reflection of her own unhappy experience, closely related to her deepest and most private feelings. Many of them are striking and original depictions of the longing for shared moments, the pain of separation, and the futility of finding happiness, such as "If you were coming in the Fall," "There came a Day at Summer's full," "I cannot live with You —", etc. The other group of love poems focuses on the physical aspect of desire, in which Dickinson dealt with, allegorically, the influence of the male authorities over the female, emphasizing the power of physical attraction and expressing a mixture of fear and fascination for the mysterious magnetism between sexes. However, it is those poems dealing with marriage that have aroused critical attention first. "I'm ceded — I've stopped being theirs," "I'm 'wife' — I've finished that —" are but a few examples to show Dickinson's confusion and doubt about the role of women in the 19th century America.

More than five hundred poems Dickinson wrote are about nature, in which her general skepticism about the relationship between man and nature is well-expressed. On the one hand, she shared with

her romantic and transcendental predecessors who believed that a mythical bond between man and nature existed, that nature revealed to man things about mankind and universe. On the other hand, she felt strongly about nature's inscrutability and indifference to the life and interests of human beings. However, Dickinson managed to write about nature in the affirmation of the sheer joy and the appreciation, unaffected by philosophical speculations. Her acute observations, her concern for precise details and her interest in nature are pervasive, from sketches of flowers, insects, birds, to the sunset, the fully detailed summer storms, the change of seasons; from keen perception to witty analysis. //

① Dickinson's poetry is unique and unconventional in its own way. Her poems have no titles, hence are always quoted by their first lines. ② In her poetry there is a particular stress pattern, in which dashes are used as a musical device to create cadence and capital letters as a means of emphasis. The form of her poetry is more or less like that of the hymns in community churches, familiar, communal, and sometimes, irregular. Dickinson's irregular or sometimes inverted sentence structure also confuses readers. ③ However, her poetic idiom is noted for its laconic brevity, directness and plainness. Her poems are usually short, rarely more than twenty lines, and many of them are centered on a single image or symbol and focused on one subject matter. Due to her deliberate seclusion, her poems tend to be very personal and meditative. She frequently uses personae to render the tone more familiar to the reader, and personification to vivify some abstract ideas. Dickinson's poetry, despite its ostensible formal simplicity, is remarkable for its variety, subtlety and richness; and her limited private world has never confined the limitless power of her creativity and imagination. /s./o

I will'd my Keepsakes — Signed away

Selected Readings:

1. (441) This is my letter to the World

(Entitled thus, the poem expresses Dickinson's anxiety about her communication with the outside world.)

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me —
The simple News that Nature told —
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To hands I can not see —
For love of Her — Sweet — countrymen —
Judge tenderly — of Me

2. (465) I heard a Fly buzz — when I died —

(This poem is a description of the moment of death.)

I heard a Fly buzz — when I died —
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air —
Between the Heaves of Storm —

The Eyes around — had wrung them dry(1) —
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset — when the King(2)
Be witnessed — in the Room —

I willed my Keepsakes — Signed away

What portion of me be
 Assignable — and then it was
 There interposed a Fly —
 With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz(3) —
 Between the light — and me —
 And then the Windows failed — and then
 I could not see to see —

Notes:

- (1) The Eyes around — had wrung them dry: The relatives and friends had cried and cried so that there were no tears any more.
- (2) the King: the God of death.
- (3) With Blue — uncertain stumbling Buzz: The sight of the dying became dim and listening became weak.

3. (585) I like to see it lap the Miles —

(*This poem is an interesting study of how Dickinson makes the train part of nature by animalizing it.*)

I like to see it (1) lap the Miles —
 And lick the Valleys up —
 And stop to feed itself at Tanks —
 And then — prodigious step
 Around a Pile of Mountains —
 And supercilious peer
 In Shanties — by the sides of Roads —
 And then a Quarry pare

To fit it's Ribs
 And crawl between
 Complaining all the while
 In horrid — hooting stanza (2) —
 Then chase itself down Hill —
 And neigh like Boanerges(3) —
 Then — prompter than a Star
 Stop — docile and omnipotent
 At it's own stable door —

Notes:

- (1) it: the train.
- (2) In horrid — hooting stanza: The poet is getting the sound of the train into the poem.
- (3) Boanerges: "Sons of thunder" (Mark 3.17); originally applied to the zealous Apostles John and James; by extension, any vociferous preacher or orator.

4. (712) Because I could not stop for Death —

(In this poem Dickinson personifies death and immortality so as to make her message strongly felt:)

Because I could not stop for Death —
 He(1) kindly stopped for me —
 The Carriage(2) held but just Ourselves —
 And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
 And I had put away
 My labor and my leisure too,

For His Civility —

We passed the School(3), where Children strove

At Recess — in the Ring —

We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain(3) —

We passed the Setting Sun(3) —

Or rather — He passed Us —

The Dews drew quivering and chill —

For only Gossamer, my Gown(4) —

My Tippet(5) — only Tulle(6) —

We paused before a House(7) that seemed

A Swelling of the Ground —

The Roof was scarcely visible —

The Cornice — in the Ground —

Since then — 'tis Centuries — and yet

Feels shorter than the Day

I first surmised the Horses' Heads

Were toward Eternity —

Notes:

- (1) he: death.
- (2) carriage: hearse; carriage for carrying a coffin at a funeral.
- (3) the School, the Fields of Gazing Grain, the Setting Sun: three stages of life: the School — youth; the Fields of Gazing Grain—mature period; the Setting Sun — end of life.
- (4) gown: grave clothes.
- (5) tippet: shoulder cape or scarf.
- (6) tulle: thin net.

(7) house: grave.

IV. Theodore Dreiser

Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945) is generally acknowledged as one of America's literary naturalists. He possessed none of the usual aids to a writer's career: no money, no friend in power, no formal education worthy of mention, no family tradition in letters. With every disadvantage piled upon him, Dreiser, by his strong will and his dogged persistence, eventually burst out and became one of the important American writers.

Theodore Herman Albert Dreiser was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, on August 27, 1871, into a German immigrant family. Living in a poor and intensely religious family, Dreiser had a very unhappy childhood. Dreiser had some education at a Catholic school in Terre Haute, and later went to a public school of Warsaw, Indiana, where he met a teacher who appreciated his school work and made it possible for him to spend a year at Indiana University. Apart from school education, Dreiser read voraciously by himself. He immersed himself in Dickens and Thackeray, read widely Shakespeare, and tasted Bunyan, Fielding, Pope, Thoreau, Emerson, and Twain, but his true literary influences were from Balzac, Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. From the age of fifteen, Dreiser began to work on his own, earning a meager support by doing some odd jobs. Dreiser had longed to become a writer, so he went up to Chicago afterwards and made a beginning by placing himself with one of Chicago's newspapers, where he learned by experience. Later on, he slowly groped his way to authorship.

Dreiser is a prolific writer and many of his works are familiar to us Chinese readers. Among them, Sister Carrie (1900) is the best-

known, tracing the material rise of Carrie Meeber and the tragic decline of G. W. Hurstwood. In his early period some of his best short fictions were written, among which are *Nigger Jeff* and *Old Rogaum and His Theresa*. In 1911, *Jennie Gerhardt* came out, followed by two volumes of his "Trilogy of Desire," *The Financier* (1912) and *The Titan* (1914), the third, *The Stoic*, being published posthumously in 1947. *The Genius* (1915), a classic story of a "misunderstood artist," was once condemned for "obscenity and blasphemy." Although a score of American men of letters lent their support, the novel remained unpublished until 1923. In 1925 Dreiser's greatest work *An American Tragedy* appeared. But it was banned in Boston in 1927. During the last two decades of his life Dreiser turned away from fiction and involved himself in political activities and debating writing. In 1927 he accepted an invitation to visit Russia and wrote *Dreiser Looks at Russia* the following year. He joined the Communist Party shortly before his death in 1945.

With the publication of *Sister Carrie*, Dreiser was launching himself upon a long career that would ultimately make him one of the most significant American writers of the school later known as literary naturalism. As a genre, naturalism emphasized heredity and environment as important deterministic forces shaping individualized characters who were presented in special and detailed circumstances. At bottom, life was shown to be ironic, even tragic. Asked, during his middle years, about what he thought earthly existence was, Dreiser described it as "a welter of inscrutable forces," in which was trapped each individual human being. In his words, man is a "victim of forces over which he has no control." To him, life is "so sad, so strange, so mysterious and so inexplicable." No wonder the characters in his books are often subject to the control of the natural forces — especially those of environment and heredity.

176 The effect of Darwinist idea of "survival of the fittest" was shattering. It is not surprising to find in Dreiser's fiction a world of jungle, where "kill or to be killed" was the law. Dreiser's naturalism found expression in almost every book he wrote. In *Sister Carrie* Dreiser expressed his naturalistic pursuit by expounding the purposelessness of life and attacking the conventional moral standards. After a series of incidents and coincidents, Carrie obtains fame and comfort while Hurstwood loses his wealth, social position, pride and eventually his life. In his "Trilogy of Desire," Dreiser's focus shifted from the pathos of the helpless protagonists at the bottom of the society to the power of the American financial tycoons in the late 19th century. *An American Tragedy* proves to be his greatest work and by entitling this book with such a name, Dreiser intended to tell us that it is the social pressure that makes Clyde's downfall inevitable. Clyde's tragedy is a tragedy that depends upon the American social system which encouraged people to pursue the "dream of success" at all costs.

From the first novel *Sister Carrie* on, Dreiser set himself to project the American values for what he had found them to be — materialistic to the core. Living in such a society with such a value system, the human individual is obsessed with a never-ending, yet meaningless search for satisfaction of his desires. One of the desires is for money which was a motivating purpose of life in the United States in the late 19th century. For example, in *Sister Carrie*, there is not one character whose status is not determined economically. Sex is another human desire that Dreiser explored to considerable lengths in his novels to reveal the dark side of human nature. In *Sister Carrie*, Carrie climbs up the social ladder by means of her sexual appeal. Also in the "Trilogy of Desire," the possession of sexual beauty symbolizes the acquisition of some social status of great

magnitude. However, Dreiser never forgot to imply that these human desires in life could hardly be defined. They are there like a powerful "magnetism" governing human existence and reducing human beings to nothing. So like all naturalists he was restrained from finding a solution to the social problems that appeared in his novels and accordingly almost all his works have tragic endings.

Dreiser's style has been a controversial aspect of his work from the beginning. For lack of concision, his writings appear more inclusive and less selective, and the readers are sometimes burdened with massive detailed descriptions of characters and events. Though the time sequence is clear and the plot straightforward, he has been always accused of being awkward in sentence structure, inept and occasionally flatly wrong in word selection and meaning, and mixed and disorganized in voice and tone. For him language is a means of communication rather than an art form. However, Dreiser's contribution to the American literary history cannot be ignored. He broke away from the genteel tradition of literature and dramatized the life in a very realistic way. There is no comment, no judgment but facts of life in the stories. His style is not polished but very serious and well calculated to achieve the thematic ends he sought.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from the last chapter of *Sister Carrie*
(Carrie Meeber is the protagonist of the story. Penniless and "full of the illusions of ignorance and youth," she leaves her rural home to seek work in Chicago. On the train, she becomes acquainted with Charles Drouet, a salesman. In Chicago, she lives with her sister and brother-in-law, and works for a time in a shoe factory. Meager income and terrible work condition oppress her imagi-

native spirit. After a period of unemployment and loneliness, she accepts Drouet and becomes his mistress. During his absences, she falls in love with Drouet's friend George Hurstwood, a middle-aged, married, comparatively intelligent and cultured saloon manager. They finally elope, first to Montreal and then to New York. They live together for more than three years. Carrie becomes mature in intellect and emotion, while Hurstwood, away from the atmosphere of success on which his life has been based, steadily declines. So their relations become strained. At last, she thinks him too great a burden and leaves him. Hurstwood sinks lower and lower. After becoming a beggar, he commits suicide, while Carrie becomes a star of musical comedies. But in spite of her success, she is lonely and dissatisfied.

Though received not favorably and attacked as immoral by the public in its time, Sister Carrie best embodies Dreiser's naturalistic belief that while men are controlled and conditioned by heredity, instinct and chance, a few extraordinary and unsophisticated human beings refuse to accept their fate wordlessly and instead strive, unsuccessfully, to find meaning and purpose for their existence. Carrie, as one of such, senses that she is merely a cipher in an uncaring world yet seeks to grasp the mysteries of life and thereby satisfies her desires for social status and material comfort.

The selected reading is from the last chapter of the novel. After Carrie deserts Hurstwood, he is in great despair. Feeble and penniless, Hurstwood wanders in a cold winter night with nobody trying to help. Extremely hopeless and totally devastated, he turns the gas on in a cheap lodging-house and ends his life, while at the same time Carrie is rocking comfortably in her luxuriant hotel room before she boards a ship for London.)

The Way of the Beaten: A Harp in the Wind

Hurstwood put his hands, red from cold, down in his pockets. Tears came into his eyes.

"That's right," he said; "I'm no good now. I was all right. I had money. I'm going to quit this," and, with death in his heart, he started down toward the Bowery (1). People had turned on the gas before and died; why shouldn't he? He remembered a lodging-house where there were little, close rooms, with gas-jets in them, almost pre-arranged, he thought, for what he wanted to do, which rented for fifteen cents. Then he remembered that he had no fifteen cents.

On the way he met a comfortable-looking gentleman, coming, clean-shaven, out of a fine barber shop.

"Would you mind giving me a little something?" he asked this man boldly.

The gentleman looked him over and fished for a dime. Nothing but quarters were in his pocket.

"Here," he said, handing him one, to be rid of him. "Be off, now."

Hurstwood moved on, wondering. The sight of the large, bright coin pleased him a little. He remembered that he was hungry and that he could get a bed for ten cents. With this, the idea of death passed, for the time being, out of his mind. It was only when he could get nothing but insults that death seemed worth while.

One day, in the middle of the winter, the sharpest spell of the season set in. It broke gray and cold in the first day, and on the second snowed. Poor luck pursuing him, he had secured but ten cents by nightfall, and this he had spent for food. At evening he found

himself at the Boulevard and Sixty-seventh Street, where he finally turned his face Bowery-ward. Especially fatigued because of the wandering propensity which had seized him in the morning, he now half dragged his wet feet, shuffling the soles upon the sidewalk. An old, thin coat was turned up about his red ears — his cracked derby hat was pulled down until it turned them outward. His hands were in his pockets.

"I'll just go down Broadway," he said to himself.

When he reached Forty-second Street, the fire signs were already blazing brightly. Crowds were hastening to dine. Through bright windows, at every corner, might be seen gay companies in luxuriant restaurants. There were coaches and crowded cable cars.

In his weary and hungry state, he should never have come here. The contrast was too sharp. Even he was recalled keenly to better things.

"What's the use?" he thought. "It's all up with me. (2) I'll quit this."

People turned to look after him, so uncouth was his shambling figure. Several officers followed him with their eyes, to see that he did not beg of anybody.

Once he paused in an aimless, incoherent sort of way and looked through the windows of an imposing restaurant, before which blazed a fire sign, and through the large, plate windows of which could be seen the red and gold decorations, the palms, the white napery, and shining glassware, and, above all, the comfortable crowd. Weak as his mind had become, his hunger was sharp enough to show the importance of this. He stopped stock still; his frayed trousers soaking in the slush, and peered foolishly in.

"Eat," he mumbled. "That's right, eat. Nobody else wants any."

Then his voice dropped even lower, and his mind half-lost the fancy it had.

"It's mighty cold," he said. "Awful cold."

At Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street was blazing, in incandescent fire, Carrie's name. "Carrie Madenda," it read, "and the Casino Company." All the wet, snowy sidewalk was bright with this radiated fire. It was so bright that it attracted Hurstwood's gaze. He looked up, and then at a large, gilt-framed poster-board, on which was a fine lithograph of Carrie, life-size.

Hurstwood gazed at it a moment, snuffling and hunching one shoulder, as if something were scratching him. He was so run down, however, that his mind was not exactly clear.

"That's you," he said at last, addressing her. "Wasn't good enough for you, was I? Huh!"

He lingered, trying to think logically. This was no longer possible with him.

"She's got it," he said, incoherently, thinking of money. "Let her give me some."

He started around to the side door. Then he forgot what he was going for and paused, pushing his hands deeper to warm the wrists. Suddenly it returned. The stage door! That was it.

He approached that entrance and went in.

"Well?" said the attendant, staring at him. Seeing him pause, he went over and shoved him. "Get out of here," he said.

"I want to see Miss Madenda," he said.

"You do, eh?" the other said, almost tickled at the spectacle. "Get out of here," and he shoved him again. Hurstwood had no strength to resist.

"I want to see Miss Madenda," he tried to explain, even as he was being hustled away. "I'm all right. I —"

The man gave him a last push and closed the door. As he did so, Hurstwood slipped and fell in the snow. It hurt him, and some vague sense of shame returned. He began to cry and swear foolishly.

"God damned dog!" He said. "Damned old cur," wiping the slush from his worthless coat. "I — I hired such people as you once."

Now a fierce feeling against Carrie welled up — just one fierce, angry thought before the whole thing slipped out of his mind.

"She owes me something to eat," he said. "She owes it to me."

Hopelessly he turned back into Broadway again and slopped onward and away, begging, crying, losing track of his thoughts, one after another, as a mind decayed and disjointed is wont to do.

It was truly a wintry evening, a few days later, when his one distinct mental decision was reached. Already, at four o'clock, the somber hue of night was thickening the air. A heavy snow was falling — a fine picking, whipping snow, borne forward by a swift wind in long, thin lines. The streets were bedded with it — six inches of cold, soft carpet, churned to a dirty brown by the crush of teams and the feet of men. Along Broadway men picked their way in ulsters and umbrellas. Along the Bowery, men slouched through it with collars and hats pulled over their ears. In the former thoroughfare businessmen and travelers were making for comfortable hotels. In the latter, crowds on cold errands (3) shifted past dingy stores, in the deep recesses of which lights were already gleaming. There were early lights in the cable cars, whose usual clatter was reduced by the mantle (4) about the wheels. The whole city was muffled by this fast-thickening mantle.

In her comfortable chambers at the Waldorf (5), Carrie was reading at this time "Père Goriot (6)," which Ames had recom-

mended to her. It was so strong, and Ames's mere recommendation had so aroused her interest, that she caught nearly the full sympathetic significance of it. For the first time, it was being borne in upon her how silly and worthless had been her earlier reading, as a whole. Becoming wearied, however, she yawned and came to the window, looking out upon the old winding procession of carriages rolling up Fifth Avenue.

"Isn't it bad?" she observed to Lola.

"Terrible!" said that little lady, joining her. "I hope it snows enough to go sleigh riding."

"Oh, dear," said Carrie, with whom the sufferings of Father Goriot were still keen. "That's all you think of. Aren't you sorry for the people who haven't anything tonight?"

"Of course I am," said Lola; "but what can I do? I haven't anything."

Carrie smiled.

"You wouldn't care, if you had," she returned.

"I would, too," said Lola. "But people never gave me anything when I was hard up."

"Isn't it just awful?" said Carrie, studying the winter's storm.

"Look at that man over there," laughed Lola, who had caught sight of some one falling down. "How sheepish men look when they fall, don't they?"

"We'll have to take a coach tonight," answered Carrie, absently.

In the lobby of the Imperial (7), Mr. Charles Drouet was just arriving, shaking the snow from a very handsome ulster. Bad weather had driven him home early and stirred his desire for those pleasures which shut out the snow and gloom of life. A good dinner, the company of a young woman, and an evening at the theater were

the chief things for him.

"Why, hello, Harry!" he said, addressing a loungee in one of the comfortable lobby chairs. "How are you?"

"Oh, about six and six (8)," said the other.

"Rotten weather, isn't it."

"Well, I should say," said the other. "I've been just sitting here thinking where I'd go tonight."

"Come along with me," said Drouet. "I can introduce you to something dead swell (9)."

"Who is it?" said the other.

"Oh, a couple of girls over here in Fortieth Street. We could have a dandy (10) time. I was just looking for you."

"Supposing we get 'em and take 'em out to dinner?"

"Sure," said Drouet. "Wait'll I go upstairs and change my clothes."

"Well, I'll be in the barber shop," said the other. "I want to get a shave."

"All right," said Drouet, creaking off in his good shoes toward the elevator. The old butterfly (11) was as light on the wing as ever.

On an incoming vestibuled Pullman (12), speeding at forty miles an hour through the snow of the evening, were three others, all related...

"First call for dinner in the dining-car," a Pullman servitor was announcing, as he hastened through the aisle in snow-white apron and jacket.

"I don't believe I want to play any more," said the youngest, a black-haired beauty, turned supercilious by fortune, as she pushed a euchre hand (13) away from her.

"Shall we go into dinner?" inquired her husband, who was all that fine raiment can make.

"Oh, not yet," she answered. "I don't want to play any more, though."

"Jessica," said her mother, who was also a study in what good clothing can do for age, "push that pin down in your tie — it's coming up."

Jessica obeyed, incidentally touching at her lovely hair and looking at a little jewel-faced watch. Her husband studied her, for beauty, even cold, is fascinating from one point of view.

"Well, we won't have much more of this weather," he said. "It only takes two weeks to get to Rome."

Mrs. Hurstwood nestled comfortably in her corner and smiled. It was so nice to be the mother-in-law of a rich young man—one whose financial state had borne her personal inspection (14).

"Do you suppose the boat will sail promptly?" asked Jessica, "if it keeps up like this?"

"Oh, yes," answered her husband. "This won't make any difference."

Passing down the aisle came a very fair-haired banker's son, also of Chicago, who had long eyed this supercilious beauty. Even now he did not hesitate to glance at her, and she was conscious of it. With a specially conjured show of indifference, she turned her pretty face wholly away. It was not wifely modesty at all. By so much was her pride satisfied.

At this moment Hurstwood stood before a dirty four-story building in a side street quite near the Bowery, whose one-time coat of buff had been changed by soot and rain. He mingled with a crowd of men — a crowd which had been, and was still, gathering by de-

grees.

It began with the approach of two or three, who hung about the closed wooden doors and beat their feet to keep them warm. They had on faded derby hats with dents in them. Their misfit coats were heavy with melted snow and turned up at the collars. Their trousers were mere bags, frayed at the bottom and wobbling over big, sippy shoes, torn at the sides and worn almost to shreds. They made no effort to go in, but shifted ruefully about, digging their hands deep in their pockets and leering at the crowd and the increasing lamps. With the minutes, increased the number. There were old men with grizzled beards and sunken eyes, men who were comparatively young but shrunken by diseases, men who were middle-aged. None were fat. There was a face in the thick of the collection which was as white as drained veal. There was another red as brick. Some came with thin, rounded shoulders, others with wooden legs, still others with frames so lean that clothes only flapped about them. There were great ears, swollen noses, thick lips, and, above all, red, blood-shot eyes. Not a normal, healthy face in the whole mass; not a straight figure; not a straightforward, steady glance.

In the drive of the wind and sleet they pushed in on one another. There were wrists, unprotected by coat or pocket, which were red with cold. There were ears, half covered by every conceivable semblance of a hat, which still looked stiff and bitten. In the snow they shifted, now one foot, now another, almost rocking in unison.

With the growth of the crowd about the door came a murmur. It was not conversation, but a running comment directed at any one in general. It contained oaths and slang phrases.

"By damn, I wish they'd hurry up."

"Look at the copper (15) watchin'."

"Maybe it ain't winter, nuther!"

"I wisht (16) I was in Sing Sing (17).

Now a sharper lash of wind cut down and they huddled closer. It was an edging, shifting, pushing throng. There was no anger, no pleading, no threatening words. It was all sullen endurance, unlightened by either wit or good fellowship.

A carriage went jingling by with some reclining figure in it. One of the men nearest the door saw it.

"Look at the bloke ridin'."

"He ain't so cold."

"Eh, eh, eh!" yelled another, the carriage having long since passed out of hearing.

Little by little the night crept on. Along the walk a crowd turned out on its way home. Men and shop-girls went by with quick steps. The cross-town cars began to be crowded. The gas lamps were blazing, and every window bloomed ruddy with a steady flame. Still the crowd hung about the door, unwavering.

"Ain't they ever goin' to open up?" queried a hoarse voice, suggestively.

This seemed to renew the general interest in the closed door, and many gazed in that direction. They looked at it as dumb brutes look, as dogs paw and whine and study the knob. (18) They shifted and blinked and muttered, now a curse, now a comment. Still they waited and still the snow whirled and cut them with biting flakes. On the old hats and peaked shoulders it was piling. It gathered in little heaps and curves and no one brushed it off. In the center of the crowd the warmth and steam melted it, and water trickled off hat rims and down noses, which the owners could not reach to scratch. On the outer rim the piles remained unmelted. Hurstwood, who could not get in the center, stood with head lowered to the weather and bent his form.

A light appeared through the transom overhead. It sent a thrill of possibility through the watchers. There was a murmur of recognition. At last the bars grated inside and the crowd pricked up its ears. Footsteps shuffled within and it murmured again. Some one called: "Slow up there, now," and then the door opened. It was push and jam for a minute, with grim, beast silence to prove its quality, and then it melted inward, like logs floating, and disappeared. There were wet hats and wet shoulders, a cold, shrunken, disgruntled mass, pouring in between bleak walls. It was just six o'clock and there was supper in every hurrying pedestrian's face. And yet no supper was provided here — nothing but beds.

Hurstwood laid down his fifteen cents and crept off with weary steps to his allotted room. It was a dingy affair — wooden, dusty, hard. A small gas-jet furnished sufficient light for so rueful a corner.

"Hm!" he said, clearing his throat and locking the door.

Now he began leisurely to take off his clothes, but stopped first with his coat, and tucked it along the crack under the door. His vest he arranged in the same place. His old wet, cracked hat he laid softly upon the table. Then he pulled off his shoes and lay down.

It seemed as if he thought a while, for now he arose and turned the gas out, standing calmly in the blackness, hidden from view. After a few moments, in which he reviewed nothing, but merely hesitated, he turned the gas on again, but applied no match. Even then he stood there, hidden wholly in that kindness which is night, while the uprising fumes filled the room. When the odor reached his nostrils, he quit his attitude and fumbled for the bed.

"What's the use?" he said, weakly, as he stretched himself to rest.

And now Carrie had attained that which in the beginning seemed life's object, or, at least, such fraction of it as human beings ever attain of their original desires. She could look about on her gowns and carriage, her furniture and bank account. Friends there were, as the world takes it — those who would bow and smile in acknowledgment of her success. For these she had once craved. Applause there was, and publicity — once far off, essential things, but now grown trivial and indifferent. Beauty also—her type of loveliness — and yet she was lonely. In her rocking-chair she sat, when not otherwise engaged — singing and dreaming. (19)

Thus in life there is ever the intellectual and the emotional nature — the mind that reasons, and the mind that feels. Of one come the men of action—generals and statesmen; of the other, the poets and dreamers — artists all.

As harps in the wind, the latter respond to every breath of fancy voicing in their moods all the ebb and flow of the ideal.

Man has not yet comprehended the dreamer any more than he has the ideal. For him the laws and morals of the world are unduly severe. Ever hearkening (20) to the sound of beauty, straining for the flash of its distant wings, he watches to follow, wearying his feet in traveling. So watched Carrie, so followed, rocking and singing.

And it must be remembered that reason had little part in this. Chicago dawning, she saw the city offering more of loveliness than she had ever known, and instinctively, by force of her moods alone, clung to it. In fine raiment and elegant surroundings, men seemed to be contented. Hence, she drew near these things. Chicago, New York; Drouet, Hurstwood; the world of fashion and the world of stage — these were but incidents. Not them, but that which they represented, she longed for. Time proved the representation false.

Oh, the tangle of human life! How dimly as yet we see. Here was Carrie, in the beginning poor, unsophisticated, emotional; responding with desire to everything most lovely in life, yet finding herself turned as by a wall. Laws to say: "Be allured, if you will, by everything lovely; but draw not nigh (21) unless by righteousness." Convention to say: "You shall not better your situation save by honest labor." If honest labor be unremunerative and difficult to endure; if it be the long, long road which never reaches beauty, but wearies the feet and the heart; if the drag to follow beauty be such that one abandons the admired way, taking rather the despised path leading to her dreams quickly, who shall cast the first stone (22)? Not evil, but longing for that which is better, more often directs the steps of the erring. Not evil, but goodness more often allures the feeling mind unused to reason.

Amid the tinsel and shine of her state walked Carrie, unhappy. As when Drouet took her, she had thought: "Now I am lifted into that which is best"; as when Hurstwood seemingly offered her the better way: "Now am I happy." But since the world goes its way past all who will not partake of its folly, she now found herself alone. (23) Her purse was open to him whose need was greatest. In her walks on Broadway, she no longer thought of the elegance of the creatures who passed her. Had they more of that peace and beauty which glimmered afar off, then were they to be envied.

Drouet abandoned his claim and was seen no more. Of Hurstwood's death she was not even aware. A slow, black boat setting out from the pier at Twenty-seventh Street upon its weekly errand bore, with many others, his nameless body to the Potter's Field (24).

Thus passed all that was of interest concerning these twain in their relation to her. Their influence upon her life is explicable alone

by the nature of her longings. Time was when both represented for her all that was most potent in earthly success. They were the personal representatives of a state most blessed to attain — the titled ambassadors of comfort and peace, aglow with their credentials. It is but natural that when the world which they represented no longer allured her, its ambassadors should be discredited. Even had Hurstwood returned in his original beauty and glory, he could not now have allured her. She had learned that in his world, as in her own present state, was not happiness.

Sitting alone, she was now an illustration of the devious ways by which one who feels, rather than reasons, may be led in the pursuit of beauty. Though often disillusioned, she was still waiting for that halcyon day when she should be led forth among dreams become real. Ames had pointed out a farther step, but on and on beyond that, if accomplished, would lie others for her. It was forever to be the pursuit of that radiance of delight which tints the distant hilltops of the world.

Oh, Carrie, Carrie! Oh, blind strivings of the human heart! Onward, onward, it saith (25), and where beauty leads, there it follows. Whether it be the tinkle of a lone sheep bell o'er some quiet landscape, or the glimmer of beauty in sylvan places, or the show of soul in some passing eye, the heart knows and makes answer, following. It is when the feet weary and hope seems vain that the heartaches and the longings arise. Know, then, that for you is neither surfeit nor content. In your rocking-chair, by your window dreaming, shall you long, alone. In your rocking-chair, by your window, shall you dream such happiness as you may never feel.

Notes:

(1) the Bowery: a place or district in New York City where the poor or the

- homeless dwelt.
- (2) It's all up with me. : It's all over with me.
 - (3) crowds on cold errands: people who have something urgent to do in such cold weather.
 - (4) mantle: covering. Here it refers to snow.
 - (5) the Waldorf: a luxuriant hotel in New York City at that time.
 - (6) "Père Goriot": *Father Goriot*, famous novel of Balzac, critical realist writer of France.
 - (7) the Imperial: another top-quality hotel in the City where the businessmen liked to stay.
 - (8) about six and six: just so so.
 - (9) something dead swell: some wonderful people or things.
 - (10) dandy: (sl.) excellent.
 - (11) the old butterfly: refers to Drouet, since he is still very nimble.
 - (12) Pullman: sleeping-car on a railway train.
 - (13) a euchre hand: a hand of paper cards.
 - (14) one whose financial state had borne her personal inspection: she had the right to examine his financial state.
 - (15) copper: (sl.) policeman.
 - (16) I wisht: I wished.
 - (17) Sing Sing: name of a prison in New York state.
 - (18) They looked at it . . . and study the knob: A metaphor is used here to suggest that the beggars looked at the door greedily and they were so eager to go in.
 - (19) In her rocking-chair she sat, when not otherwise engaged — singing and dreaming: She was dreaming of the bright future. Although she was often disillusioned, she was not at all in despair.
 - (20) hearken: (liter.) listen (to).
 - (21) nigh: near.
 - (22) who shall cast the first stone: who shall begin first? "throw the first stone" is from The Bible. People bring a woman who commits adultery to Jesus, "Teacher," they said to Jesus, "this woman was caught in the very act of committing adultery. In our Law Moses commanded that such a woman

must be stoned to death. Now, 'what do you say?' They said this to trap Jesus, so that they could accuse him. But he bent over and wrote on the ground with his finger. As they stood there asking him questions, he straightly ended up and said to them, "whichever one of you has committed no sin may throw the first stone at her." Then he bent over again and wrote on the ground. When they heard this, they all left, one by one, the older ones first.

(23) But since the world goes its way... , she now found herself alone: Because Carrie didn't want to go with the tide, she felt lonely.

(24) Potter's Field: public graveyard in the suburbs of New York City.

(25) it saith: it says.

Chapter 3 The Modern Period

The twentieth century began with a strong sense of social breakdown. A series of wars fought on the international scene during the first part of the century were to affect the life of Americans and their literary writings. Among them the two World Wars, especially the First World War (1914-1918), became the emblem of all wars in the twentieth century, which means violence, devastation, blood and death.

With all these wars the whole world had undergone a dramatic social change, a transformation from order to disorder. And so had the United States. On the one hand, the United States's participation in World War I marked a crucial stage in the nation's evolution to a world power. Since the wars were not fought on the American soil, by the second decade of the twentieth century, the United States had become the most powerful industrialized nation in the world, outstripping Britain and Germany in terms of industrial production. What is more, the technological revolution had brought about great changes in the life of the American people. The telephone ceased to be a curiosity but became a commonplace. The radio, along with other agencies of mass communication, began imposing its own imagery on the nation at large. By far the most powerful technological innovation in America between the wars was the automobile, which resulted in a mobility unimaginable to the previous generations.

Despite its booming industry and material prosperity, there was a sense of unease and restlessness underneath. Strikes took place in several big cities because of industrial depression and uneven distribution of wealth; the rate of unemployment went up due to the oversupply of goods; farmers were driven off their land owing to the

poor harvest of the crops — all this culminated in the collapse of the Stock Market in 1929, known as the Crash, which marked the beginning of The Great Economic Depression in the 1930s. Besides, political corruptions, organized crimes, the growth of radical labour force, and the terrorist drive of the Ku Klux Klan made an already disorderly world even more turbulent.

Along with the changes in the material landscape came the changes in the non-material system of belief and behavior. The First World War had made a big impact on the life of the American people. They became less certain about what might arise in this changing world and more cynical about accepted standards of honesty and morality. The idea of “seize the day” or “enjoy the present” was pervasive, as opposed to placing all hope in the future. Young people, back from the war, had brief affairs with nurses or prostitutes so that they could get rid of boredom. Also the attitude toward sex had changed. Instead of thinking of sex as something obscene or wrong, people, especially youngsters, gave loose to their sexual desire. Girls wore short skirts, smoked, drank, and went about with men. In a word, there was a decline in moral standard and the first few decades of the twentieth century was best described as a spiritual wasteland. The censor of a great civilization being destroyed or destroying itself, social breakdown, and individual powerlessness and hopelessness became part of the American experience as a result of the First World War, with resulting feelings of fear, loss, disorientation and disillusionment.

Between the mid-19th century and the first decade of the 20th century, there had been a big flush of new theories and new ideas in both social and natural sciences, as well as in the field of art in Europe, which played an indispensable role in bringing about modernism and the modernistic writings in the United States.

Apart from Darwinism, which was still a big influence over the writers of this period, the two thinkers whose ideas had the greatest impact on the period were the German Karl Marx and the Austrian Sigmund Freud. Marx was a sociologist who believed that the root cause of all behavior was economic, and that the leading feature of the economic life was the division of society into antagonistic classes based on a relation to the means of production. Freud propounded an idea of human beings themselves as grounded in the "unconscious" that controlled a great deal of overt behavior, and made the practice of the psychoanalysis which emphasizes the importance of the unconscious or the irrational in the human psyche. Worthy of mention are William James, an American psychologist famous for his theory of "stream of consciousness," and Carl Jung, a Swiss psychiatrist, noted for his "collective unconscious" and "archetypal symbol" as part of modern mythology. Their theories, plus Freud's interpretation of dreams, have infused modern American literature and made it possible for most of the writers in the modern period to probe into the inner world of human reality.

The implications of modern European arts to modern American writings can also be strongly felt in the American literature between the wars, even thereafter. In painting, both the French Impressionist and the German Expressionist artists avoided the representation of external reality and depicted the human reality in a rather subjective point of view. This highly personal vision of the world is self-evident in the works by writers such as William Faulkner, Eugene O'Neill, etc. Cubism is the name for another school of modern painting, popular in the early 20th century. Its emphasis on the formal structure of a work of art, especially its emphasis on the multiple-perspective viewpoints, had provided the writers with more than one way to explain the reality and engaged the readers in creating

order out of fragmentation as well. Composers like Igor Stravinsky similarly produced music in a "modern" mode, featuring dissonance and discontinuity rather than neat formal structure and appealing to total harmonies.

There was a spiritual crisis in this period, but a full blossoming of literary writings. The most recognizable literary movement that gave rise to the twentieth century American literature, or we may say, the second American Renaissance, is the expatriate movement.

When the First World War broke out, many young men volunteered to take part in "the war to end wars" only to find that modern warfare was not as glorious or heroic as they thought it to be. Disillusioned and disgusted by the frivolous, greedy, and heedless way of life in America, they began to write and they wrote from their own experiences in the war. Among these young writers were the most prominent figures in American literature, especially in modern American literature. They were basically expatriates who left America and formed a community of writers and artists in Paris, involved with other European novelists and poets in their experimentation on new modes of thought and expression. These writers were later named by an American writer, Gertrude Stein, also an expatriate, "The Lost Generation."

Among those greatest figures in "The Lost Generation" or modern American literature are famous poets such as Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Frost. Ezra Pound's role as a leading spokesman of the famous Imagist Movement in the history of American literature can never be ignored and his one-image poem best demonstrates his principles of what a new poetry should be. While sharing the same pursuit of imagism, William Carlos Williams rooted his poetic imagination in American native tradition. Robert Frost is always liked by the Americans because the subject and the

landscape of his poems are forever New England and his simplicity never fails to reveal some profound truth. E. E. Cummings and Wallace Stevens are also remembered for their contributions to the twentieth century American poetry. The former, disregarding grammar and punctuation, always used "i" instead of "I" to refer to himself as a protest against self-importance, while the latter, whose style is more cultivated and refined, focused his attention on man and things in his world.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner are considered to be the masters in the field of American fiction, each of them producing some distinguished literary works in their lifetime. The Jazz Age of the 1920s characterized by frivolity and carelessness is brought vividly to life in *The Great Gatsby* (1925); Hemingway dramatizes in his novels the sense of loss and despair among the post-war generation who are physically and psychologically scarred; Faulkner creates his own mythical kingdom that mirrors not only the decline of the Southern society but also the spiritual wasteland of the whole American society. Besides, writers like Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and John Steinbeck contributed a great deal to modern American literature in their different treatments of the subjects that concerned the modern man. Anderson explores the motivations and frustrations of his fictional characters in terms of Freud's theory of psychology, particularly in one book *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), in which individuals in the small community are depicted as socially alienated and emotionally suppressed, unable to love or to be loved. In contrast, Lewis is a sociological writer and his *Babbitt* (1922) presents a documentary picture of the narrow and limited middle-class mind, especially that of the middle-class businessmen. John Steinbeck is a representative of the 1930s, when "novels of social protest" became dominant on the American

literary scene. His *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939) proves to be a symbolic journey of man on the way to finding some truth about life and himself, and a record of the dispossessed and the wretched farmers during the Great Depression as well.

The leading playwright of the modern period in American literature, if not the most successful in all his experiments, is Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill is remembered for his tragic view of life and most of his plays are about the root, the truth of human desires and human frustrations. Besides, his plays are experimental with regard to dramatic structure and ways of theatrical production available through technology, which remind us of the stylized realism or German Expressionism. Though the scene of American drama was not so promising as fiction and poetry, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams were yet to acclaim the literary recognition and to hold the central position in American drama until the present times.

What happened immediately after the Second World War in the United States and other parts of the world exerted a tremendous influence on the mentality of Americans. It changed man's view of himself and the world as well. First of all, the dropping of an atomic bomb over Hiroshima in Japan shocked the whole world and made possible the destruction of the Western civilization. Then a mutual fear and hostility grew between the Eastern and Western countries with the Cold War, the effect of which could be felt in the form of McCarthyism in the United States. Besides, the Korean War and the Vietnam War broadened the gap between the government and the people. The assassination of John F. Kennedy, and of Martin Luther King, spokesman of the American Civil Rights Movement, the resignation of Nixon because of the Water-Gate scandal, etc. intensified the terror and tossed the whole nation again into the grief and despair. The impact of these changes and upheavals on the

American society is emotional. People start to question the role of science in human progress and the fear of the misuse of modern science and technology is spreading. They no longer believe in God but start to reconsider the nature of man and man's capacity for evil. They begin to think of life as a big joke or an absurdity. The world is even more disintegrating and fragmentary and people are even more estranged and despondent.

World War II ended two decades of vigorous literary activity in the United States. Though quite a number of writers were writing at the moment or started to write, there wasn't any great literary work produced that could compete with those in the 1920s. However, some literary writings became noticeable due to their historical and literary significance. The postwar poets, with Robert Lowell in the lead, would typically write about an object or a situation which could express or classify their own feeling, showing a growing sense of resistance to the existing culture and at the same time an assertion of the self. Hence their poems are confessional. Poets in the 50s and the 60s were grouped under different titles, and among them the outstanding ones are Gary Snyder, who tends to liberate poetry from the academy and make it popular among the ordinary people, and Allen Ginsberg, whose "Howl" (1956) became the manifesto of the Beat Movement.

American fiction from 1945 onwards is a bigger story than poetry and drama. First of all, a group of new writers who survived the war wrote about their traumatic experience within the military machine and on European and Pacific battlefields, among whom we have Norman Mailer and Herman Wouk. Robert Penn Warren and Flannery O'Connor are representatives of the talented Southern writers, who followed Faulkner's footsteps in portraying the decadence and evil in the Southern society in a Gothic manner. By the 1950s a

significant group of Jewish-American writers had appeared and one of them was Saul Bellow. Their work, drawing on the Jewish experience and tradition, examined subtly the dismantling of the self by an intolerable modern history. Black fiction began to attract critical attention during this period too. The two major figures are Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison, both of whom captured the wide attention of the white readers by truthfully, openly, and shockingly describing the life of black people as they knew it from their own experience. For the first time in the history of American writings, African-Americans started to question their identity as a group and as an individual. Other important writers who were writing at the time include J. D. Salinger and John Updike. Salinger is considered to be a spokesman for the alienated youth in the post-war era and his *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951) is regarded as a students' classic. Updike's Rabbit novels examine the middle-class values and portray the troubled relationships in people's private life and their internal decay under the stress of the modern times.

American fiction in the 1960s and 1970s proves to be different from its predecessors in that the writers started to depart from the conventions of the novel writing and experimented with some new forms. Hence, it is always referred to as "new fiction," with Kurt Vonnegut, Joseph Heller, John Barth, and Thomas Pynchon at its forefront. Roughly speaking, these writers shared almost the same belief that human beings are trapped in a meaningless world and that neither God nor man can make sense of the human condition. What's more, this absurdist vision is integrated with an absurd form, which is characterized by comic exaggerations, ironic uses of parodies, multiple realities, often two-dimensional characters, and a combination of fantastic events with realistic presentations. More recently American literature is alive with a diversity of interests. Writ-

ers from different ethnic and multicultural backgrounds, including women writers, African-Americans, Asian-Americans, and Indian-Americans, are beginning to make their voices heard and they are writing about American experience and consciousness from quite a fresh outlook, hence bringing vitality to the American literary imagination.

In general terms, much serious literature written from 1912 onwards attempted to convey a vision of social breakdown and moral decay and the writer's task was to develop techniques that could represent a break with the past. Thus, the defining formal characteristics of the modernistic works are discontinuity and fragmentation.

Compared with earlier writings, especially those of the 19th century, modern American writings are notable for what they omit — the explanations, interpretations, connections, and summaries. A typical modern work will seem to begin arbitrarily, to advance without explanation, and to end without resolution. The book is no longer a record of sequence and coherence but a juxtaposition of the past and the present, of the history and the memory, or a book of fragments drawn from diverse areas of experience, including areas previously deemed inappropriate for literature, such as the life of the street or of the mind. There are shifts in perspective, voice, and tone, but the biggest shift is from the external to the internal, from the public to the private, from the chronological to the psychic, from the objective description to the subjective projection. The traditional educated literary voice, conveying truth and culture, has lost its authority to a more detached and ironic tone. However, modern American writers in general emphasize the concrete sensory images or details as the direct conveyer of experience. They rely on the reference or allusions to literary, historical, philosophical, or re-

ligious details of the past as a way of reminding readers of the old, lost coherence. Myths from popular and folk cultures are exploited fully to construct stories out of vivid segments. Vignettes of contemporary life, dream imagery and symbolism drawn from the authors' private repertory of life experiences are also important.

~~Modernistic techniques and manifestos~~ were initiated by poets first and later entered and transformed fiction in this period as well. Like the poets, prose writers strove for directness, compression, and vividness and were sparing of words. The average novel became quite a bit shorter than it had been in the 19th century. New significance was given to the short story, which had previously been thought of as a relatively slight artistic form. If realistic fiction achieved its effects by accumulation and saturation, modern fiction preferred suggestiveness. Traditional fiction featured an authoritative narrator in telling a story, while modern fiction tended to employ the first person narration or limit the reader to the "central consciousness" or one character's point of view. This limitation accorded with the modernistic vision that truth does not exist objectively but is the product of a personal interaction with reality. As a result, the effect of modern American writings is surprising, unsettling, and shocking; the experience of reading is both difficult and challenging.

Important writers to be introduced and discussed in this section are Ezra Pound, Robert Frost, Eugene O'Neill, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner.

I . Ezra Pound

Ezra Pound (1885-1972), a leading spokesman of the "Imagist Movement," was one of the most important poets in his time. He

exerted a profound influence on the generation of the British and American writers who launched modern literature after the First World War, and decisively affected the course of the twentieth-century American literature.

Although born in Hailey, Idaho, Pound was brought up in Pennsylvania. He was undoubtedly a genius. Before graduating from university, he had mastered nine languages. After four months of teaching at college, Pound left for Venice in 1908. Then he went to London where he made the acquaintance of William Butler Yeats, which proved to be beneficial to both of them. During the years when he was in London, Pound lectured on romance literature, published several volumes of verse and criticism, translated medieval Italian poetry, and became foreign editor of the important new Chicago magazine *Poetry*. In 1915 Pound began writing his great work, *The Cantos*, which spanned from 1917 to 1959 and were collected in *The Cantos of Ezra Pound* (1986). At the end of 1920, he left London for Paris which was the scene of intense American expatriate literary and artistic activity. There he joined a famous literary salon run by an American woman writer Gertrude Stein, and became involved in the experimentations on poetry. When World War II broke out, Pound began working for the Italian government, engaged in some radio broadcasts of anti-Semitism and pro-Fascism. At the end of the war he was brought back to the United States, accused of treason, but declared insane on examination. Pound was confined for 12 years in a hospital for the criminally insane in Washington, D C. During these years he received visits, wrote letters, composed cantos, translated some ancient Greek and Chinese works and won the Bollingen Prize for his *Pisan Cantos*. The charge of treason was dropped in 1958 and Pound was released. He returned to Italy and spent the rest of his life there with his wife and daugh-

ter, chiefly withdrawn from the public, until his death in 1972.

Despite the fact that he was politically controversial and notorious for what he did in the wartime, Pound's literary talents are extraordinary. He composed poems, wrote criticisms and did translations. His commitment to poetry was total: to poetry as a craft, as a moral and spiritual resource and eventually as a means of salvaging culture, redeeming history. Pound's poetic works include twelve volumes of verse which were later collected and published in *Collected Early Poems of Ezra Pound* (1982), and *Personae* (1909), and some longer pieces such as *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* (1920) and his life's work, the one hundred and sixteen *Cantos* that he published between 1916 and 1969. Pound's earlier poetry is saturated with the familiar poetic subjects that characterize the 19th century Romanticism: songs in praise of a lady, songs concerning the poet's craft, love and friendship, death, the transience of beauty and the permanence of art, and some other subjects that Pound could call his own: the pain of exile, metamorphosis, the delightful psychic experience, the ecstatic moment, etc. Later he is more concerned about the problems of the modern culture: the contemporary cultural decay and the possible sources of cultural renewal as well. Take his epic poem, *The Cantos*, for example. Pound traces the rise and fall of eastern and western empires, the moral and social chaos of the modern world, especially the corruption of America after the heroic time of Jefferson. From the perception of these things, stems the poet's search for order, which involves a search for the principles on which the poet's craft is based.

In addition to his poetic works, Pound produced quite a number of critical essays, which can be found in *Make It New* (1934), *Literary Essays* (1954), *The ABC of Reading* (1934) and *Polite Essays* (1937), etc. These essays best reflect Pound's appraisals of

literary traditions and of modern writing. He also published several volumes of translation, most notably *The Translations of Ezra Pound* (1953), *Confucius* (1969), and *Shih-Ching* (1954), which have not only cast light on Pound's affinity to the Chinese and his strenuous effort in the study of Oriental literature, but also offered us a clue to the understanding of his poetry and literary theory. From the analysis of the Chinese ideogram Pound learned to anchor his poetic language in concrete, perceptual reality, and to organize images into larger patterns through juxtaposition.

Pound's artistic talents are on full display in the history of the Imagist Movement, which flourished from 1909 to 1917 and involved quite a number of British and American writers and poets. This is a movement that advanced modernism in arts which concentrated on reforming the medium of poetry as opposed to Romanticism, especially Tennyson's wordiness and high-flown language in poetry. As one of the leaders of the Imagists, Pound endorsed the group's three main principles, which include direct treatment of poetic subjects, elimination of merely ornamental or superfluous words, and rhythmical composition in the sequence of the musical phrase rather than in the sequence of a metronome. "The point of Imagism," Pound wrote in 1914, "is that it does not use images as ornaments. The image itself is the speech. The image is the word beyond formulated language." Obviously the primary Imagist objective is to avoid rhetoric and moralizing, to stick closely to the object or experience being described, and to move from explicit generalization. Pound's famous one-image poem "In a Station of the Metro" would serve as a typical example of the Imagist ideas.

The other important aspects of Pound's poetic work include his use of myth and personae. The poet, he argued, cannot relate a delightful psychic experience by speaking out directly in the first per-

son: he must "screen himself" and speak indirectly through an impersonal and objective story, which is usually a myth or a piece of the earlier literature, or a "mask," that is, a persona. In this way, Pound could sustain a dialogue between past and present successfully. As to his language, his lines are usually oblique yet marvelously compressed. His poetry is dense with personal, literary, and historical allusions, but at the expense of syntax and summary statements. In spite of all this, Pound's reputation as a forerunner of the twentieth-century American poetry has never been depreciated.

Selected Readings:

1. In a Station of the Metro (1)

(This poem is an observation of the poet of the human faces seen in a Paris subway station.)

The apparition (2) of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Notes:

- (1) This little poem looks to be a modern adoption of the Japanese haiku (俳句). Pound wrote an account of its composition, however, which claims that the poem's form was determined by the experience that inspired it, evolving organically rather than being chosen arbitrarily. Whether truth or myth, the piece has become a famous document in the history of Imagism. metro: Paris subway.
- (2) apparition: a visible appearance of something not present, and especially of a dead person.

2. The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter (1)

(This is a verse "letter" in which the speaker communicates

indirectly, by means of vivid images and shifting tones, the history of her feelings for her absent husband to whom she writes.)

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead (2)

I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.

You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,

You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.

And we went on living in the village of Chokan (3):

Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.

I never laughed, being bashful.

Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.

Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,

I desired my dust (4) to be mingled with yours

Forever and forever and forever.

Why should I climb the look out? (5)

At sixteen you departed,

You went into far Ku-to-yen (6), by the river of swirling eddies,

And you have been gone five months.

The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.

By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses

Too deep to clear them away!

The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.

The paired butterflies are already yellow with August,

Over the grass in the West garden;
 They hurt me. I grow older.
 If you are coming down through the narrows of the river
 Kiang,
 Please let me know beforehand,
 And I will come out to meet you
 As far as Cho-fu-Sa(7).

Notes:

- (1) It is an adaptation from the Chinese of Li Po (701-762) named Rihaku in Japanese, which is about the silky shy tenderness of the young Chinese wife writing to her husband the river-merchant.
- (2) While ... across my forehead: Here it refers to "fringe."
- (3) Chokan: a suburb of Nanjing.
- (4) my dust: my remains, or ashes.
- (5) Why ... look out: Pound omits an allusion to Wi-shang, who "had a date with a girl at a pillar under the bridge. The water came. He died holding tight to the pillar." The remaining image alludes in the original to "a story of a woman waiting for her husband on a hill." In Pound's version, the line emphasizes the otherworldly nature of her love during this phase of her marriage, which contrasts vividly with the next section.
- (6) Ku-to-yen: an island several hundred miles up the Yangtze River.
- (7) Cho-fu-Sa: Chinese Chang-feng-sha or "long wind beach," several hundred miles upriver Nanjing.

3. A Pact

(In this poem, Pound started to find some agreement between "Whitmanesque" free verse, which he had attacked for its carelessness in composition, and the "verse libre" of the Imagists who showed more concern for formal values.)

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman —

I have detested you long enough.

I come to you as a grown child

Who has had a pig-headed father;

I am old enough now to make friends.

It was you that broke the new wood (1),

Now is a time for carving.

We have one sap and one root —

Let there be commerce (2) between us.

Notes:

- (1) broke the new wood: made experiments with the conventions of the traditional poetry.
- (2) commerce : the exchange of views, attitudes, etc.

II . Robert Lee Frost

In any list of important poets in the twentieth century, regardless of nationality, Robert Lee Frost (1874-1963) commands a place. He was the Pulitzer Prize winner on four occasions; the United States Senate passed resolutions honoring his birthday, and when he was eighty-seven he read his poetry at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy in 1961.

Frost spent his early childhood in the Far West and the family moved to New Hampshire when he was eleven. After graduating from high school as valedictorian and class poet in 1892, he entered Dartmouth College but soon left to work at odd jobs and to write poetry. In 1897 he tried college again, Harvard this time, but though he did extremely well he left in the middle because of his tuberculosis. After leaving Harvard, Frost moved to a farm in Derry, New

Hampshire. For the next twelve years he supported himself by various means, ranging from shoe-making to editing a country newspaper, not to mention poetry writing. In 1912 he decided to venture everything on a literary career. He sailed for England, where his first book, *A Boy's will* (1913), brought him to the attention of influential critics. Following the publication of a second volume of poems, *North of Boston* (1914), Frost returned and chose to live on his own farm. Thereafter, although his fame grew with the appearance of a succession of books and papers, along with his teaching and lecturing at various colleges, he considered the farm his home and its activities remained the focus of his poetry. He lived to be almost 90, loved and honored not only in his native New England but throughout America.

Robert Frost is a serious poet. Though he is generally considered a regional poet whose subject matters mainly focus on the landscape and people in New England, he wrote many poems that investigate the basic themes of man's life in his long poetic career: the individual's relationships to himself, to his fellow-man, to his world, and to his God. His first collection *A Boy's Will*, whose lyrics trace a boy's development from self-centered idealism to maturity, is marked by an intense but restrained emotion and the characteristic flavor of New England life. *North of Boston* is described by the author as "a book of people," which shows a brilliant insight into New England character and the background that formed it. Many of his major poems are collected in this volume, such as "Mending the Wall," in which Frost saw man as learning from nature the zones of his own limitations; and "Home Burial," which probes the darker corners of individual lives in a situation when man cannot accept the facts of his condition. The same expressive idiom and brilliant observation appear in *Mountain Interval* (1916), containing

such characteristic poems as "The Road Not Taken," "Birches" and so on. New Hampshire (1923) that won Frost the first of four Pulitzer Prizes includes "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" which, repeatedly discussed, stems from the ambiguity of the speaker's choice between safety and the unknown. The collection West-Running Brook (1928) poses disturbing uncertainties about man's prowess and importance. Collected Poems (1930) and A Further Range (1935), which gathered Frost's second and third Pulitzer Prizes, both translate modern upheaval into poetic material the poet could skillfully control. Frost's fourth Pulitzer Prize was awarded for A Witness Tree (1942) which includes "The Gift Out-right," the poem he later recited at President Kennedy's inauguration. At the age of seventy Frost took up, in different forms, a religious question he had explored before, most notably in "After Apple-Picking: "can a man's best efforts ever satisfy God?" A Masque of Reason (1945) and A Masque of Mercy (1947) are comic-serious dramatic narratives, in both of which biblical characters in modern settings discuss ethics and man's relations to God.

15.6 Robert Frost has long been well known as a poet who can hardly be classified with the old or the new. Unlike his contemporaries in the early 20th century, he did not break up with the poetic tradition nor made any experiment on form. Instead, he learned from the tradition, especially the familiar conventions of nature poetry and of classical pastoral poetry, and made the colloquial New England speech into a poetic expression. A poem so conceived thus becomes a symbol or metaphor, a careful, loving exploration of reality, in Frost's version, "a momentary stay against confusion." Many of his poems are fragrant with natural quality. (Images and metaphors in his poems are drawn from the simple country life and the pastoral landscape that can be easily understood — mowing, scything,

wind's rustling in the grass, bird's singing, as well as ponds, roads, the cycle of the seasons, and the alternation of night and day. Given the fact that Frost's poetic world is of the rural world, the simple country life, the pastoral landscape, it would be a mistake to imagine that Frost is easy to understand because he is easy to read. Most of Frost's poems are simple in the way that they are dramatic monologues or dialogues, they are short and direct on the informational level, and they have simple diction. However, profound ideas are delivered under the guise of the plain language and the simple form, for what Frost did is to take symbols from the limited human world and the pastoral landscape to refer to the great world beyond the rustic scene. These thematic concerns include the terror and tragedy in nature, as well as its beauty, and the loneliness and poverty of the isolated human being. But first and foremost Frost is concerned with his love of life and his belief in a serenity that only came from working usefully, which he practiced himself throughout his life.

By using simple spoken language and conversational rhythms, Frost achieved an effortless grace in his style. He combined traditional verse forms — the sonnet, rhyming couplets, blank verse — with a clear American local speech rhythm, the speech of New England farmers with its idiosyncratic diction and syntax. In verse form he was assorted; he wrote in both the metrical forms and the free verse, and sometimes he wrote in a form that borrows freely from the merits of both, in a form that might be called semi-free or semi-conventional. The following selections from Frost's poetry will bring the man and his rural world to life as vividly as if they were right in front of us.

Selected Readings:

1. After Apple-Picking

(This poem is so vivid a memory of experience on the farm in which the end of labor leaves the speaker with a sense of completion and fulfillment yet finds him blocked from success by winter's approach and physical weariness.)

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree

Toward heaven still,

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill

Beside it, and there may be two or three

Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.

But I am done with apple-picking now.

Essence of winter sleep is on the night,

The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.

I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight

I got from looking through a pane of glass

I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough

And held against the world of hoary (1) grass.

It melted, and I let it fall and break.

But I was well

Upon my way to sleep before it fell,

And I could tell

What form my dreaming was about to take.

Magnified apples (2) appear and disappear,

Stem end and blossom end,

And every fleck of russet showing clear.

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,

It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.

I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
 And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
 The rumbling sound (3)
 Of load on load of apples coming in.
 For I have had too much
 Of apple-picking: I am overtired
 Of the great harvest I myself desired.
 There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
 Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
 For all
 That struck the earth,
 No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
 Went surely to the cider-apple heap
 As of no worth.
 One can see what will trouble
 This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
 Were he not gone,
 The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
 Long sleep, as I describe its coming on;
 Or just some human sleep (4).

Notes:

- (1) hoary: gray or white.
- (2) magnified apples: a distorted and big image of apples in the speaker's dream.
- (3) the rumbling sound: the sound of apples running down onto a pile from a basket.
- (4) human sleep: a figurative speech referring to "death."

2. The Road Not Taken

(In this meditative poem, the speaker tells us how the course

of his life was determined when he came upon two roads that diverged in a wood. Forced to choose, he "took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference.")

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear(1);
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Notes:

(1) and wanted wear: and was not frequently traveled.

3. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

(This is a deceptively simple poem in which the speaker literally stops his horse in the winter twilight to observe the beauty of the forest scene, and then is moved to continue his journey.)

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

III . Eugene O'Neill

Nobody agrees in the selection of the "greatest American novelist" or the "greatest American poet," so far as American literature is

concerned, but Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953) is unquestionably America's greatest playwright. He won the Pulitzer Prize four times and was the only dramatist ever to win a Nobel Prize (1936). He is widely acclaimed "founder of the American drama," and recognized even more as a major figure in world literature.

O'Neill was born in New York on October 16, 1888 into a theatrical family. His father, James O'Neill, had been a well-known Shakespearean actor but ended up as a stereotyped mediocrity — playing his most successful part the Count in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, over and over again. Eugene grew up in New London, Connecticut, and spent his early years with his parents on theatrical road tours. After a succession of religious boarding schools, he entered Princeton University in 1906 but was suspended a year later after a drunken prank and never resumed his college education. The failure of an early marriage in 1909 when he was only twenty-one drove him to sea and he traveled all over the world. Due to the physical breakdown after a suicide attempt in 1912, he was forced to stay at a sanitarium for several months recovering from tuberculosis, during which time he avidly read up on dramatic literature, and cultivated an interest in play writing. In 1914, he attended Professor George Pierce Baker's drama workshop at Harvard, where his career as a dramatist began. Since then, O'Neill had been wholly dedicated to the mission as a dramatist.

During all his career as a dramatist, O'Neill wrote and published about forty-nine plays altogether of various lengths. He gained some experience by writing some one-act melodramatic plays at first, including *Bound East for Cardiff* (1916), which describes the dying sailor Yank and his dream about the security and peace which could never exist. O'Neill's first full-length play, *Beyond the Horizon*, was produced in 1920 on Broadway. It made a great hit

and won him the first Pulitzer Prize. The theme of *Beyond the Horizon* is the choice between life and death, the interaction of subjective and objective factors, and this theme is dramatized more explicitly in *The Straw* (1921) and *Anna Christie* (1921). *Anna Christie* is more of a success because it deploys the developing complexity of O'Neill's personal vision, showing us that life is a closed circle of possibilities from which it is impossible to escape.

Between 1920 and 1924 came his prominent achievements in symbolic expressionism: *The Emperor Jones* (1920), *The Hairy Ape* (1922), *All God's Chillun Got Wings* (1924), and *Desire Under the Elms* (1924). These plays are daring forays into race relations, class conflicts, sexual bondage, social critiques, and American tragedies on the Greek model. What is more, the expressionistic techniques are used in these plays to highlight the theatrical effect of the rupture between the two sides of an individual human being, the private and the public. Built on the success of these expressionistic experimentations, O'Neill reached out to extend his mastery of the stage and worked up to the summit of his career. He concerned himself with some non-realistic forms to contain his tragic vision in a number of his plays, such as *The Great God Brown* (1926), which fuses symbolism, poetry, and the affirmation of a pagan idealism to show how materialistic civilization denies the life-giving impulses and destroys the genuine artist, and *Lazarus Laughed* (1927), which makes full use of the Bible, Greek choruses, Elizabethan tirades, expressionist masks, populous crowd scenes, and orchestrated laughter. With the winning of the third Pulitzer Prize for *Strange Interlude* (1928), which brings together a multitude of dramatic concerns, O'Neill consolidated his experience of two decades of play-writing and paved the way to the honor of the Nobel Prize in 1936.

Though O'Neill was on the whole silent during the thirties and

some of his works began to suffer from negative criticisms, he kept working hard in isolation at Tao House, his stately mansion in Danville, California, and produced the best and greatest plays of the modern American theater late in his life. *The Iceman Cometh* (1946) proves to be a masterpiece in the way it is a complex, ironic, deeply moving exploration of human existence, written out of a profound insight into human nature and constructed with tremendous skill and logic. *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (1956) is equally impressive. The play can be read autobiographically, since some parts of the story are fairly closely based on O'Neill's own family. However, like most great works of literature, the play reaches beyond its immediate subject, dedicated not only to the life of the American family, but also "to the life of Man, to Life itself." As a product of hard-won art, *Long Day's Journey Into Night* has gained its status as a world classic and simultaneously marks the climax of O'Neill's literary career and the coming of age of American drama. //

Of all the plays O'Neill wrote, most of them are tragedies, dealing with the basic issues of human existence and predicament: life and death, illusion and disillusion, alienation and communication, dream and reality, self and society, desire and frustration, etc. His characters in the plays are described as seeking meaning and purpose in their lives in different ways, some through love, some through religion, others through revenge, but all meet disappointment and despair. As a playwright, O'Neill himself was constantly wrestling with these issues and struggling with the perplexity about the truth of life. He was searching for an answer both psychologically and artistically, and his dramatic thought followed a tragic pattern running through all his plays, from a celebration and exaltation of "pipe dreams," the romantic dream so to speak, to the doubt about the reality of the dream or the inevitability of the defeat. So

his final dramas became "transcendental," in the way that the dramatization of man's effort in finding the secret of life results in a reconciliation with the tragic impossibility. //

O'Neill's inventiveness seemingly knew no limits. He was constantly experimenting with new styles and forms for his plays, especially during the twenties when Expressionism was in full swing. Once he used just a single actor, alone on the stage, in his one-act play. In those expressionistic plays, abstract and symbolic stage sets are used to set off against the emotional inner selves and subjective states of mind; lighting and music are employed to convey the changes of mood. As to his language, O'Neill frequently wrote the lines in dialect, or spelled words in ways which indicate a particular accent or manner of speech. This, sometimes, makes his plays difficult to read, but when they are spoken aloud, the sense becomes clear and the meaning is amplified by the accent.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Scene VIII of *The Hairy Ape*

(In the cramped forecabin of a transatlantic liner, Yank — brutal, stupid, and profane — is the recognized leader of the stokers, who are the ultimate products of a society subservient to machines. When Mildred Douglas, daughter of the ship's owner, makes a slumming visit to the Stockholm, she is shocked by the lurid atmosphere and faints at Yank's brutality. Yank is insulted and hurt. He now discovers that there is a world in which he does not belong, and "the Hairy Ape," as his friend Paddy calls him, becomes sullen and morose. He begins to think of his position. In New York on Easter Sunday, he swaggers in dirty work clothes up the Fifth Avenue, trying in vain to insult the aristocratic

strollers, who politely ignore him. Arrested, he is sent to Blackwell's Island, where the prisoners, misunderstanding his rebellion, advise him to join the IWW, a militant labor union. Thrown out of the hall where a group of self-conscious proletarians is meeting, Yank goes to the zoo to see the ape, the only creature with whom he can now feel kinship. When he sets the ape free, the beast crushes him to death.

This is a play that concerns the problem of modern man's identity. Yank's sense of belonging nowhere, hence homelessness and rootlessness, is typical of the mood of isolation and alienation in the early twentieth century in the United States and the whole world as well. The following is the last scene of the play, in which Yank wanders to a zoo at night and talks to a gorilla there, as if the beast were his only friend. In his sympathy, he opens the cage and liberates it, only to be killed by the real big hairy ape.)

Scene VIII

Twilight of the next day. The monkey house at the Zoo. One spot of clear gray light falls on the front of one cage so that the interior can be seen. The other cages are vague, shrouded in shadow from which the word "gorilla" stands out. The gigantic animal himself is seen squatting on his haunches on a bench in much the same attitude as Rodin's "Thinker." YANK enters from the left. Immediately a chorus of angry chattering and screeching breaks out. The gorilla turns his eyes but makes no sound or move.

YANK. (with a hard, bitter laugh) Welcome to your city, huh? Hail, hail, de gang's all here (1)! (At the sound of his voice the chattering dies away into an attentive silence. YANK walks up to the gorilla's cage and, leaning over the railing, stares in at its

occupant, who stares back at him, silent and motionless. There is a pause of dead stillness. Then YANK begins to talk in a friendly confidential tone, half-mockingly, but with a deep undercurrent of sympathy.) Say, yuh're hard-lookin' guy, ain't yuh? I seen lots of tough nuts(2) dat de gang called gorillas, but yuh're the foist real one I ever seen. Some chest yuh got, and shoulders, and dem arms and mits! I bet yuh got a punch in eider fist dat'd knock 'em all silly! (*This with genuine admiration. The gorilla, as if he understood, stands upright, swelling out his chest and pounding on it with his fist. YANK grins sympathetically.*) Sure, I get yuh. Yuh challenge de whole woild, huh? Yuh got what I was sayin' even if yuh muffed de woilds. (*then bitterness creeping in*) And why wouldn't yuh get me? Ain't we both members of de same club — de Hairy Apes? (*They stare at each other — a pause — then YANK goes on slowly and bitterly.*) So yuh're what she seen when she looked at me, (3) de white-faced tart! I was you to her, get me? On'y outa de cage — broke out — free to moider her, see? Sure! Dat's what she tought. She wasn't wise dat I was in a cage, too — worser'n yours — sure — a damn sight — 'cause you got some chanct to bust loose — but me — (*He grows confused.*) Aw, hell! It's all wrong, ain't it? (*a pause*) I s'pose yuh wanter know what I'm doin' here, huh? I been warmin' a bench down to de Battery — ever since last night. Sure. I seen de sun come up. Dat was pretty, too — all red and pink and green. I was lookin' at de skyscrapers — steel — and all de ships comin' in, sailin' out, all over de oith — and dey was steel, too. De sun was warm, dey wasn't no clouds, and dere was a breeze blowin'. Sure, it was great stuff. I got it aw right — what Paddy(4) said about dat bein' de right dope — on'y I couldn't get in it, see? I couldn't belong in dat. It was over my head. And I kept tinkin' — and den I beat it up here to see what

youse was like. And I waited till dey was all gone to git yuh alone. Say, how d'yuh feel sittin' in dat pen all de time(5), havin' to stand for 'em comin' and starin' at yuh — de white-faced, skinny tarts and de boobs (6) what marry 'em — makin' fun of yuh, laughin' at yuh, gittin' scared of yuh — damn 'em! (*He pounds on the rail with his fist. The gorilla rattles the bars of his cage and snarls. All the other monkeys set up an angry chattering in the darkness. YANK goes on excitedly.*) Sure! Dat's de way it hits me, too. On'y yuh're lucky, see? You don't belong wit 'em and yuh know it. But me, I belong wit 'em—but I don't, see? Dey don't belong wit me, dat's what. Get me? (7) Tinkin' is hard — (*He passes one hand across his forehead with a painful gesture. The gorilla growls impatiently. YANK goes on gropingly.*) It's dis way, what I'm drivin' at (8). Youse can sit and dope dream in de past, green woods, de jungle and de rest of it. Den yuh belong and dey don't. Den yuh kin laugh at 'em, see? Yuh're de champ of de woild. But me — I ain't got no past to tink in, nor nothin'dat's comin'! on'y what's now — and dat don't belong. Sure, you're de best off! (9) You can't tink, can yuh? Yuh can't talk neider. But I kin make a bluff at talkin' and tinkin'— a'most git away wit it — a'most! — and dat's where de joker comes in. (*He laughs.*) I ain't on oath and I ain't in heaven, get me? I'm in de middle tryin' to separate 'em, takin' all de woist punches from bot' of 'em. Maybe dat's what dey call hell, huh? But you, yuh're at de bottom. You belong! Sure! Yuh're de on'y one in de woild dat does, yuh lucky stiff! (*The gorilla growls proudly.*) And dat's why dey gotter put yuh in a cage, see? (*The gorilla roars angrily.*) Sure! Yuh get me. It beats it when you try to tink it or talk it — it's way down — deep — behind — you 'n' me we feel it. Sure! Bot' members of dis club! (*He laughs — then in a savage tone*) What de hell! T' hell wit it! A lit-

tle action, dat's our meat! Dat belongs! Knock 'em down and keep bustin' 'em till dey croaks yuh with a gat — wit steel! Sure! Are yuh game? (10) Dey've looked at youse, ain't dey — in a cage? Wanter get even? Wanter wind up(11) like a sport 'stead of croakin' slow in dere? (*The gorilla roars an emphatic affirmative. YANK goes on with a sort of furious exaltation.*) Sure! Yuh're reg'lar! Yuh'll stick to de finish! Me 'n' you, huh? — bot' members of dis club! We'll put up one last star bout dat'll knock 'em offen deir seats! Dey'll have to make de cages stronger after we're trou! (*The gorilla is straining at his bars, growling, hopping from one foot to the other. YANK takes a jimmy(12) from under his coat and forces the lock on the cage door. He throws this open.*) Pardon from de governor! Step out and shake hands. I'll take yuh for a walk down Fif' Avenoo(13). We'll knock 'em offen de oith and croak with de band playin'. Come on, Brother. (*The gorilla scrambles gingerly out of his cage. Goes to YANK and stands looking at him. YANK keeps his mocking tone — holds out his hand.*) Shake — de secret grip of our order. (*Something, the tone of mockery, perhaps, suddenly enrages the animal. With a spring he wraps his huge arms around YANK in a murderous hug. There is a cracking snap of crushed ribs — a gasping cry, still mocking, from YANK.*) Hey, I didn't say kiss me! (*The gorilla lets the crushed body slip to the floor; stands over it uncertainly, considering; then picks it up, throws it in the cage, shuts the door, and shuffles off menacingly into the darkness at left. A great uproar of frightened chattering and whimpering comes from the other cages. Then YANK moves, groaning, opening his eyes, and there is silence. He mutters painfully.*) Say — dey oughter match him — with Zybszko. He got me, aw right. I'm trou. Even him didn't tink I belonged. (*then, with sudden passionate despair*)

Christ(14), where do I get off at? Where do I fit in? (*checking himself as suddenly*) Aw, what de hell! No squawkin', see! No quittin', get me! Croak wit your boots on! (*He grabs hold of the bars of the cage and hauls himself painfully to his feet — looks around him bewilderedly — forces a mocking laugh.*) In de cage, huh? (*in the strident tones of a circus barker* (15)) Ladies and gents, step forward and take a slant at de one and only — (*his voice weakening*) — one and original — Hairy Ape from de wilds of — (*He slips in a heap on the floor and dies. The monkeys set up a chattering, whimpering wail. And, perhaps, the Hairy Ape at last belongs.*)

(CURTAIN)

1922

Notes:

- (1) de gang's all here: "de" is a non-standard form of "the." In this play O'Neill intentionally wrote the lines of Yank in dialect to show his social and economical status as an uneducated coal stoker. Many other examples could be found in this selection, for instance, "dat" for that, "ain't" for aren't, "tought" for thought, "tryin'" for trying, etc.
- (2) lots of tough nuts: lots of hardworking guys who seem brave and interested in what they are doing.
- (3) So yuh're what she seen when she looked at me: "she" refers to Mildred Douglas in the play, a daughter of a wealthy man. She is frightened by Yank's brutality and faints at his sight.
- (4) Paddy: Yank's friend, a coal stoker also.
- (5) in dat pen all de time: "pen" is a small piece of enclosed land used for keeping animals. Here it refers to the cage in which the gorillas are imprisoned.
- (6) skinny tarts and de boobs: "tarts" here is a slang word for a girl or woman regarded as sexually immoral, and "boobs" is used informally as a reference

to a woman's breasts.

(7) Get me? : a colloquialism meaning "Did you know what I mean?"

(8) what I'm drivin' at; what I am trying to tell you.

(9) Sure, you're de best off; "best off" is the superlative of "well off," meaning "lucky" here. Compared with the gorilla in the cage, Yank thinks the irrational animal is much luckier than he is.

(10) Are yuh game: Are you here to interest or entertain people? The undertone here is that you are game, aren't you and since you are a kind of game or sport, the purpose of which is to make people play, have fun, then why not just come out of the confinement and play actively, be like a real sport.

(11) wind up : cause one to be finished.

(12) jimmy; a short crowbar, which can be used to force open a door or window.

(13) Fif' Avenoo; the Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, New York, well known as a residential area of the rich and the celebrities.

(14) Christ; Jesus Christ, God in the Bible for Christians. Here it is used the same way as interjections of "My God," or "Gee," to express Yank's surprise.

(15) a circus barker: a person who stands before a theater, a circus, etc., calling out to the passers-by to enter or to watch the show.

IV . F. Scott Fitzgerald

Francis Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940) was a most representative figure of the 1920s, who was mirror of the exciting age in almost every way. An active participant of his age, he never failed to remain detached and foresee the failure and tragedy of the "Dollar Decade." Thus he is often acclaimed literary spokesman of the Jazz Age. 1.17/10

F. Scott Fitzgerald was born in St. Paul, Minnesota on September 24, 1896. In his childhood, he admired his gentlemanly father who retained his upper-class manners despite numerous com-

mercial failures, but was always a little sensitive to the poor Irish beginnings on his mother's side. The legacy from his grandfather provided him with an expensive education in private schools at Princeton. But due to illness and neglect of academic study, he left the university in 1917 without graduation. Then he accepted an army commission and spent fifteen months of service in the southern state of Alabama.

Fitzgerald learnt to exploit his literary talent very early in his life. A juvenile as he was, he wrote short stories to magazines and produced plays for public performance. In 1920, his first novel *This Side of Paradise* was published, which was, to some extent, his own story. The novel was so successful that it won for him not only wealth and fame, but also the expensive prize of Zelda Sayre, the beautiful, light-hearted daughter of a prominent judge. Zelda exerted a strong influence on Fitzgerald so far as his literary career as well as his personal life is concerned. She has been regarded as the prototype of a series of rich, beautiful women who figure so prominently in his fiction. After marriage the young couple frequently went abroad and lived extravagantly a luxurious life. To keep earning enough money, Fitzgerald wrote short stories and novels at a rapid speed. His second novel, *The Beautiful and Damned*, coming out in 1922, increased his popularity. Following a similar theme seen in *This Side of Paradise*, it portrays the emotional and spiritual collapse of a wealthy young man during an unstable marriage. The couple in the novel were undoubtedly modeled after Fitzgerald himself and Zelda. It was a sort of first attempt at writing his masterpiece *The Great Gatsby* (1925), which made him one of the greatest American novelists. Afterwards, Fitzgerald wrote one more important novel *Tender is the Night* (1934), in which he traces the decline of a young American psychiatrist whose marriage to a beautiful

and wealthy patient drains his personal energies and corrodes his professional career. The 1930s brought relentless decline for Fitzgerald with a series of misfortunes; his reputation declined, his wealth fell, his health failed, and what's more, Zelda had suffered from some serious mental breakdowns which confined her in a sanitarium for the rest of her life. Alcoholism, loneliness and despair combined to ruin him. He died in 1940 of a heart attack, leaving his last novel *The Last Tycoon* unfinished.

Fitzgerald was thought of in his day as a short-story writer, too. His short-story collections won him great popularity, such as *Flappers and Philosophers* (1921), *Tales of the Jazz Age* (1922), *All the Sad Young Men* (1926) and *Taps at Reville* (1935). One of his best short stories is "Babylon Revisited," which depicts an American's return to Paris in the 1930s and his regretful realization that the past is beyond his reach, since he can neither alter it nor make any amends.

Most critics have agreed that Fitzgerald is both an insider and an outsider of the Jazz Age with a double vision. He lived in his great moments and joined the big party in the 1920s, partaking of the wealth, frivolity, temptations of the time, while reproducing the drama of the age by standing aloof and keeping a cold eye on the performance of his contemporaries. He drank and did crazy things after he got drunk, whereas staying sober enough to see the corruptive nature of the society and the vanity fair that everyone, including himself, was infatuated with. This doubleness or irony is one of the distinguishing marks as a writer and helps Fitzgerald to present a panorama of the Jazz Age with a deep insight.

Fitzgerald's fictional world is the best embodiment of the spirit of the Jazz Age, in which he shows a particular interest in the upper-class society, especially the upper-class young people. Young

men and women in the 1920s had a sense of reckless confidence not only about money but about life in general. Since they grew up with the notion that the world would improve without their help, they felt excused from seeking the common good. Plunging into their personal adventures, engaging themselves in casual sex and heavy drinking, they took risks that did not impress them as being risks, and they spent money extravagantly and enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. (But beneath their masks of relaxation and joviality there was only sterility, meaninglessness and futility, and amid the grandeur and extravagance a spiritual wasteland and a hint of decadence and moral decay. This undeniable juxtaposition of appearance with reality, of the pretense of gaiety with the tension underneath, is easily recognizable in Fitzgerald's novels and stories.)

(Fitzgerald never spared an intimate touch in his fiction to deal with the bankruptcy of the American Dream, which is highlighted by the disillusionment of the protagonists' personal dreams due to the clashes between their romantic vision of life and the sordid reality.) A great number of his stories started with the basic situation in which a rising young man of the middle class is in love with the daughter of a very rich family. The young man is not attracted by the fortune in itself; he is not seeking money so much as what money can bring to him; and he loves the girl not so much as he loves what the girl symbolizes. Money is only a convenient and inadequate symbol for what he dreams of earning, and love merely a vehicle that can transport him to a magic world of eternal happiness. The man's real dream, as Malcolm Cowley suggested, is that of achieving a new status and a new essence, of rising to a loftier place in the mysterious hierarchy of human worth. That is why Daisy Buchanan seems so charming to Gatsby and that is why Gatsby has directed his whole life to winning back her love. Although the protagonist's pur-

suit of his dream only proves to be futile since what he seeks is nothing but an illusion, and even a nightmare in some cases, Fitzgerald does not negate the affirmative role the "magic moments" play, which attend the hope and expectations of eternal happiness. //

Fitzgerald is a great stylist in American literature. His style, closely related to his themes, is explicit and chilly. His accurate dialogues, his careful observation of mannerism, styles, models and attitudes provide the reader with a vivid sense of reality. He follows the Jamesian tradition in using the scenic method in his chapters, each one of which consists of one or more dramatic scenes, sometimes with intervening passages of narration, leaving the tedious process of transition to the readers' imagination. He also skillfully employs the device of having events observed by a "central consciousness" to his great advantage. The accurate details, the completely original diction and metaphors, the bold impressionistic and colorful quality have all proved his consummate artistry.

Selected Reading:

An Excerpt from Chapter III of *The Great Gatsby*

(The Great Gatsby is a novel that is set against the ending of the war. Nick Carraway, the narrator of the story, is a young Midwesterner who sells bonds in New York. He lives at West Egg, Long Island, which is separated from the city by an ash-dump. The distinctive feature about this ash-dump is an oculist's faded billboard with a pair of great staring eyes behind yellow spectacles, symbolic of an obscenely futile world. Nick's neighbor is Jay Gatsby, who is a mysterious man, whose mansion and fabulous entertainments are financed by bootlegging and other criminal activities. When he was a poor army lieutenant, Gatsby had fallen in

love with Daisy, Nick's beautiful cousin, but later Daisy married Tom Buchanan, who is wealthy but unintelligent and brutal. Gatsby manages to meet Daisy again with the help of Nick and tries to win her back with his extravagant devotion. Meanwhile Daisy's husband takes another woman, Myrtle Wilson, as his mistress. When Mr. Wilson, the garageman, becomes jealous and imprisons her in her room, Myrtle escapes, runs out on the highway, and is accidentally hit by Daisy, who drives the car at that moment. Gatsby tries to protect Daisy, and Tom, to whom Daisy has become reconciled, tells Mr. Wilson out of an hatred of his rival that it was Gatsby who killed his wife. Wilson shoots Gatsby and then himself. At the end of the story, Nick broods over Gatsby's dream and decides to go back home to the West.

17/10
A masterpiece in American literature, The Great Gatsby evokes a haunting mood of a glamorous, wild time that seemingly will never come again. Besides, the loss of an ideal and the disillusionment that comes with the failure are exploited fully in the personal tragedy of a young man whose "incorruptible dream" is "smashed into pieces by the relentless reality." (Gatsby is a mythical figure whose intensity of dream partakes of a state of mind that embodies America itself; Gatsby is the last of the romantic heroes, whose energy and sense of commitment takes him in search of his personal grail; Gatsby's failure magnifies to a great extent the end of the American Dream.) However, the affirmation of hope and expectation is self-asserted in Fitzgerald's artistic manipulation of the central symbol in the novel, the green light.

(The following excerpt is from the third chapter of the novel, in which a wonderful description of Gatsby's party evokes both the romance and the sadness of that strange and fascinating era which we call the twenties.)

Chapter III

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun (1) on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound (2), drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce (3) became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug (4) to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York — every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corp of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden (5). On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre (6), spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs (7) and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold (8). In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too

young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair(9), but a whole pitful of (10) oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing up-stairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive (11), and already the halls and salons and verandahs are gaudy with primary colors, and hair shorn in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile (12). The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, (13) until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music(14), and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality(15), tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco(16), dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the *Follies* (17).

The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited—they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with an amusement park. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's-egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer: the honor would be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party" that night. He had seen me several times, and had intended to call on me long before, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it — signed Jay Gatsby, in a majestic hand (18).

Dressed up in white flannels, I went over to his lawn a little after seven, and wandered around rather ill at ease among swirls and eddies of people I didn't know — though here and there was a face I had noticed on the commuting train. I was immediately struck by the number of young Englishmen dotted about; all well dressed, all looking a little hungry, and all talking in low, earnest voices to solid and prosperous Americans. I was sure that they were selling something: bonds or insurance or automobiles. They were at least agonizingly aware of the easy money in the vicinity (19) and convinced that it was theirs for a few words in the right key (20).

As soon as I arrived I made an attempt to find my host, but the two or three people of whom I asked his whereabouts stared at me in such an amazed way, and denied so vehemently any knowledge of

his movements, that I slunk off in the direction of the cocktail table — the only place in the garden where a single man could linger without looking purposeless and alone.

I was on my way to get roaring drunk from sheer embarrassment when Jordan Baker came out of the house and stood at the head of the marble steps, leaning a little backward and looking with contemptuous interest down into the garden.

Welcome or not, I found it necessary to attach myself to some one before I should begin to address cordial remarks to the passers-by.

"Hello!" I roared, advancing toward her. My voice seemed unnaturally loud across the garden.

"I thought you might be here," she responded absently as I came up. "I remembered you lived next door to —"

She held my hand impersonally, as a promise that she'd take care of me in a minute, and gave ear to two girls in twin yellow dresses, who stopped at the foot of the steps.

"Hello!" they cried together. "Sorry you didn't win."

That was for the golf tournament. She had lost in the finals the week before.

"You don't know who we are," said one of the girls in yellow, "but we met you here about a month ago."

"You've dyed your hair since then," remarked Jordan, and I started, but the girls had moved casually on and her remark was addressed to the premature moon, produced like the supper, no doubt, out of a caterer's basket. With Jordan's slender golden arm resting in mine, we descended the steps and sauntered about the garden. A tray of cocktails floated at us through the twilight, and we sat down at a table with the two girls in yellow and three men, each one introduced to us as Mr. Mumble.

"Do you come to these parties often?" inquired Jordan of the girl beside her.

"The last one was the one I met you at," answered the girl, in an alert confident voice. She turned to her companion: "Wasn't it for you, Lucille?"

It was for Lucille, too.

"I like to come," Lucille said. "I never care what I do, so I always have a good time. When I was here last I tore my gown on a chair, and he asked me my name and address — inside of a week (21) I got a package from Croirier's with a new evening gown in it."

"Did you keep it?" asked Jordan.

"Sure I did. I was going to wear it tonight, but it was too big in the bust and had to be altered. It was gas blue with lavender beads. Two hundred and sixty-five dollars."

"There's something funny about a fellow that'll do a thing like that," said the other girl eagerly. "He doesn't want any trouble with *anybody*."

"Who doesn't?" I inquired.

"Gatsby. Somebody told me—"

The two girls and Jordan leaned together confidentially.

"Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once."

A thrill passed over all of us. The three Mr. Mumbles bent forward and listened eagerly.

"I don't think it's so much *that*," argued Lucille sceptically; "it's more that he was a German spy during the war."

One of the men nodded in confirmation.

"I heard that from a man who knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany," he assured us positively.

"Oh, no," said the first girl, "it couldn't be that, because he

was in the American army during the war." As our credulity switched back to her she leaned forward with enthusiasm. "You look at him sometimes when he thinks nobody's looking at him. I'll bet he killed a man."

She narrowed her eyes and shivered. Lucille shivered. We all turned and looked around for Gatsby. It was testimony to the romantic speculation he inspired that there were whispers about him from those who had found little that it was necessary to whisper about in this world.

The first supper — there would be another one after midnight — was now being served, and Jordan invited me to join her own party, who were spread around a table on the other side of the garden. There were three married couples and Jordan's escort, a persistent undergraduate given to violent innuendo, and obviously under the impression that sooner or later Jordan was going to yield him up her person(22) to a greater or lesser degree. Instead of rambling, this party had preserved a dignified homogeneity (23), and assumed to itself the function of representing the staid nobility of the countryside — East Egg (24) condescending to West Egg, and carefully on guard against its spectroscopic gayety.

"Let's get out," whispered Jordan, after a somehow wasteful and inappropriate half-hour; "this is much too polite for me."

We got up, and she explained that we were going to find the host: I had never met him, she said, and it was making me uneasy. The undergraduate nodded in a cynical, melancholy way.

The bar, where we glanced first, was crowded, but Gatsby was not there. She couldn't find him from the top of the steps, and he wasn't on the verandah. On a chance we tried an important-looking door, and walked into a high Gothic(25) library, paneled with carved English oak, and probably transported complete from

some ruin overseas.

A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a great table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books. As we entered he wheeled excitedly around and examined Jordan from head to foot.

"What do you think?" he demanded impetuously.

"About what?"

He waved his hand toward the book-shelves.

"About that. As a matter of fact you needn't bother to ascertain. I ascertained. They're real."

"The books?"

He nodded.

"Absolutely real — have pages and everything. I thought they'd be a nice durable cardboard. Matter of fact, they're absolutely real. Pages and — Here! Lemme show you."

Taking our skepticism for granted, he rushed to the bookcases and returned with Volume One of the "Stoddard Lectures."

"See!" he cried triumphantly. "It's a bona-fide (26) piece of printed matter. It fooled me. This fella's (27) a regular Belasco (28). It's a triumph. What thoroughness! What realism! Knew when to stop, too — didn't cut the pages. But what do you want? What do you expect?"

He snatched the book from me and replaced it hastily on its shelf, muttering that if one brick was removed the whole library was liable to collapse.

"Who brought you?" he demanded. "Or did you just come? I was brought. Most people were brought."

Jordan looked at him alertly, cheerfully, without answering.

"I was brought by a woman named Roosevelt," he continued.

"Mrs. Claude Roosevelt. Do you know her? I met her somewhere

last night. I've been drunk for about a week now, and I thought it might sober me up to sit in a library."

"Has it?"

"A little bit, I think. I can't tell yet. I've only been here an hour. Did I tell you about the books? They're real. They're —"

"You told us."

We shook hands with him gravely and went back outdoors.

There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden; old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably, and keeping in the corners — and a great number of single girls dancing individualistically or relieving the orchestra for a moment of the burden of the banjo or the traps(29). By midnight the hilarity had increased. A celebrated tenor had sung in Italian, and a notorious contralto(30) had sung in jazz, and between the numbers people were doing "stunts" all over the garden, while happy, vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky. A pair of stage twins, who turned out to be the girls in yellow, did a baby act in costume, and champagne was served in glasses bigger than finger-bowls. The moon had risen higher, and floating in the Sound was a triangle of silver scales, trembling a little to the stiff, tinny drip of the banjos on the lawn.

I was still with Jordan Baker. We were sitting at a table with a man of about my age and a rowdy little girl, who gave way upon the slightest provocation to uncontrollable laughter. I was enjoying myself now. I had taken two finger-bowls of champagne, and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental, and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the man looked at me and smiled.

"Your face is familiar," he said, politely. "Weren't you in the

Third Division during the war?"

"Why, yes. I was in the ninth machine-gun battalion."

"I was in the Seventh Infantry until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before."

We talked for a moment about some wet, gray little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning.

"Want to go with me, old sport(31)? Just near the shore along the Sound."

"What time?"

"Any time that suits you best."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

"Having a gay time now?" she inquired.

"Much better." I turned again to my new acquaintance. "This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there —" I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, "and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation."

For a moment he looked at me as if he failed to understand.

"I'm Gatsby," he said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

He smiled understandingly — much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced — or seemed to face — the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on *you* with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just as far as you wanted to be under-

stood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished — and I was looking at an elegant young roughneck (32), a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself, a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," he urged me. "Excuse me. I will rejoin you later."

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan—constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

"Who is he?" I demanded. "Do you know?"

"He's just a man named Gatsby."

"Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?"

"Now *you're* started on the subject," she answered with a wan smile. "Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man."

A dim background started to take shape behind him, but at her next remark it faded away.

"However, I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she insisted, "I just don't think he went there."

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girl's "I think he killed a man," and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby

sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't — at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't — drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

"Anyhow, he gives large parties," said Jordan, changing the subject with an urban distaste for the concrete. "And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy."

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the echolalia(33) of the garden.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried. "At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff's latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers, you know there was a big sensation." He smiled with jovial condescension, and added: "Some sensation!" Whereupon everybody laughed.

"The piece is known," he concluded lustily, "as Vladimir Tostoff's *Jazz History of the World*."

"The nature of Mr. Tostoff's composition eluded me, because just as it began my eyes fell on Gatsby, standing alone on the marble steps and looking from one group to another with approving eyes. His tanned skin was drawn attractively tight on his face and his short hair looked as though it were trimmed every day. I could see nothing sinister about him. I wondered if the fact that he was not drinking helped to set him off from his guests, for it seemed to me that he grew more correct as the fraternal hilarity (34) increased. When the *Jazz History of the World* was over, girls were putting their heads on men's shoulders in a puppyish, convivial way (35), girls were swooning backward playfully into men's arms, even into

groups, knowing that someone would arrest their falls — but no one swooned backward on Gatsby, and no French bob (36) touched Gatsby's shoulder, and no singing quartets were formed with Gatsby's head for one link.

"I beg your pardon."

Gatsby's butler was suddenly standing beside us.

"Miss Baker?" he inquired. "I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone."

"With me?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, Madame."

She got up slowly, raising her eyebrows at me in astonishment, and followed the butler toward the house. I noticed that she wore her evening-dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes — there was a jauntiness about her movements as if she had first learned to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

I was alone and it was almost two. For some time confused and intriguing sounds had issued from a long, many-windowed room which overhung the terrace. Eluding Jordan's undergraduate, who was now engaged in an obstetrical conversation with two chorus girls, and who implored me to join him, I went inside.

The large room was full of people. One of the girls in yellow was playing the piano, and beside her stood a tall, red-haired young lady from a famous chorus, engaged in song. She had drunk a quantity of champagne, and during the course of her song she had decided, ineptly, that everything was very, very sad — she was not only singing, she was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song she filled it with gasping, broken sobs, and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano (37). The tears coursed down her cheeks — not freely, however, for when they came into contact with her heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and

pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets. A humorous suggestion was made that she sing the notes on her face (38), whereupon she threw up her hands, sank into a chair, and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

"She had a fight with a man who says he's her husband," explained a girl at my elbow.

I looked around. Most of the remaining women were now having fights with men said to be their husbands. Even Jordan's party, the quartet from East Egg, were rent asunder by dissension. One of the men was talking with curious intensity to a young actress, and his wife, after attempting to laugh at the situation in a dignified and indifferent way, broke down entirely and resorted to flank attacks — at intervals she appeared suddenly at his side like an angry diamond, and hissed: "You promised!" into his ear.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward men. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober men and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever he sees I'm having a good time he wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"So are we."

"Well, we're almost the last tonight," said one of the men sheepishly. "The orchestra left half an hour ago."

In spite of this wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted, kicking, into the night.

As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library opened and Jordan Baker and Gatsby came out together. He was saying

some last word to her, but the eagerness in his manner tightened abruptly into formality as several people approached him to say good-by.

Jordan's party were calling impatiently to her from the porch, but she lingered for a moment to shake hands.

"I've just heard the most amazing thing," she whispered. "How long were we in there?"

"Why, about an hour."

"It was . . . simply amazing," she repeated abstractedly. "But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you (39)." She yawned gracefully in my face. "Please come and see me . . . Phone book . . . Under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard . . . My aunt . . ." She was hurrying off as she talked — her brown hand waved a jaunty salute as she melted into her party at the door.

Rather ashamed that on my first appearance I had stayed so late, I joined the last of Gatsby's guests, who were clustered around him. I wanted to explain that I'd hunted for him early in the evening and to apologize for not having known him in the garden.

"Don't mention it," he enjoined me eagerly. "Don't give it another thought, old sport." The familiar expression held no more familiarity than the hand which reassuringly brushed my shoulder. "And don't forget we're going up in the hydroplane tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock."

Then the butler, behind his shoulder:

"Philadelphia wants you on the 'phone, sir."

"All right, in a minute. Tell them I'll be right there . . . Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night." He smiled — and suddenly there seemed to be a pleasant significance in having been among the last to go, as if he

had desired it all the time. "Good night, old sport . . . Good night."

...

The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo (40) and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

...

Notes:

- (1) taking the sun: taking a sunbath.
- (2) the Sound: Long Island. Sound: a narrow finger of the Atlantic Ocean between Long Island and the state of Connecticut on the mainland, just east of New York City.
- (3) Rolls-Royce: a very expensive and extravagant brand of automobile made in Britain.
- (4) scampered like a brisk yellow bug: ran quickly like a small brisk yellow insect.
- (5) make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden: make Gatsby's big garden look like a Christmas tree, decorated with colored lights or candles.
- (6) hors-d'oeuvre: (French) small dishes served with cocktails or before a meal.
- (7) harlequin designs: diamond-shaped designs of contrasting colors.
- (8) bewitched to a dark gold: baked to a dark golden color as if by magic.
- (9) no thin five-piece affair: not a small band composed of only five musical instruments.
- (10) a whole pitful of: full of; the pit is the place where the musicians sit, usually in front of the stage.
- (11) parked five deep in the drive: parked in five rows on a level in the private road.

- (12) Castile: an area in Spain, famous for its lace and embroidered shawls.
- (13) The bar is... the garden outside: The bar is running at its highest speed and the servants carry the trays of liquor to the guests in all parts of the garden outside.
- (14) yellow music: music designed in a sensational way.
- (15) spilled with prodigality: run out of the container in a wasteful manner like liquor.
- (16) like Frisco: (slang) rapidly and vigorously; Frisco: a short form for San Francisco.
- (17) the *Follies*: the Ziegfeld Follies, a satirical musical show produced by Florence Ziegfeld, very popular in the 1920's. Gilda Gray was one of its famous stars.
- (18) majestic hand: bold handwriting.
- (19) They were at least... in the vicinity: The Englishmen realized that they could make money easily from the rich Americans at the party.
- (20) in the right key: in a proper way.
- (21) inside of a week: within a week.
- (22) yield him up her person: give up to him sexually.
- (23) homogeneity: group made up of the same kind of people.
- (24) East Egg: a place where the upper-class Americans live; Gatsby lives in West Egg.
- (25) Gothic: a style of architecture common in Western Europe in the 12th to 16th centuries, characterized by great height, pointed arches, rib vaulting, clusters of columns, etc.
- (26) bona-fide: (Latin) genuine.
- (27) This fella's ... : This fellow is...
- (28) Belasco: David Belasco (1853-1931), American theatrical producer, manager and writer, known for his minutely detailed and spectacular stage settings.
- (29) traps: percussion instruments of a dance band.
- (30) contralto: woman singer with a lowest voice.
- (31) old sport: (slang) a friendly casual address to a person at any age.
- (32) roughneck: (colloq) rough person.

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- (33) echolalia: the often pathological repetition of others' words like an echo.
- (34) fraternal hilarity: noisy merriment among brothers.
- (35) in a puppyish, convivial way: in a playful and merry-making way.
- (36) French bob: a fashionable female hair style at that time.
- (37) in a quavering soprano: in the highest, shaking singing voice.
- (38) she sing the notes on her face: her eye make-up mixed with tears leaves stains on her face, like musical notes.
- (39) tantalizing you: making you feel hopeful and excited, and then not allowing you to have what you want.
- (40) The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo: The noise made by horns like cat's howling cry had reached a climax.

V . Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961), a Nobel Prize winner for literature, is one of the greatest American writers. His style, the particular type of hero in his novels, and his life attitudes have been widely recognized and imitated, not only in English-speaking countries but all over the world.

Hemingway was a myth in his own time and his life was colorful. He was born Ernest Miller Hemingway in Oak Park, Illinois, son of a successful physician. Hemingway was a good son in the sense that he complied with his parents' expectations. He made good grades in school; he wrote for the school paper and literary magazines; he participated in sports. And Hemingway often went hunting and fishing with his father or his friends on the lake near Charlevoix, Michigan, which provided him with materials that he drew on for some of his best writing. However, he was not comfortable with the polite, effete, but curiously materialistic culture of his time. After high school, he left home for Kansas City and worked as a reporter. During World War I he served as an honorable junior of-

15.10
hunting gun
ficer in the American Red Cross Ambulance Corps and in 1918 was severely wounded in both legs. After the war, he went to Paris as a foreign reporter, employed by The Toronto Star. Influenced and guided by Sherwood Anderson, Stephen Crane and Gertrude Stein, he became a writer and began to attract attention. Later he actively participated in the Spanish Civil War and World War II. In 1954, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. In 1961, in ill health, anxiety and deep depression, Hemingway shot himself with a hunting gun.

Greatly and permanently affected by the war experiences, Hemingway formed his own writing style, together with his theme and hero. In Our Time (1925) is the first book to present a Hemingway hero — Nick Adams. It was truly the start of everything that he was going to do. The great part of the book traces in separate, but thematically related, short stories the growth of a young man called Nick Adams from his childhood in the Michigan woods to his return as a war veteran. Exposed to and victimized by violence in various forms, Nick becomes the prototype of the wounded hero who, with all the dignity and courage he could muster, confronts situations which are not of his own choosing yet threaten his destruction. Also in this book, Hemingway sought to endow prose with the density of poetry, making each image, each scene, and each rendered act serve several purposes.

The Sun Also Rises (1926) is Hemingway's first true novel. It casts light on a whole generation after the First World War and the effects of the war by way of a vivid portrait of "The Lost Generation," a group of young Americans who left their native land and fought in the war and later engaged themselves in writing in a new way about their own experiences. The young expatriates in this novel are a group of wandering, amusing, but aimless people, who are

caught in the war and removed from the path of ordinary life. In this novel the Hemingway Code hero is exemplified in different versions. ||

Hemingway's second big success is A Farewell to Arms (1929), which wrote the epitaph to a decade and to the whole generation in the 1920s in telling us a story about the tragic love affair of a wounded American soldier with a British nurse. Frederick Henry represents the experience of a whole nation, who is wounded in war and disillusioned with the insanity and futility of the universe. He deserts the army and flees with Catherine to Switzerland, where they believe they could find some peace by disengaging themselves from society so as to concentrate on the intensity of their emotional life. But what they share, instead, is the sense of doom. In this novel, Hemingway not only emphasizes his belief that man is trapped both physically and mentally, but goes to some lengths to refute the idea of nature as an expression of either God's design or his beneficence and to suggest that man is doomed to be entrapped. ||

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940) and *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952) tell more about the later Hemingway. For Whom the Bell Tolls clearly represents a new beginning in Hemingway's career as a writer, which concerns a volunteer American guerrilla Robert Jordan fighting in the Spanish Civil War. Although fully aware of the doomed failure of his struggle, he keeps on striving because it is a cause of freedom and democracy. In the end, the manner of his dying convinces people that life is worth living and there are causes worth dying for. *The Old Man and the Sea* is a triumph, a tender fulfillment of the affirmative attitude that makes its first successful appearance in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Capping his career and leading to his receipt of the Nobel Prize, this short novel is about an old Cuban fisherman Santiago and his losing battle with a giant mar-

lin. In a tragic sense, it is a representation of life as a struggle against unconquerable natural forces in which only a partial victory is possible. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of great respect for the struggle and mankind. ||

Other works by Hemingway contribute to his success as a major literary figure in the twentieth century, too. Men Without Women (1927) is a collection of short stories, the best of which are "The Undeclared," "The Killers," and "Fifty Grand," known for the Hemingway hero of athletic prowess and masculinity and unyielding heroism. In Death in the Afternoon (1932) Hemingway presents his philosophy about life and death through the depiction of the bullfight as a kind of microcosmic tragedy. The Green Hills of Africa (1935) is about how the writer can survive against the threats to his talents of genteel traditions in America: success, money, and domestic entanglements; The Snows of Kilimanjaro (1936) tells a brilliant short story about a mortally wounded American writer who attempts to redeem his imagination from the corrosions of wealth and domestic strife. To Have and Have Not (1937) is one of many to show Hemingway's characteristic pattern of a lonely individual struggling against nature and the environment. ||

Hemingway's world is limited. He deals with a limited range of characters in quite similar circumstances and measures them against an unvarying code, known as "grace under pressure," which is actually an attitude towards life that Hemingway had been trying to demonstrate in his works. Those who survive in the process of seeking to master the code with the honesty, the discipline, and the restraint are Hemingway Code heroes. In the general situation of his novels, life is full of tension and battles; the world is in chaos; man is always fighting desperately a losing battle. However, though life is but a losing battle, it is a struggle man can dominate in such a

way that loss becomes dignity; man can be physically destroyed but never defeated spiritually. Obviously, Hemingway's limited fictional world implies a much broader thematic pattern and serious philosophical concern. And this concern, closely connected with the code, even has the resonance that has come to mark his prose style. Hemingway himself once said, "The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water."

○ Typical of this "iceberg" analogy is Hemingway's style, which he had been trying hard to get. According to Hemingway, good literary writing should be able to make readers feel the emotion of the characters directly and the best way to produce the effect is to set down exactly every particular kind of feeling without any authorial comments, without conventionally emotive language, and with a bare minimum of adjectives and adverbs. Seemingly simple and natural, Hemingway's style is actually polished and tightly controlled, but highly suggestive and connotative. While rendering vividly the outward physical events and sensations Hemingway expresses the meaning of the story and conveys the complex emotions of his characters with a considerable range and astonishing intensity of feeling. Besides, Hemingway develops the style of colloquialism initiated by Mark Twain. The accents and mannerisms of human speech are so well presented that the characters are full of flesh and blood and the use of short, simple and conventional words and sentences has an effect of clearness, terseness and great care. This ruthless economy in his writing stands as a striking application of Mies van der Rohe's architectural maxim: "Less is more." No wonder Hemingway was highly praised by the Nobel Prize Committee for "his powerful style-forming mastery of the art" of creating modern fiction.

Selected Reading:

Indian Camp

(The following is one of the fourteen short stories collected under the title of In Our Time. The title indicates that the material is contemporary and to some extent, representative of the early twentieth-century experience. A reference to the well-known phrase from the Book of Common Prayer: "Give us peace in our time, O Lord," the title is very ironic because there is no peace at all in the stories. The book, arranged in a chronological order, introduces readers to Nick Adams from his childhood to adolescence and manhood. A large part of the volume is devoted to a carefully planned account of Nick's character.)

The first and the typical of the seven Nick stories is "Indian Camp." Nick watches his father deliver an Indian woman of a baby by Caesarian section, with a jack-knife and without anesthesia. This incident brings the boy into contact with something that is perplexing and unpleasant, and is actually Nick's initiation into the pain and violence of birth and death. In the later stories, Nick is wounded. The wound is a symbol and the climax for a process of the development of the character of Hemingway Hero; it is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disgrace. Most of Hemingway's later works are merely variations of the Nick Adams stories in In Our Time.)

At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up (1).
The two Indians stood waiting.

Nick and his father got in the stern of the boat and the Indians shoved it off and one of them got in to row. Uncle George sat in the stern of the camp rowboat. The young Indian shoved the camp boat

off and got in to row Uncle George.

The two boats started off in the dark. Nick heard the oarlocks of the other boat quite a way ahead of them in the mist. The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes. (2) Nick lay back with his father's arm around him. It was cold on the water. The Indian who was rowing them was working very hard, but the other boat moved further ahead in the mist all the time.

"Where are we going, Dad ? " Nick asked.

"Over to the Indian camp. There is an Indian lady very sick."

" Oh," said Nick.

Across the bay they found the other boat beached. Uncle George was smoking a cigar in the dark. The young Indian pulled the boat way up on the beach. Uncle George gave both the Indians cigars.

They walked up from the beach through a meadow that was soaking wet (3) with dew, following the young Indian who carried a lantern. Then they went into the woods and followed a trail that led to the logging road that ran back into the hills. It was much lighter on the logging road as the timber was cut away on both sides. The young Indian stopped and blew out his lantern and they all walked on along the road.

They came around a bend (4) and a dog came out barking. Ahead were the lights of the shanties (5) where the Indian barkpeelers (6) lived. More dogs rushed out at them. The two Indians sent them back to the shanties. In the shanty nearest the road there was a light in the window. An old woman stood in the doorway holding a lamp.

Inside on a wooden bunk (7) lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road

to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. (8) She screamed just as Nick and the two Indians followed his father and Uncle George into the shanty. She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an ax three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.

Nick's father ordered some water to be put on the stove, and while it was heating he spoke to Nick.

"This lady is going to have a baby, Nick," he said.

"I know," said Nick.

"You don't know," said his father. "Listen to me. What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams."

"I see," Nick said.

Just then the woman cried out.

"Oh, Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?" asked Nick.

"No. I haven't any anaesthetic(9)," his father said. "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important."

The husband in the upper bunk rolled over against the wall.

The woman in the kitchen motioned to the doctor that the water was hot. Nick's father went into the kitchen and poured about half of the water out of the big kettle into a basin. Into the water left in the kettle he put several things he unwrapped from a handkerchief.

"Those must boil," he said, and began to scrub his hands in the basin of hot water with a cake of soap he had brought from the

camp. Nick watched his father's hands scrubbing each other with the soap. While his father washed his hands very carefully and thoroughly, he talked.

"You see, Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first but sometimes they're not. When they're not they make a lot of trouble for everybody. Maybe I'll have to operate on this lady. We'll know in a little while."

When he was satisfied with his hands he went in and went to work.

"Pull back that quilt, will you, George?" he said. "I'd rather not touch it."

Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, "Damn squaw (10) bitch!" and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him. Nick held the basin for his father. It all took a long time.

His father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman.

"See, it's a boy, Nick," he said. "How do you like being an internee?"

Nick said, "All right." He was looking away so as not to see what his father was doing.

"There. That gets it," said his father and put something into the basin.

Nick didn't look at it.

"Now," his father said, "there's some stitches to put in. You can watch tisor not, Nick, just as you like. I'm going to sew up the incision I made."

Nick did not watch. His curiosity had been gone for a long time.

His father finished and stood up. Uncle George and the three Indian men stood up. Nick put the basin out in the kitchen.

Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently.

"I'll put some peroxide on that, George," the doctor said.

He bent over the Indian woman. She was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything.

"I'll be back in the morning," the doctor said, standing up. "The nurse should be here from St. Ignace by noon and she'll bring everything we need."

He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game.

"That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Caesarian with a jack-knife (11) and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders."

Uncle George was standing against the wall, looking at his arm.

"Oh, you're a great man, all right," he said.

"Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs," the doctor said. "I must say he took it all pretty quietly."

He pulled back the blanket from the Indian's head. His hand came away wet. He mounted on the edge of the lower bunk with the lamp in one hand and looked in. The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk (12). His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.

"Take Nick out of the shanty, George," the doctor said.

There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back.

It was just beginning to be daylight when they walked along the logging road back toward the lake.

"I'm terribly sorry I brought you along, Nickie," said his father, all his post-operative exhilaration gone. "It was an awful mess to put you through." (13)

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very, very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right." (14)

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick. It all depends."

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass (15) jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning.

In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat

with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

Notes:

- (1) drawn up: led to a stop.
- (2) The Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes: The Indians rowed hard and quickly, cutting the water into pieces with the oar.
- (3) soaking wet: very wet.
- (4) bend: curve or turn.
- (5) shanties: rough huts or cabins.
- (6) barkpeelers: those people who take the skin on boughs and trunks off a tree.
- (7) bunk: bed fixed to a wall.
- (8) The men had moved ... the noise she made: The men had moved away from the camp to sit along the road in darkness and smoke without hearing the scream she made.
- (9) anaesthetic: substance that stops one feeling pain.
- (10) squaw: American Indian woman.
- (11) jack-knife: large pocket-knife with a folding blade.
- (12) where his body sagged the bunk: where the bunk sank down under the weight of his body.
- (13) It was an awful mess to put you through: It was terrible for you to experience it.
- (14) He'll turn up all right: He will get better.
- (15) bass: a kind of fish.

VI. William Faulkner

William Faulkner (1897-1962), simultaneously original and assimilative, is regarded as one of the leading American writers in the literary history of the United States, and has become the most frequently and intensely interpreted writer of modern American literature. Difficult as it is, his work is a text endlessly searched for meanings.

Faulkner was born in New Albany, Mississippi and raised in nearby Oxford, and lived there almost all his life. His great-grandfather, Colonel William Falkner who had fought in the Civil War, had been a local legend and was the kind of dynamic personality around whom Faulkner's fiction developed. His father, a business manager of the University of Mississippi, was a reclusive man, while his mother, ambitious, sensitive and literary, was a more profound influence on him. As a poor student, Faulkner left school in his teens and had no further formal education beyond a year (1919-1920) as a special student at the University of Mississippi. However, fond of literature, he was increasingly motivated to become a writer. In 1918 he enlisted in the British Royal Flying Corps and was sent to Canada for training. ~~After the war, with the help of his friends Phil Stone and Sherwood Anderson, Faulkner published a volume of poetry~~ *The Marble Faun* (1924) and his first novel *Soldiers' Pay* (1926). At the end of the year 1926, a trip to Europe widened his vision still further. He learned the experimental writing of James Joyce and of the ideas of Sigmund Freud. In writing *Sartoris* (1929), Faulkner began to see and feel the dignity and sorrow of what was to become his most frequently used subject matter. Before long, *The Sound and the Fury* was published, which was considered as the work of a major writer. In June, 1929 Faulkner married and a flow of major works came out: *As I Lay Dying* (1930), *Light in August* (1932), *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936), *Wild Palms* (1939) and *The Hamlet* (1940). In addition, there were collections of short stories, and two novels consisting of stories which are thematically interwoven: *The Unvanquished* (1938) and *Go Down, Moses* (1942). Faulkner also worked on movies for the Hollywood. However, Faulkner's national reputation did not receive a significant boost until the publication in 1946 of an anthology of

his writings, *The Portable Faulkner*, edited by the critic Malcolm Cowley. In 1950, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for the anti-racist *Intruder in the Dust* (1948). Afterwards, many other prizes followed. Though Faulkner brought forth a number of remarkable novels in the second phase of his career, such as *Requiem for a Nun* (1951), *The Fable* (1954), *The Town* (1957), and *The Mansion* (1959), none of them reached the level established by his best earlier work. On July 6, 1962, he died of a heart attack in Oxford, Mississippi.

Most of Faulkner's works are set in the American South, with his emphasis on the Southern subjects and consciousness. Of the nineteen novels and seventy-five short stories, fifteen novels and many of his stories are about people from a small region in Northern Mississippi, Yoknapatawpha County, which is actually an imaginary place based on Faulkner's childhood memory about the place where he grew up, the town of Oxford in his native Lafayette County. With his rich imagination, Faulkner turned the land, the people and the history of the region into a literary creation and a mythical kingdom. The Yoknapatawpha stories deal, generally, with the historical period from the Civil War up to the 1920s when the First World War broke out, and people of a stratified society, the aristocrats, the new rich, the poor whites, and the blacks. As a result, Yoknapatawpha County has become an allegory or a parable of the Old South, with which Faulkner has managed successfully to show a panorama of the experience and consciousness of the whole Southern society.

The Yoknapatawpha County series have an overall pattern in which the fate of a ruined homeland always focuses on the collision of Faulkner's intelligent, sensitive, and idealistic protagonist with the society of the twentieth century. Most of the major themes are

directly related to this confrontation. First of all, Faulkner exemplified T. S. Eliot's concept of modern society as a wasteland in a dramatic way. He condemned the mechanized, industrialized society which has dehumanized man by forcing him to cultivate false values and decrease those essential human values such as courage, fortitude, honesty and goodness. The man who has adapted to the modern society is a kind of cash register like Jason Compson in *The Sound and the Fury*, who has lost his natural response to life, become incapable of love, mean, money-minded, and spiritually dead. Besides, the past and the present, nature and society are always juxtaposed in his novels and stories. A careful study of his protagonists will reveal a prevailing truth, that is, almost all his heroes turn out to be tragic. They are tragic because they are prisoners of the past, or of the society, or of some social and moral taboos, or of their own introspective personalities. By describing his protagonists the way he does, Faulkner suggests that society, which conditions man with its hierarchical stratification and with its laws and institutions, eliminates man's chance of responding naturally to the experiences of his existence. Against this imprisoned, confused, fragmented social being is the primitive man who, not conditioned by the civilization and social institutions, accepts the life-death pattern of human existence unquestionably, hence, attains an enviable strength and peace, as we may find in Dilsey in *The Sound and the Fury* and Sam Fathers in "The Bear." According to Faulkner, the life-death cycle, the spring and winter of the earth, the birth and death of the animals is reality. Man, by turning away from reality, by alienating himself from truth with his attempts to explain the inexplicable, becomes weak and cowardly, confused and ineffectual.

Of Faulkner's literary works, four novels are masterpieces by any standards: *The Sound and the Fury*, *Light in August*, *Absa-*

lom, *Absalom!* and *Go Down, Moses*. Faulkner once said that *The Sound and the Fury* is a story of "lost innocence," which proves itself to be an intensification of the theme of imprisonment in the past. The past that Faulkner uses in this book to set off the present is not the past of an earlier society or historical period, but the immediate past — the world of childhood, innocent and idealistic. Faulkner develops the theme of deterioration and loss by juxtaposing the childhood of the Compson brothers with their present experience, with Caddy as the focal point of the juxtaposition, to emphasize the theme of loss. As a result, the novel not merely relates Quentin's nostalgic feeling about the past, or a Southern family that remains trapped within its past, but conveys a strong sense of grief over the deterioration of the South from the past to the present. It is the "mood" that impresses us.

The major concern of *Light in August* is primarily about the South as a state of mind. In this novel, the mental landscape of the South is portioned into three separate fields on which operate representatives of three different attitudes towards life. Two of the attitudes are plainly obsessions, represented by the male characters as main protagonists, with Reverend Hightower obsessed with the past, the defeat of the South and Joe Christmas with blood or race. The third attitude contrasts with the other two in almost every aspect, represented by Lena Grove, who is concerned solely with bringing forth and preserving life.

Absalom, Absalom! is a novel entirely of interpretation, the attempts of several characters — Miss Rosa, Mr. Compson, Quentin, and Shreve — to explain the past, characterized by involutions of narrative structure which express corresponding complexities of meaning. It is immensely complex, for it is two kinds of novels at once: a "historical novel" and, at the same time, a novel about his-

tory as an epistemological problem. As a novel of history it is about the South, the Civil War, or more specifically, about the fate of Thomas Sutpen, who tries to establish himself among the social elite of the South; as a novel about history, it discusses history as a problem of the mind, with Quentin as the representative voice who tries to reconstruct the story of what happened to Thomas Sutpen, and why Sutpen's son Henry shot his friend when they came back from the war.

Go Down, Moses is in a sense a companion piece to *Absalom, Absalom!*, but at the same time another and very different attempt to handle the Southern reality of land, family and the plantation as a form of life. A serious and moving examination of the shame and sadness of white and black relationships, the book is composed of seven closely related stories, in which family clans representing different social groups are involved in Faulkner's complex of themes about the South, the Sartorises, the Compsons, Thomas Sutpen, and the McCaslins. In this book, Faulkner illuminates the problem of black and white in Southern society as a close-knit destiny of blood brotherhood. The best story to highlight Faulkner's concern is "The Bear," in which the view of the moral abomination of slavery and the human entanglements which result from it goes beyond history, to the beginnings, to the mythic time. In this story, Faulkner skillfully employs an old crafty bear as a symbol of the timeless freedom of the wilderness.

Faulkner has always been regarded as a man with great might of invention and experimentation. He added to the theory of the novel as an art form and evolved his own literary strategies. To him, the primary duty of a writer was to explore and represent the infinite possibilities inherent in human life. Therefore a writer should observe with no judgment whatsoever and reduce authorial intrusion to

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the lowest minimum. The range of narrative techniques used by Faulkner is remarkable. He would never step between the characters and the reader to explain, but let the characters explain themselves and hinder as little as possible the reader's direct experience of the work of art. The most characteristic way of structuring his stories is to fragment the chronological time. He deliberately broke up the chronology of his narrative by juxtaposing the past with the present, in the way the montage does in a movie. The modern stream-of-consciousness technique was also frequently and skillfully exploited by Faulkner to emphasize the reactions and inner musings of the narrator. And the interior monologue Faulkner used helps him achieve the most desirable effect of exploring the nature of human consciousness. Moreover, Faulkner was good at presenting multiple points of view, which gave the story a circular form, wherein one event is centered, with various points of view radiating from it, or different people responding to the same story. Thus a high degree of truth could be reached. The other narrative techniques Faulkner used to construct his stories include symbolism and mythological and biblical allusions.

15.6
Faulkner was a master of his own particular style of writing. Great writers such as Edgar Allen Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James and James Joyce all had a part in influencing Faulkner. His prose, marked by long and embedded sentences, complex syntax, and vague reference pronouns on the one hand and a variety of "registers" of the English language on the other, is very difficult to read. It is not surprising to find in Faulkner's writings his syntactical structures and verbals paralleled, negatives balanced against positives, compounded adjectives swelling his sentences, complex modifying elements placed after the nouns, etc. In contrast, Faulkner could sound very casual or informal sometimes. He captured the di-

alpects of the Mississippi characters, including Negroes and the red-neck, as well as more refined and educated narrators like Quentin. As to the symbols and imageries, they are most of them drawn from nature.

Selected Reading:

A Rose for Emily

(Like so many American writers, Faulkner found himself again and again writing short stories, some of which are considered as equally important as his best novels. Good as his short stories are, they seem always at the threshold of being absorbed into the Yoknapatawpha saga — that legendary matrix which is Faulkner's real achievement. However, for a beginner of Faulkner scholarship, his short stories may well be an easy start.)

A Rose for Emily is Faulkner's first short story published in 1930. Set in the town of Jefferson in Yoknapatawpha, the story focuses on Emily Grierson, an eccentric spinster who refuses to accept the passage of time, or the inevitable change and loss that accompanies it. Simple as it is in plot, the story is pregnant with meaning. As a descendent of the Southern aristocracy, Emily is typical of those in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha stories who are the symbols of the Old South but the prisoners of the past. In this story, Faulkner makes best use of the Gothic devices in narration, and, the deformed personality and abnormality Emily demonstrates in her relationship with her sweetheart is dramatized in such a way that we feel shocked and thrilled as we read along.)

I

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her

funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument (1), the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant — a combined gardener and cook — had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies (2), set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps — an eyesore among eyesores (3). And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar — be-mused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor — he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron — remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen (4), this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal

letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door though which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse — a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered — a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her (5). She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt (6).

Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff. . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see. We must go by the —"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily —"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

So she vanquished them, horse and foot (7), just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell. That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart — the one we believed would marry her — had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man — a young man then — going in and out with a market basket.

"Just as if a man — any man — could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and

the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law?"

"I am sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily; but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met — three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

"It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't ..."

"Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings (8). As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso (9) motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the

smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau. Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette (10) in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the backflung front door (11). So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less (12).

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom. Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force (13), she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling

to that which had robbed her, as people will.

III

She was sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows — sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with niggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee — a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the niggers, and the niggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays (14) from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget *noblesse oblige* (15) — without calling it *noblesse oblige*. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with (16) them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whisper-

ing began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could. . ." This behind their hands; (17) rustling of craned silk and satin (18) behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

She carried her head high enough — even when we believed that she was fallen (19). It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness (20). Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

"I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eyesockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face (21) ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

"Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom —"

"I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is —"

"Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

"Is. . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want —"

"I want arsenic."

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

IV

So the next day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked — he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club — that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jealousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister — Miss Emily's people were Episcopal — to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the let-

ters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron — the streets had been finished some time since — was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off (22), but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal (23), and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at the window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a

period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate (24). Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows — she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house — like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation — dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro. He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

V

The Negro met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre (25); and the very old men — some in their brushed Confederate uniforms — on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck (26) of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains (27) of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal

and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram(28) was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded(29) him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the night-shirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

Notes:

- (1) a fallen monument: Emily is regarded as the symbol of tradition and the old way of life. Thus her death is like the falling of a monument.
- (2) the seventies: Here it refers to the 1870's.
- (3) an eyesore among eyesores: the most unpleasant thing to look at.
- (4) aldermen: members of the city council.
- (5) what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her: Because of her small frame, a little extra weight, which made women of larger frame look fat, made her look excessively fat.
- (6) a stumbling halt: a pause caused by hesitation in the speaking.
- (7) horse and foot:(idiom)completely.

- (8) outbuildings: buildings, e. g. a shed or stable, separate from the main building.
- (9) her upright torso: the trunk of her body in erect posture.
- (10) a spraddled silhouette: a dark image, whose legs are wide apart.
- (11) framed by the back flung front door: The front door flung back and served as a frame for a picture.
- (12) the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less: the great excitement and despair caused by the gain or loss of a small amount of money.
- (13) resort to law and force: make use of law and force for help.
- (14) the matched team of bays: a pair of reddish-brown horses.
- (15) noblesse oblige: (Fr.) noble obligation expected of people of high social position.
- (16) fallen out with: quarreled with and afterwards on bad terms with.
- (17) This behind their hands: They whispered gossips with their hands covering the mouths.
- (18) rustling of craned silk and satin: the rustling sound of their silk and satin dresses caused by the movements.
- (19) fallen: morally degraded.
- (20) that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness: the dignity to show that she was unaffected by the outside world.
- (21) a lighthouse-keeper's face: a face with the same strained and intense expression as a lighthouse-keeper's.
- (22) a public blowing-off: a big sensation.
- (23) cabal: a group of people who carry on secret intrigue.
- (24) collection plate: the plate used to collect money during a church service.
- (25) the ladies sibilant and macabre: the ladies whispering about the death.
- (26) bottle-neck: a short, narrow passage; here it refers to something that connects the past and the future.
- (27) valance curtains: short curtains around the frame of a bed.
- (28) monogram: a person's initials combined in one design.
- (29) cuckolded him: made him the man whose wife has committed adultery.

后 记

根据高等教育自学考试英语专业考试计划和全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会制订、教育部批准颁布的课程自学考试大纲，全国考委办公室组织编写了《英美文学选读》自学考试教材。

全国考委英语专业委员会确定本教材由武汉大学外语学院英文系张伯香教授担任主编，负责全书；马建君副教授和胡晓红副教授担任副主编。

参加本教材编写人员具体分工如下：张伯香教授和研究生黄红梅、阎彬、伍颖负责英国文学部分第一、三、五章，马建君副教授和研究生朱宾忠、肖纪薇负责英国文学部分第二、四章，胡晓红副教授和研究生郭晶晶、张琳、陈平、魏玲负责美国文学部分第一、二、三章。

1996年12月20日至21日，在武汉大学外语学院召开了本教材的审稿会议。参加审稿的专家有北京外国语大学英语系郭栖庆教授（主审）、华中师范大学英语系曾庆强教授、湖北大学外语系叶红教授、教育部高等教育自学考试办公室陈可同志、汤新国同志。

会后，主编根据审稿人提出的意见进行了修改、定稿。

在此一并表示衷心的感谢。

全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会办公室

1998年6月

1900

1. The first of the three main branches of the
theory of the origin of life is the
theory of spontaneous generation. This
theory holds that life can arise from
non-living matter. It is the oldest
theory of the origin of life, and it
has been the basis of many of the
theories of the origin of life.

2. The second of the three main branches of the
theory of the origin of life is the
theory of biogenesis. This theory
holds that life can only arise from
pre-existing life. It is the most
recent theory of the origin of life, and
it is the basis of the modern theory
of the origin of life.

3. The third of the three main branches of the
theory of the origin of life is the
theory of panspermia. This theory
holds that life can arise from
non-living matter, but that the
non-living matter must be of a
certain kind. It is the most recent
theory of the origin of life, and it
is the basis of the modern theory
of the origin of life.

4. The theory of panspermia is the most recent
theory of the origin of life, and it is
the basis of the modern theory of the
origin of life.

5. The theory of panspermia is the most recent
theory of the origin of life, and it is
the basis of the modern theory of the
origin of life.

6. The theory of panspermia is the most recent
theory of the origin of life, and it is
the basis of the modern theory of the
origin of life.

7. The theory of panspermia is the most recent
theory of the origin of life, and it is
the basis of the modern theory of the
origin of life.

高等教育自学考试

英美文学选读 自学考试大纲

全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会制订

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出版前言

为了适应社会主义现代化建设事业对培养人才的需要,我国在 20 世纪 80 年代初建立了高等教育自学考试制度,经过近 20 年的发展,高等教育自学考试已成为我国高等教育基本制度之一。高等教育自学考试是个人自学,社会助学和国家考试相结合的一种新的高等教育形式,是我国高等教育体系的一个组成部分。实行高等教育自学考试制度,是落实宪法规定的“鼓励自学成才”的重要措施,是提高中华民族思想道德和科学文化素质的需要,也是造就和选拔人才的一种途径。应考者通过规定的考试课程并经思想品德鉴定达到毕业要求的,可以获得毕业证书,国家承认学历并按照规定享有与普通高等学校毕业生同等的有关待遇。

从 80 年代初期开始,各省、自治区、直辖市先后成立了高等教育自学考试委员会,开展了高等教育自学考试工作,为国家培养造就了大批专门人才。为科学、合理地制定高等教育自学考试标准,提高教育质量,全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会(以下简称全国考委)组织各方面专家对高等教育自学考试专业设置进行了调整,统一了专业设置标准,全国考委陆续制定了几十个专业考试计划。在此基础上,各专业委员会按照专业考试计划的要求,从造就和选拔人才的需要出发,编写了相应专业的课程自学考试大纲,进一步规定了课程学习和考试的内容与范围,有利于社会助学,使自学要求明确,考试标准规范化、具体化。

全国考委根据国务院发布的《高等教育自学考试暂行条例》,参照教育部拟定的普通高等学校有关课程的教学大纲,结合自学考试的特点,组织制定了该课程自学考试大纲,现经教育部批准,颁发试行。

自学考试大纲是编写教材和自学辅导书的依据,也是个人自学、社会助学和国家考试(课程命题)的依据,各地应认真贯彻执行。

全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会
一九九九年九月

英语语言文学专业 英美文学选读自学考试大纲

I. 课程性质和学习目的

英美文学选读课是全国高等教育自学考试英语语言文学专业本科段的必修课程,是为培养和检验自学应考者英美文学的基本理论知识和理解、鉴赏英美文学原著的能力而设置的一门专业理论课程。

设置本课程旨在使英语自学者对英美两国文学形成与发展的全貌有一个大概的了解;并通过阅读具有代表性的英美文学作品,理解作品的内容,学会分析作品的艺术特色并努力掌握正确评价文学作品的标准和方法。由于本课程以作家作品为重点,因此学生要仔细阅读原作。通过阅读,努力提高语言水平,增强对英美文学原著的理解,特别是对作品中表现的社会生活和人物思想感情的理解,提高他们阅读文学作品的能力和鉴赏水平。

II. 课程内容与考核目标(考核知识点及考核要求)

本课程的考试要求为全日制普通高等学校英语语言文学专业《英美文学选读》课程本科的结业水平。

《英美文学选读》课程的内容和考核目标是根据本课程的性质、学习目的以及自学考试的特点编制而成的。本课程由英国文学和美国文学两个部分组成。主要内容包括英美文学发展史及代表作家的简要介绍和作品选读。文学史部分从英美两国历史、语言、文化发展的角度,简要介绍英美两国文学各个历史断代的主要历史背景,文学文化思潮,文学流派,社会政治、经济、文化等对文学发展的影响,主要作家的文学生涯、创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、思想意义等;选读部分主

要节选了英美文学史上各个时期重要作家的代表作品,包括诗歌、戏剧、小说、散文等。

除绪论部分外,本大纲对其他部分均一一列出知识点,并提出具体的考核要求。其中,凡要求“识记”的内容,所涉及的知识 and 理论都与考核点直接相关,应考者应熟知其概念和有关知识,理解其原理,并能在语言环境中予以辨认。凡要求“领会”的内容,必须做到掌握有关知识和理论。凡要求“应用”的内容,必须做到在掌握有关知识理论的基础上使之转换为能力,即能用有关知识和理论来分析解决英美文学中的相关问题,并指导作品的阅读。凡要求“一般识记”的内容,所涉及的知识 and 理论,一般不直接作为考核时命题的内容,但由于这些内容对于其他相关知识和理论以及作品阅读能力的考核有直接或间接的影响,因此要求应考者在自学过程中对这些内容要有所了解,不应忽略。

上篇 英国文学

第一章 文艺复兴时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章的学习,了解文艺复兴运动和人文主义思潮产生的历史、文化背景,认识该时期文学创作的基本特征和基本主张,及其对同时代及后世英国文学乃至文化的影响;了解该时期重要作家的文学生涯、创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、思想意义等;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品,了解其思想内容和写作特色,培养理解和欣赏文学作品的的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 文艺复兴运动概述

1. 意大利文艺复兴运动的兴起 ✓
2. 人文主义思潮 ✓
3. 文艺复兴时期的文学渊源
4. 英国的文艺复兴 ✓
5. 宗教改革运动及其影响

(二) 英国文艺复兴时期的文学

1. 伊丽莎白时代的历史文化背景
2. 意大利文学对英国文学的影响
3. 伊丽莎白时代的戏剧 ✓
4. 伊丽莎白时代的诗歌

(三) 文艺复兴时期的主要作家

A. 埃德蒙·斯宾塞

1. 斯宾塞的生平 ✓

2. 斯宾塞的创作生涯

(1) 抒情诗

(2) 传奇史诗《仙后》的构思、情节、内容、主题 ✓

3. 选读

(1) 《仙后》选段的内容、语言特点

(2) 斯宾塞诗节的构成及特点 ✓

B. 克里斯托夫·马洛

1. 马洛的生平与创作生涯 ✓

2. 马洛的著名悲剧

(1) 《帖木耳大帝》✓

(2) 《浮士德博士的悲剧》✓

(3) 《马耳他的犹太人》

3. 马洛的思想艺术成就

(1) 无韵诗体——戏剧语言的基本形式

(2) 人物塑造——具有强烈个性和叛逆精神的主人公

(3) 主题思想——人文主义的颂歌

4. 选读

(1) 马洛田园诗的主题、意象

(2) 马洛的代表作《浮士德博士的悲剧》选段的主要内容

C. 威廉·莎士比亚

1. 莎士比亚的生平 ✓
2. 莎士比亚的戏剧创作生涯 ✓
 - (1) 早期的浪漫喜剧、历史剧
 - (2) 中期的悲剧
 - (3) 晚期的悲喜剧、传奇剧
3. 莎士比亚戏剧的代表作品及其故事梗概、情节结构、人物塑造、语言风格、思想意义
 - (1) 喜剧《威尼斯商人》 ✓
 - (2) 悲剧《哈姆雷特》 ✓
 - (3) 传奇剧《暴风雨》 ✓
4. 莎士比亚的诗歌
 - (1) 叙事诗
 - (2) 十四行诗
5. 莎士比亚戏剧的思想意义
 - (1) 对社会现实的批判
 - (2) 对人文主义的歌颂
6. 莎士比亚的艺术成就
 - (1) 人物塑造
 - (2) 情节结构
 - (3) 语言风格
7. 选读
 - (1) 十四行诗(18) 的主题、意象
 - (2) 喜剧《威尼斯商人》选段的主题、人物性格、语言特点
 - (3) 悲剧《哈姆雷特》选段的主要内容

D. 弗兰西斯·培根

1. 培根的生平 ✓
2. 培根的作品 ✓
3. 培根《论说文》的特点
4. 培根的杰出贡献
 - (1) 培根对现代科学作出的贡献
 - (2) 培根《论说文》的重大意义
5. 选读:《论学习》的结构、内容、语言特点 ✓

E. 约翰·邓恩

1. 邓恩与玄学诗派
 - (1) 玄学诗派简介
 - (2) 玄学诗的特点:主题、语言、意象
2. 邓恩的生平 ✓
3. 邓恩的文学创作
 - (1) 邓恩的诗歌:早期爱情诗与晚期宗教诗
 - (2) 邓恩的散文
4. 选读:所选作品的主题、语言、意象等特色

F. 约翰·弥尔顿

1. 弥尔顿的生平
2. 弥尔顿的文学创作
 - (1) 早期诗歌
 - (2) 中期散文
 - (3) 晚期史诗
3. 《利西达斯》:挽歌及其特点
4. 史诗《失乐园》

- (1) 故事梗概
- (2) 主题结构
- (3) 人物塑造
- (4) 语言风格
- (5) 作品的意义
- 5. 史诗《复乐园》的主要内容 ✓
- 6. 诗剧《力士参孙》的主要内容
- 7. 弥尔顿的散文
- 8. 选读

史诗《失乐园》选段的主要内容、人物性格、语言特点等

三 考核知识点

- (一)文艺复兴时期概述及人文主义思潮对文学创作的影响
- (二)文艺复兴时期主要作家的文学创作思想及其代表作品的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、艺术手法、社会意义等
 - 1. 埃德蒙·斯宾塞
 - 2. 克里斯托夫·马洛
 - 3. 威廉·莎士比亚
 - 4. 弗兰西斯·培根
 - 5. 约翰·邓恩
 - 6. 约翰·弥尔顿

四 考核要求

(一)文艺复兴时期概述

- 1. 识记:(1)文艺复兴时期的界定
 - (2)历史文化背景
- 2. 领会:(1)文艺复兴运动的意义与影响

(2)文艺复兴时期的文学特点

(3)人文主义的主张及对文学的影响

3. 应用:文艺复兴、人文主义及玄学诗等名词的解释

(二)该时期的重要作家

1. 一般识记:重要作家的文学生涯

2. 识记:重要作品及主要内容

3. 领会:重要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、艺术手法、社会意义等

4. 应用:(1)莎士比亚和邓恩诗歌的主题、意象

(2)喜剧《威尼斯商人》的主题和主要人物的性格分析

(3)哈姆雷特的性格分析

(4)史诗《失乐园》的结构、人物性格、语言特点等的分析

第二章 新古典主义时期

一 学习的目的和要求

通过本章的学习,了解当时席卷欧洲的启蒙运动和新古典主义文学流派产生的历史背景、主要特征和基本主张,及其对同时代及后世英国文学的影响;了解该时期一些重要作家的创作生涯、创作思想和艺术特色及其代表作品的结构、主题、人物刻画、语言风格、社会意义等;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品,了解其思想内容和写作特点,提高理解和欣赏文学作品的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 启蒙运动

1. 启蒙运动产生的时代背景
2. 启蒙运动的人文观
3. 启蒙运动的理性准则

(二) 新古典主义

1. 新古典主义的创作旨意
2. 新古典主义的文学渊源
3. 新古典主义对散文、诗歌、戏剧创作的标准

(三) 新古典主义时期的启蒙文学

1. 早期新古典主义诗歌
2. 英国现实主义小说的诞生(中叶)
3. 哥特式小说与伤感主义文学的兴起(后叶)

(四) 新古典主义时期的主要作家

A. 约翰·班扬

1. 班扬的生平
2. 班扬作品的风格
3. 班扬的主要作品
4. 选读 《天路历程》:名利场
 - (1)作品内容简介
 - (2)作品的寓意

B. 亚历山大·蒲伯

1. 蒲伯的生平及创作生涯
2. 蒲伯的时代观与文学观
3. 蒲伯的主要作品介绍
4. 蒲伯的语言风格
5. 选读 《论批评》第二部分
 - (1)作品简介
 - (2)作品体裁、结构、语言风格

C. 丹尼尔·笛福

1. 笛福的生平:个人事业和社会活动
2. 笛福的社会观
3. 笛福的主要作品介绍
4. 笛福的创作特点
5. 选读 《鲁滨逊漂流记》第四章
 - (1)故事简介
 - (2)作者的创作意义:时代精神的写照

D. 乔纳森·斯威夫特

1. 斯威夫特的政治及创作生涯
2. 斯威夫特的人文观
3. 斯威夫特讽刺散文的语言风格
4. 选读 《格列佛游记》第一部第三章
 - (1) 作品故事梗概
 - (2) 作品的结构
 - (3) 作品的主题:对英国、欧洲现实社会的批判

E. 亨利·菲尔丁

1. 菲尔丁的生平和戏剧、小说创作活动
2. 《约瑟夫·安德鲁》
3. 《伟大的乔纳森·怀尔德》
4. 菲尔丁对英国小说的贡献:“散文体史诗”
5. 菲尔丁的语言特色
6. 选读 《汤姆·琼斯》第四部第八章
 - (1) 作品故事梗概
 - (2) 作品人物的刻画
 - (3) 作品的史诗特征

F. 塞缪尔·约翰逊

1. 约翰逊的文学创作生涯
2. 约翰逊的主要作品
3. 约翰逊的新古典主义的文学观及语言风格
4. 约翰逊对英国语言的贡献:《英语大词典》
5. 选读 “致切斯特菲尔德勋爵的信”

G. 理查德·比·谢立丹

1. 谢立丹的戏剧创作生涯
2. 谢立丹的戏剧的主题
3. 谢立丹的写作技巧
4. 谢立丹的主要作品
5. 选读 《造谣学校》第三幕第四场
 - (1) 内容简介
 - (2) 作品的主题: 对社会的讽刺

H. 托马斯·格雷

1. 格雷的生平
2. 格雷的作品及其感伤主义倾向
3. 格雷的诗歌风格
4. 选读 “写在教堂墓地的挽歌”
 - (1) 诗歌的主题: 死亡——哀叹人生
 - (2) 诗歌的语言特色

三 考核知识点

(一) 新古典主义时期概述

1. 新古典主义时期英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
2. 启蒙运动
3. 新古典主义时期英国文学的各种派别及其特点
4. 新古典主义文学创作的基本主张与特色

(二) 新古典主义时期主要作家的文学创作思想及其代表作的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、艺术手法、社会意义等

1. 约翰·班扬

2. 亚历山大·蒲伯
3. 丹尼尔·笛福
4. 乔纳森·斯威夫特
5. 亨利·菲尔丁
6. 塞缪尔·约翰逊
7. 理查德·比·谢立丹
8. 托马斯·格雷

四 考核要求

(一) 新古典主义时期概述

1. 识记: (1) 新古典主义时期的界定
(2) 政治、经济背景
(3) 启蒙运动的意义与影响
2. 领会: (1) 启蒙运动的主张与文学的特点
(2) 新古典主义时期文学的艺术特色
3. 应用: 启蒙运动、新古典主义、英雄双行诗、英国现实主义小说等名词的解释

(二) 该时期的重要作家

1. 一般识记: 重要作家的创作生涯
2. 识记: 重要作品及主要内容
3. 领会: 重要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主
题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、艺术特色、社会意义等
4. 应用: (1) 《天路历程》中“名利场”的寓意
(2) 蒲伯的文学(诗歌)批评观及其诗歌特色
(3) 《格列佛游记》的社会讽刺
(4) 菲尔丁的“散文体史诗”
(5) 格雷诗歌的主题与意象

第三章 浪漫主义时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章的学习,了解浪漫主义文学产生的历史、文化背景,认识该时期文学创作的基本特征、基本主张,及其对同时代及后世英国文学乃至文化的影响;了解该时期重要作家的文学生涯、创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、思想意义等;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品,了解其思想内容和写作特色,培养理解和欣赏文学作品的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 浪漫主义时期概述

1. 浪漫主义时期英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
2. 法国大革命对英国的影响
3. 浪漫主义文学的渊源
4. 浪漫主义文学创作的基本主张
5. 英国浪漫主义文学
 - (1) 诗歌
 - (2) 小说
 - (3) 戏剧
6. 英国浪漫主义文学的特点
7. 浪漫主义文学对同时代及后世英国文学的影响

(二) 浪漫主义时期的主要作家

A. 威廉·布莱克

1. 布莱克的生平
2. 布莱克的政治宗教观点、诗歌创作主张
3. 布莱克的诗歌
 - (1) 早期作品:《天真之歌》、《经验之歌》、《天堂与地狱联姻》
 - (2) 晚期作品:《先知书》
4. 布莱克诗歌的主要特点及思想意义
5. 布莱克的诗歌对 20 世纪英国文学的影响
6. 选读:所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

B. 威廉·华兹华斯

1. 华兹华斯的生平及创作生涯
2. 华兹华斯的诗歌创作主张
3. 华兹华斯的诗歌
 - (1) 抒情诗:《抒情歌谣集》、《丁登寺旁》
 - (2) 长诗:《序曲》
4. 华兹华斯诗歌的主要特点及思想意义
5. 华兹华斯诗歌的艺术成就
6. 华兹华斯的诗歌对同时代及后世英国文学的影响
7. 选读:所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

C. 塞·特·科勒律治

1. 科勒律治的生平及创作生涯
2. 科勒律治的文学创作主张
3. 科勒律治的哲学思想和文学批评观
4. 科勒律治的主要作品
 - (1) 《老水手之行》
 - (2) 《忽必烈汗》

(3)《克里斯塔贝尔》

(4)《文学传记》

5. 科勒律治诗歌的主要特点及思想意义

6. 科勒律治的文学创作及文艺批评思想对同时代及后世英国文学的影响

7. 选读：所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

D. 乔治·戈登·拜伦

1. 拜伦的生平及革命生涯

2. 拜伦的诗歌创作

3. 拜伦的主要诗作

(1)《恰尔德·哈罗德游记》

(2)《唐璜》

(3)《该隐》

4. 拜伦诗歌的主要特点及社会意义

5. “拜伦式英雄”

6. 拜伦的革命生涯及诗歌创作对同时代及后世欧洲文学的影响

7. 选读：所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

E. 珀·比·雪莱

1. 雪莱的生平

2. 雪莱的诗歌创作主张

3. 雪莱的主要作品

(1) 抒情诗：《西风颂》、《云雀颂》

(2) 诗剧：《解放了的普罗米修斯》

(3) 散文：《诗辩》

4. 雪莱诗歌的主要特点及思想意义

5. 雪莱的诗歌对同时代及后世英国文学的影响
6. 选读：所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

F. 约翰·济慈

1. 济慈的生平及创作生涯
2. 济慈的美学思想
3. 济慈的主要诗作
 - (1)《夜莺颂》✓
 - (2)《希腊古瓮颂》✓
 - (3)《安底弥翁》
 - (4)《伊莎贝拉》
4. 济慈诗歌的主要特点及思想意义
5. 济慈的诗歌对同时代及后世英国文学的影响
6. 选读：所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

G. 简·奥斯汀

1. 奥斯汀的生平及创作生涯
2. 奥斯汀的小说创作思想
3. 奥斯汀的小说
 - (1)《理智与感情》
 - (2)《诺桑觉寺》
 - (3)《曼斯菲尔德公园》
 - (4)《傲慢与偏见》
 - (5)《爱玛》✓
 - (6)《劝告》
4. 《傲慢与偏见》的故事梗概、主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格及作品的意义
5. 奥斯汀小说的主要特点及社会意义

6. 奥斯汀的小说对后世英国文学的影响

7. 选读：所选作品的主要内容、人物性格、语言特点、表现手法等

三 考核知识点

(一) 浪漫主义时期概述

1. 浪漫主义时期英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
2. 浪漫主义文学创作的基本主张
3. 英国浪漫主义文学的特点
4. 浪漫主义文学对同时代及后世英国文学的影响

(二) 浪漫主义时期主要作家的文学创作思想及其代表作品的主 题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、艺术手法及社会意义等

1. 威廉·布莱克
2. 威廉·华兹华斯
3. 塞·特·科勒律治
4. 乔治·戈登·拜伦
5. 珀·比·雪莱
6. 约翰·济慈
7. 简·奥斯汀

四 考核要求

(一) 浪漫主义时期概述

1. 识记：(1) 浪漫主义时期的界定

(2)历史文化背景

2. 领会: (1) 浪漫主义思潮的意义与影响

(2) 浪漫主义文学创作的基本主张及对后世文学的影响

3. 应用: (1) 名词解释: 浪漫主义

(2) 浪漫主义时期文学特点的分析

(二) 该时期的重要作家

1. 识记: 浪漫主义时期的重要作家、他们的代表作品及其主要内容

2. 领会: 重要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、社会意义等

3. 应用: (1) 浪漫派诗歌(所选作品)的主题、意象分析

(2) 小说《傲慢与偏见》的主题和主要人物的性格分析

第四章 维多利亚时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章的学习,对 19 世纪维多利亚时代的英国的政治、经济、历史、文化背景,对维多利亚时代的诗歌、散文、小说在创作思想上的进步和创作技巧上的改革,以及对该时代主要作家的生平、观点、创作旨意、艺术特点及其代表作的主题、结构、语言、人物刻画等都有一个全面的了解。并通过作品选读加深体会感受,增强对作品的理解和鉴赏能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 维多利亚时代的历史背景 ✓

1. 早期的经济发展与社会动乱
2. 中期的繁荣昌盛和社会稳定
3. 晚期的势力衰退和社会道德观念的改变
4. 科学发现对传统的社会和宗教观念的影响
5. 功利主义思潮的泛滥

(二) 维多利亚时期的文学 ✓

1. 小说的形式:批判现实主义小说;具有现代小说特征的晚期小说
2. 该时代小说家的共性
 - (1)对 18 世纪现实主义的继承
 - (2)对社会现实的不满
 - (3)对劳动人民的同情
3. 散文

4. 诗歌:诗歌形式、技术方面的实验和创新

(三) 维多利亚时期的主要作家

A. 查尔斯·狄更斯

1. 狄更斯的生平及创作生涯
2. 狄更斯作品中的批判现实主义思想与社会改良主义倾向
3. 狄更斯前期作品的思想与艺术特征
4. 狄更斯后期作品的思想与艺术特征
5. 狄更斯的创作特色与艺术成就
 - (1) 语言
 - (2) 3种人物的刻画
 - (3) 幽默与哀婉情感的交融
6. 狄更斯小说目录
7. 选读 《雾都孤儿》第三章
 - (1) 故事简介
 - (2) 批判现实主义的主题:济贫院

B. 布朗蒂姐妹

1. 布朗蒂姐妹的生平
2. 夏洛特的创作思想和主题
3. 选读 《简·爱》第二十三章
 - (1) 故事梗概
 - (2) 作品的批判现实主义思想
 - (3) 作品的社会意义
 - (4) 作品女主人公的形象
 - (5) 在逆境中求自我道德完善的主题
4. 艾米莉的创作主题

5. 选读 《呼啸山庄》第十五章

- (1) 故事梗概
- (2) 小说的主题
- (3) 故事的叙述手法
- (4) 强烈情感的描述

C. 阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生

- 1. 丁尼生的生平和诗歌创作生涯
- 2. 丁尼生的主要作品及其主题
- (1) 组诗《悼念》与友情和人类博爱
- (2) 组诗《国王叙事诗》及其艺术特征
- 3. 丁尼生诗歌的艺术特色
- 4. 选读

“拍吧，拍吧，拍吧”

“过沙洲”

“尤利西斯”

D. 罗伯特·布朗宁

- 1. 布朗宁的生平与诗歌创作生涯
- 2. 布朗宁的主要作品
- 3. 叙述诗《指环与书》的创作特征：戏剧独白
- 4. 布朗宁诗歌的主要艺术特点：

- (1) 戏剧独白
- (2) 艰涩的语言
- (3) 复杂的结构
- (4) 丰富的引喻

5. 选读

“我逝去的公爵夫人”

“黑夜相会”

“晨别”

E. 乔治·艾略特

1. 艾略特的生平及创作生涯
3. 艾略特的小说:心理分析
4. 艾略特小说的主题:个人与社会的关系
5. 艾略特的女性文学观
6. 选读 《米德尔马契》第二十八章
 - (1) 故事梗概
 - (2) 作品的主题

F. 托马斯·哈代

1. 哈代的生平与创作
2. 哈代的创作倾向:传统观念与现代思想的并存
3. 哈代作品中的“宿命观”
4. 哈代作品中的批判现实主义思想
5. 哈代作品的艺术特色
6. 选读 《德伯家的苔丝》第十九章
 - (1) 故事梗概
 - (2) 作品的主题

三 考核知识点

(一) 维多利亚时期概述

1. 维多利亚时期英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
2. 维多利亚时期文学创作的基本主张

3. 维多利亚时期批判现实主义文学的特点
4. 维多利亚时期文学对 20 世纪英国文学的影响

(二) 维多利亚时期主要作家的生平、文学生涯、创作思想及其代表作品的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、艺术手法及社会意义等

1. 查尔斯·狄更斯
2. 夏洛特·布朗蒂和埃米莉·布朗蒂
3. 阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生
4. 罗伯特·布朗宁
5. 乔治·艾略特
6. 托马斯·哈代

四 考核要求

(一) 维多利亚时期概述

1. 识记: (1) 维多利亚时期的界定
(2) 社会政治、经济、文化背景
2. 领会: (1) 维多利亚时期的文学特点
(2) 批判现实主义小说的基本特征
(3) 批判现实主义小说对后世文学的影响
3. 应用: 宪章运动、功利主义、批判现实主义、戏剧独白等名词的解释

(二) 该时期的重要作家

1. 一般识记: 重要作家的生平与创作生涯
2. 识记: 重要作品及主要内容
3. 领会: 重要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主

题思想、人物塑造、语言风格、社会意义等

4. 应用: (1)狄更斯和萨克雷作品的批判现实主义思想及各自的创作手法、艺术特征
- (2)小说《简·爱》、《呼啸山庄》的主题思想与人物塑造
- (3)“我逝去的公爵夫人”中的戏剧独白
- (4)乔治·艾略特和哈代小说中环境、氛围描述与人物内心世界的展示

第五章 现代时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章的学习,了解 20 世纪批判现实主义文学和现代主义文学产生的历史、文化背景,认识该时期文学创作的基本特征、基本主张,及其对现当代英国文学乃至文化的影响;了解该时期重要作家的文学创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、思想意义等;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品,了解其思想内容和写作特色,培养理解和欣赏文学作品的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 现代时期概述

1. 20 世纪英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
2. 两次世界大战对英国的影响
3. 英国 20 世纪批判现实主义文学
4. 现代主义文学的兴起与衰落
5. 现代主义文学创作的基本主张
6. 英国现代主义文学
 - (1) 诗歌
 - (2) 小说
 - (3) 戏剧
7. 英国现代主义文学的特点
8. 现代主义文学对当代英国文学的影响

(二) 现代时期的主要作家

A. 萧伯纳

1. 萧伯纳的生平与文学生涯

2. 萧伯纳的政治改革思想和文学创作主张

3. 萧伯纳的戏剧创作

(1) 早期主要作品:《鳏夫的房产》、《华伦夫人的职业》、

《康蒂坦》、《凯撒和克莉奥佩特拉》

(2) 中期作品:《人与超人》、《巴巴拉少校》、《皮格马利翁》

(3) 晚期作品:《伤心之家》、《回到麦修色拉》、《圣女贞

德》、《苹果车》

4. 萧伯纳戏剧的特点与社会意义

5. 萧伯纳的戏剧对 20 世纪英国文学的影响

6. 《华伦夫人的职业》的故事梗概、情节结构、人物塑造、语言风格、思想意义

7. 选读:所选作品的主要内容、人物塑造、语言特点、艺术手法等

B. 约翰·高尔斯华绥

1. 高尔斯华绥的生平与文学生涯

2. 高尔斯华绥的创作思想

3. 高尔斯华绥的文学创作

(1) 戏剧:《银盒》、《正义》、《斗争》

(2) 小说:《福赛特世家》(《有产业的人》、《骑虎》、《出租》)、《现代喜剧》

3. 高尔斯华绥批判现实主义小说的主要特点及社会意义

4. 选读:所选作品的主要内容、人物性格、语言特点、叙述手法等

C. 威廉·勃特勒·叶芝

1. 叶芝的生平及文学生涯

2. 叶芝的诗歌创作思想

3. 叶芝诗歌的代表作品

(1) 早期诗歌:《茵尼斯弗利岛》、《梦见仙境的人》、《玫瑰》

(2) 中期诗歌:《新的纪元》、《1916年的复活节》

(3) 晚期诗歌:《驶向拜占廷》、《丽达及天鹅》、《在学童们

中间》

4. 叶芝诗歌的特点及思想意义

5. 叶芝诗歌的艺术成就

6. 叶芝的诗歌对当代英国文学的影响

7. 叶芝的戏剧创作

8. 选读:所选作品的主题思想、语言风格、艺术特色等

D. T. S. 艾略特

1. 艾略特的生平及创作生涯

2. 艾略特的文学理论与文艺批评观点

3. 艾略特的主要诗歌作品

(1)《普鲁弗洛克的情歌》

(2)《荒原》

(3)《灰星期三》

(4)《四个四重奏》

4. 艾略特诗歌的艺术特色及社会意义

5. 艾略特的戏剧

6. 艾略特的艺术成就

7. 艾略特的文学创作及文艺批评思想对现当代英国文学的影响

8. 《荒原》主题、结构、神话、象征、语言特色及社会意义

9. 选读:所选作品的主题结构、思想内容、语言特点、艺术手法等

E. 戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯

1. 劳伦斯的生平及文学生涯
2. 劳伦斯的创作思想
3. 劳伦斯的主要小说
 - (1)《儿子与情人》
 - (2)《虹》
 - (3)《恋爱中的女人》
4. 劳伦斯小说的主要艺术特色及社会意义
5. 劳伦斯的诗歌与戏剧
6. 劳伦斯的小说对现当代英国文学的影响
7. 《儿子与情人》的故事梗概、情节结构、人物塑造、语言风格、思想意义
8. 选读: 所选作品的主要内容、人物性格、语言特点、艺术手法等

F. 詹姆斯·乔伊斯

1. 乔伊斯的生平与创作生涯
2. 乔伊斯的文学创作主张与美学思想
3. 乔伊斯的主要作品简介
 - (1)《都柏林人》
 - (2)《青年艺术家的肖像》
 - (3)《尤利西斯》
4. 乔伊斯小说的主要艺术特色及思想意义
5. 乔伊斯的艺术成就
6. 乔伊斯的作品对现当代世界文学的影响
7. 选读: 所选作品的主题思想、人物塑造、语言特色、艺术手法等

三 考核知识点

(一) 现代时期概述

1. 20 世纪英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
2. 现代主义文学创作的基本主张
3. 英国现代主义文学的特点
4. 现代主义文学对现当代英国文学的影响
5. 英国 20 世纪批判现实主义文学

(二) 现代时期主要作家的文学创作思想及其代表作品的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、艺术手法、社会意义等

1. 萧伯纳
2. 约翰·高尔斯华绥
3. 威廉·勃特勒·叶芝
4. T.S. 艾略特
5. 戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯
6. 詹姆斯·乔伊斯

四 考核要求

(一) 现代时期概述

1. 识记:(1) 20 世纪英国社会的政治、经济、文化背景
(2) 两次世界大战对英国的影响
(3) 英国 20 世纪批判现实主义文学
(4) 现代主义文学的兴起与衰落
2. 领会:(1) 现代主义文学思潮
(2) 现代主义文学创作的基本主张

3. 应用: (1) 名词解释: 现代主义
- (2) 现代主义文学的特点
- (3) 现代主义文学对当代文学的影响

(二) 现代时期的重要作家

1. 识记: 重要作家的文学生涯、文学作品及其主要内容
2. 领会: 重要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物塑造、语言风格、社会意义等
3. 应用: (1) 叶芝和艾略特诗歌(所选作品)的主题、意象分析
- (2) 小说《儿子与情人》的主题和主要人物的性格分析
- (3) 意识流小说的主要特色分析
- (4) 萧伯纳戏剧的特点与社会意义分析

下篇 美国文学

第一章 浪漫主义时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章学习,了解 19 世纪初期至中叶美国文学产生的历史、文化背景,认识该时期文学创作的基本特征、基本主张,及其对同时代和后期美国文学的影响;了解该时期主要作家的文学创作生涯、创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题思想、人物刻画、语言风格等;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品并了解其思想内容和艺术特色,培养理解和欣赏文学作品的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 美国浪漫主义时期概述

1. 浪漫主义文学产生的社会及文化背景

(1) 清教主义思想

(2) 新英格兰超验主义

2. 美国浪漫主义在文学上的表现

(1) 欧洲浪漫主义文学的影响

(2) 美国本土文学的崛起及其特征

(二) 美国浪漫主义时期的主要作家

A. 华盛顿·欧文

1. 欧文的生平

2. 欧文的创作生涯

(1) 《纽约外史》

(2)《见闻札记》

3. 欧文的创作领域、创作思想,及其作品的艺术风格

4. 选读

《瑞普·凡·温可尔》的主题及其艺术特色

B. 拉尔夫·华尔多·爱默生

1. 爱默生的生平及创作生涯

2. 爱默生的超验主义思想

3. 爱默生的散文:《论自然》《论自助》《论美国学者》等

4. 爱默生与梭罗:梭罗的超验主义思想和他的《沃尔登》

5. 选读

《论自然》节选:爱默生的基本哲学思想及自然观

C. 纳撒尼尔·霍桑

1. 霍桑的生平及创作生涯

2. 霍桑的长篇小说

3. 霍桑的短篇小说

4. 《红字》

(1)主题

(2)心理描写

(3)象征手法

(4)小说结构

5. 清教主义思想及加尔文教条中的“原罪”对霍桑的影响

6. 霍桑对浪漫主义小说的贡献

7. 选读

《小伙子布朗》的主题结构、象征手法及语言特色

D. 华尔特·惠特曼

1. 惠特曼的生平及其创作生涯

2. 惠特曼的民主思想

3. 惠特曼的《草叶集》

(1) 主创意图

(2) 思想感情及诗体形式

(3) 语言风格

4. 惠特曼的个人主义

5. 选读

《草叶集》诗选：“一个孩子的成长”、“涉水的骑兵”、“自己之歌”：主题结构、诗歌的艺术特色、语言风格

E. 赫尔曼·麦尔维尔

1. 麦尔维尔的生平及创作生涯

2. 麦尔维尔的早期作品：《玛地》《雷得本》《白外衣》等。

3. 麦尔维尔的后期作品：《皮埃尔》《骗子的化装表演》《比利·伯德》等

4. 《白鲸》

(1) 主题：表层及深层意义

(2) 小说结构：浪漫主义和现实主义的统一

(3) 象征手法和寓言的运用

(4) 语言特色

5. 选读

《白鲸》最后一章的节选：主题思想、人物刻画、象征手法、语言特色

三 考核知识点

(一) 美国浪漫主义时期概述

(二) 美国浪漫主义时期主要作家的生平、文学生涯、创作思想及重要作品的主题思想、人物刻画、语言风格等

1. 华盛顿·欧文
2. 拉尔夫·华尔多·爱默生
3. 纳撒尼尔·霍桑
4. 华尔特·惠特曼
5. 赫尔曼·麦尔维尔

四 考核要求

(一) 浪漫主义时期概述

1. 识记: (1) 浪漫主义时期的界定
(2) 历史文化背景
2. 领会: 浪漫主义时期美国文学的特点
3. 应用: 清教主义、超验主义、象征主义、自由诗等名词的解释

(二) 该时期的主要作家

1. 一般识记: 主要作家的文学生涯
2. 识记: 主要作家的主要作品及内容
3. 领会: 主要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、艺术手法、社会意义等
4. 应用: (1) 爱默生的超验主义思想及他的自然观
(2) 《小伙子布朗》中的寓言和象征: 霍桑的清教思想和他人性本“恶”的观点
(3) 麦尔维尔长篇小说《白鲸》的象征意义
(4) 惠特曼《草叶集》的结构、主题、语言特色

第二章 现实主义时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章的学习,了解美国 19 世纪中期现实主义文学产生的历史、文化背景,认识该时期文学创作的基本特征、基本主张,及其对同时代和后期美国文学的影响;了解该时期的主要作家的文学创作生涯、人生观及价值观及其代表作品的主题思想、人物刻画、语言风格;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品并了解其思想内容和艺术特色,培养理解和欣赏文学作品的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 现实主义时期概述

1. 美国现实主义文学产生的社会和文化背景
 - (1) 美国南北战争
 - (2) 威廉·迪安·豪威尔斯:美国现实主义文学的先驱
 - (3) 达尔文主义和法国小说家佐拉的影响
2. 美国现实主义时期的文学
 - (1) 占主导地位的美国现实主义小说
 - (2) 现实主义文学中的地方色彩小说
 - (3) 现实主义文学中的自然主义倾向
 - (4) 现实主义文学和自然主义倾向之异同

(二) 美国现实主义时期的主要作家

A. 马克·吐温

1. 马克·吐温的生平及创作生涯

2. 马克·吐温的主要作品

《汤姆·索亚历险记》✓

《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》✓

《亚瑟王朝廷上的康涅狄格州美国人》

3. 马克·吐温的早期和后期作品

4. 马克·吐温作品中的地方色彩

5. 马克·吐温的幽默

6. 马克·吐温的语言特色

7. 选读

《哈克贝里·费恩》第三十一章:主题结构、人物刻画、语言特色

B. 亨利·詹姆斯

1. 詹姆斯的生平和创作生涯

2. 詹姆斯的早期作品

《黛西·米勒》《一个美国人》《贵妇人的画像》《欧洲人》

3. 詹姆斯的中期作品

《波士顿人》《螺丝在拧紧》《丛林猛兽》

4. 詹姆斯的后期作品

《专使》《鸽翼》《金碗》

5. 詹姆斯的小说艺术特色:“视角”与心理分析

6. 詹姆斯的文艺理论著作:《小说的艺术》

7. 詹姆斯的“现实主义”

8. 选读

《黛西·米勒》第一章:主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格

C. 艾米莉·狄金森

1. 狄金森的生平及创作生涯

2. 狄金森的诗歌

(1) 狄金森有关“永恒”主题的诗

(2) 狄金森的爱情诗

(3) 狄金森的自然诗

5. 狄金森诗歌的创新和艺术特色

6. 选读

狄金森诗歌第 441、465、585 和 712 首：结构、主题、语言特色

D. 西奥多·德莱塞

1. 德莱塞的生平及创作生涯

2. 达尔文主义与德莱塞作品中的自然主义倾向

3. 德莱塞的主要作品

《嘉丽妹妹》《珍妮姑娘》《美国的悲剧》

“欲望”三部曲：《金融家》《巨头》《斯多葛》

4. 德莱塞小说的语言风格

5. 选读

《嘉丽妹妹》的最后一章节选：主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格

三 考核知识点

(一) 美国现实主义时期概述及达尔文主义、法国自然主义作家对美国 19 世纪文学的影响

(二) 该时期主要作家的生平、创作生涯，及主要作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格等

1. 马克·吐温

2. 亨利·詹姆斯

3. 艾米莉·狄金森

4. 西奥多·德莱塞

四 考核要求

(一) 现实主义时期概述

1. 识记:(1) 现实主义时期的界定
(2) 历史文化背景
2. 领会:(1) 现实主义时期文学的特点
(2) 达尔文主义、法国自然主义作家的主张以及对现实主义时期美国文学的影响。
(3) 现实主义与自然主义倾向的异同
3. 应用:现实主义、达尔文主义、自然主义、地方色彩主义等名词的解释

(二) 该时期的主要作家

1. 一般识记:主要作家的文学生涯
2. 识记:主要作家的作品及其内容
3. 领会:主要作家的创作思想、艺术特色,以及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、艺术手法、社会意义等
4. 应用:(1) 现实主义与自然主义倾向在美国 19 世纪小说中的反映
(2) 哈克的性格分析及其社会意义
(3) 《黛西·米勒》的主题和主要人物的性格分析
(4) 狄金森诗歌的主题结构及艺术特色

第三章 现代时期

一 学习目的和要求

通过本章的学习,了解 20 世纪初期至中叶美国现代文学产生的历史、文化背景,认识该时期文学创作的基本特征、基本主张,及其对当代美国文学发展的影响;了解该时期主要作家的文学生涯、创作意图、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画和语言风格等;同时结合注释,读懂所选作品,了解其思想内容和写作特色,培养理解和欣赏文学作品的能力。

二 课程内容

(一) 两次世界大战期间的美国文学

1. 两次世界大战期间美国文学产生的历史及文化背景
 - (1) 两次世界大战
 - (2) 移居国外的美国人
 - (3) 马克思主义理论和弗洛伊德学说
 - (4) 欧洲现代派艺术
2. 两次世界大战期间的美国文学
 - (1) 诗歌:意象派诗人;象征主义
 - (2) 小说:“迷惘的一代”
 - (3) 戏剧:表现主义

(二) 战后美国文学

1. 战后美国文学产生的历史及文化背景
2. 战后美国文学
 - (1) 诗歌:“垮掉的一代”等
 - (2) 小说:黑人小说、犹太人小说、实验小说(荒诞派小说)等

(3) 美国现代文学多元化的现象 照加分班 童三龄

(三) 美国现代文学写作手法的创新 苏童 陈思和 王德胜 一

（四）美国现代时期的主要作家 65 分下，这题确实本段所
有，派生本段，而答本段的非英文圈划出，是答英文，史无前
例，主笔 A. 埃兹拉·庞德 1 分，例举的英文圈划出，其
圈划的圈划出人，而主笔一商品的外来词并未圈划，圈划

1. 庞德的生平 and 创作生涯
2. 庞德与意象主义
3. 庞德与中国文化
4. 庞德的诗歌理论及艺术特色
5. 庞德的诗歌

(1)短诗:《地铁站一瞥》

(2)长诗:《诗章》[美国网站](#) [果壳网](#)

6. 选读 茹火华 胡文海 (1)

《地铁站一瞥》《盟约》《河商的妻子》:主题、意象、语言

- B. 罗伯特·弗洛斯特

文正公集卷之六

1. 弗洛斯特生平及创作生涯
2. 弗洛斯特的诗歌:田园诗;自然诗
3. 弗洛斯特诗歌的艺术特色
4. 弗洛斯特的诗论

5. 选读 曹雪芹《红楼梦》中的诗词歌赋

《摘苹果后》《未选择的路》《雪夜停马在林边》：主题、象征与比喻、语言

- C. 尤金·奥尼尔

1. 奥尼尔的生平及创作生涯

2. 奥尼尔的戏剧

(1) 早期作品: 独幕剧; 多幕剧《天外边》

(2) 中期作品: 《琼斯皇帝》《伟大之神布朗》《毛猿》

——表现主义和象征主义的力作

(3) 后期作品: 《直到夜晚的漫长一天》——自传体戏剧

3. 奥尼尔戏剧的悲观主义和神秘主义色彩

4. 奥尼尔戏剧的艺术特色

5. 选读

《毛猿》第八场: 主题结构、表现主义和象征主义手法、语言特色

D. 司各特·菲兹杰拉德

1. 菲兹杰拉德的生平及创作生涯

2. 菲兹杰拉德与“爵士时代”

3. 主要作品

(1) 短篇小说集: 《爵士时代的故事》

(2) 中、长篇小说: 《人间天堂》《了不起的盖茨比》

《夜色温柔》《最后一个巨头》

4. 《了不起的盖茨比》与“美国梦”

5. 菲兹杰拉德的小说艺术

6. 选读

《了不起的盖茨比》第三章: 主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格

E. 欧内斯特·海明威

1. 海明威的生平及创作生涯 ✓
2. 海明威与“迷惘的一代”
3. 海明威的主要作品
 - (1) 短篇小说集:《在我们的时代里》——涅克的故事
 - (2) 长篇小说:《太阳照样升起》《永别了,武器》
《丧钟为谁而鸣》《老人与海》
4. 海明威小说的艺术特色:“硬汉”形象、“重压下的风度”、“冰山”原则等
5. 选读 ✓
《在我们的时代里》选篇:主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格

F. 威廉·福克纳

1. 福克纳的生平及创作生涯 ✓
2. 福克纳的“约克纳帕塔法”神话王国
3. 福克纳的主要作品
 - (1) 中、短篇小说:《给艾米莉小姐的玫瑰》《老人》
《熊》等
 - (2) 长篇小说:《喧嚣与骚动》《八月之光》《我弥留之际》
《押沙龙,押沙龙!》 ✓
4. 福克纳小说的艺术特色:“意识流”、“内心独白”、“时序颠倒”、“对位式结构”、“象征隐喻”等
5. 福克纳的文体
6. 福克纳与美国南方文学
7. 选读 ✓
《给艾米莉小姐的玫瑰》:主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格

三 考核知识点

- (一) 美国现代时期概述:两次世界大战期间美国文学和战后美国文学产生的历史及文化背景
- (二) 美国现代文学的主要作家的生平、文学生涯、创作思想及主要作品的主题思想、人物塑造、语言风格等
 - 1. 庞德
 - 2. 弗洛斯特
 - 3. 奥尼尔
 - 4. 菲兹杰拉德
 - 5. 海明威
 - 6. 福克纳

四 考核要求

(一) 现代时期概述

- 1. 识记:(1) 两次世界大战期间美国文学和战后美国文学的界定
(2) 历史文化背景
- 2. 领会:(1) 美国现代文学的特征
(2) 欧洲现代艺术、马克思主义、弗洛伊德学说等的意义及对美国现代文学产生的影响
- 3. 应用:“迷惘的一代”、意象派诗歌、表现主义、意识流等名词的解释

(二) 该时期的主要作家

- 1. 一般识记:主要作家的文学生涯
- 2. 识记:主要作家的主要作品及主要内容
- 3. 领会:主要作家的创作思想、艺术特色及其代表作品的主题结构、人物刻画、语言风格、艺术特色、

社会意义等

4. 应用: (1) 意象派诗歌的艺术特色
(2) 弗洛斯特其自然诗
(3) 《了不起的盖茨比》的主题意义和主要人物的性格分析
(4) 海明威小说的艺术特色
(5) 艾米莉的人物性格分析
(6) “荒原”意识在美国 20 世纪文学中的反映

Ⅲ. 必读书和参考书

必读书:

全国高等教育自学考试教材《英美文学选读》,张伯香主编,外语教学与研究出版社 1998 年出版。

参考书:

各省、自治区、直辖市考委根据自学辅导的需要选择有关高等学校自编或合编的英美文学选读自学辅导书,经外语专业委员会审查同意并报全国高等教育自学考试指导委员会批准,可列为参考书。

Ⅳ. 本大纲使用说明

本大纲是课程个人自学和社会助学的依据,也是本课程考试命题的依据。凡指定的考试用书和参考书内容同本大纲有出入的,应以本大纲为依据,作适当的增减。

一 关于自学应考者使用本大纲的说明

(一) 自学应考者应根据本大纲规定的自学内容和考核目标,认真学习必读书和参考书。

1. 本课程内容涉及英美文学史上的主要作家及其作品,每章虽包括一个断代的作家,但各章之间都有着承上启下的联系。因此在了解基本的文学知识和分析方法的基础上,要全面系统地学习教材,力求融会贯通。不仅要知其然,而且要知其所以然。

2. 在全面系统学习的基础上,有目的地深入学习重点作家,读懂所选作品。切忌在没有全面学习的情况下孤立地去抓重点。

(二) 自学应考者应根据本大纲的要求,正确处理基础知识和应用能力的关系。

1. 要对照自学内容和考核目标全面理解掌握指定教材各章节的知识内容,对要求识记的要记;对要求领会的要认真钻研,切实弄懂;对要求掌握应用的要能够结合作品进行分析评论。

2. 要提倡理论联系实际,学以致用。固然一些基本文学概念和文学术语需要记忆,仍然要防止一味的死记硬背。要善于结合各自的语言学习,读懂作品;要多思考,多研究,提高自己欣赏和分析文学作品的能力。

二 关于社会助学者使用本大纲的说明

1. 社会助学者应根据本大纲规定的课程性质与教学目的,参照适合本课程水平考试的各类题型举例,把本课程的知识系统与能力层次有机地结合起来,并以此体现本课程社会助学的导向性。

2. 社会助学者应根据本大纲规定的考试要求和考核目标,认真钻研全国高等教育自学考试教材《英美文学选读》,正确处理文学史同文学选读部分的关系,要史选结合,二者不可偏废。

3. 社会助学者在助学中应根据本大纲规定的考试内容和考核目标,把助学重点放在能力的培养上;要正确处理基础知识和应用能力的关系,努力引导自学者将识记、领会与掌握联系起来,培养和提高自学者的问题分析和解决问题的能力。

4. 社会助学者应根据本大纲规定的考试要求和考核目标,要

正确处理重点和一般的关系。课程内容有重点和一般之分,但考试内容是全面的,不要一味去搞重点。社会助学者应指导自学人员全面系统地学习教材,掌握全部课程内容和考核知识点,在这个基础上再突出重点。切忌孤立地抓重点,把自学应考者引向猜题押题。

三 关于考试命题者使用本大纲的说明

1. 本课程的考试命题以本大纲为依据,如指定必读书的内容同本大纲规定的考试内容和考核目标不一致时,应以本大纲为准。

2. 为使考试内容具体化和考核要求标准化,本大纲在列出课程内容的基础上,对各章规定了考试目标、考试知识点和考核要求。本课程的考试命题以本大纲规定的考核目标为依据来确定命题的内容范围、能力层次要求和考试重点。

3. 本大纲的考核目标中,按照识记、领会、应用规定应达到的能力层次要求。3个层次呈递进关系,其含义是:

识记:有关的概念、定义、知识点等能够记住。

领会:在识记的基础上,能把握基本概念、基本方法和彼此之间的关系和区别。

应用:在领会的基础上,能运用本课程的基本理论、基本知识和方法来分析英美文学作品,并能用英语正确表述。

4. 试卷覆盖面、能力层次和难易度的比例如下:

(1) 覆盖面

考试命题既要覆盖各章内容,又要适当突出重点,以体现本课程的主要内容。

(2) 能力层次考试命题对不同能力层次的比例要求是:识记占30%;领会占30%;应用占40%(其中简单应用占20%)。

(3) 难易度

试题的难易度可分为:易、较易、较难、难4个等级。每份试卷

中,不同难易度试题的比例为:易占 20%;较易占 30%;较难占 30%;难占 20%。必须注意,试题的难易度与能力层次不是一个概念,各能力层次中都会存在不同难易度的问题,切勿混淆。

5. 本课程考试较适合的试题类型有:单项选择题、填空题、判断题、名词解释题、简答题、论述题等。各种题型的具体样式可参看本大纲附录。

6. 本课程考试的试题总量原则上不少于 60 题为宜。考试时间为 150 分钟。

V. 附录

适合本课程考试的试题类型举例

A. Each of the statements below is followed by four alternative answers. Choose the one that would best complete the statement and put the letter in the brackets.

- () 1. In his novel, *Robinson Crusoe*, Defoe eulogizes the hero of the _____.
- A. aristocratic class B. enterprising landlords
C. rising bourgeoisie D. hard-working people
- () 2. Robert Frost is a regional poet in the sense that his poems depict mostly _____.
- A. the frontier life B. the sea adventures
C. the Puritan community D. New England landscape

B. Complete each of the following statements with a proper word or a phrase according to the textbook.

1. In all his life, Hawthorne seemed to be haunted by _____, which he has managed to articulate fully in almost all his works.
2. In *Tom Jones*, Henry Fielding shows a panorama of the _____ century English life.

C. Decide whether the following statements are true or false and write your answers in the brackets.

- () 1. John Milton's epic poems were very much influenced by the Bible and the Greek classics.
- () 2. Henry James is not only famous as a novelist but also as a dramatist.

D. Name the author of each of the following literary works.

1. *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*
2. *The Scarlet Letter*

E. Define the literary terms listed below.

1. Spenserian Stanza
2. Modernism

F. For each of the quotations listed below please give the name of the author and the title of the literary work from which it is taken and then briefly interpret it.

1. "Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."
2. "Be through my lips to unawakened Earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

G. Give brief answers to the following questions.

1. Why is *Jane Eyre* a successful novel?
2. What is local colourism in American literature?

H. Short essay questions.

1. Give a brief analysis of Shylock, a character in Shakespeare's play, *The Merchant of Venice*.
2. Discuss the concept of "wasteland," in relation to the works of those writers in the twentieth-century American literature.

后 记

《英美文学选读自学考试大纲》是根据 1995 年修订的全国高等教育自学考试英语专业考试计划的要求编写的。1996 年 12 月英语专业委员会召开审稿会议，对本大纲进行了讨论定稿。

本大纲由武汉大学张伯香同志任主编，马建君、胡晓红同志任副主编。参加审稿会并提出意见的有：北京外国语大学郭栖庆教授、华中师范大学曾庆强教授、湖北大学叶红教授、教育部高等教育自学考试办公室陈可同志、汤新国同志。

本大纲最后由英语专业委员会庄绎传教授审定。

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指导委员会英语专业委员会
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